THE WORKS OF BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

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OF

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER,

WITH AN

INTRODUCTION AND EXPLANATORY NOTES,

BY

HENRY WEBER, Esq.

VOLUME THE SEVENTH,

CONTAINING

THE CHANCES.
THE BLOODY BROTHER.
THE PROPHETESS.
THE SEA-VOYAGE.
THE NOBLE GENTLEMAN.

EDINBURGH:

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1812.

THE

CHANCES.

BY

JOHN FLETCHER.

THE CHANCES.

This Comedy first appeared in the folio collection printed in 1647, and the Prologue is a sufficient voucher for its being the work of Fletcher alone. Its testimony is confirmed by Gardiner, in his metrical encomium on these plays. That the play met with a favourable reception may be easily imagined, as it has continued to be a stock-play till this present day, which has been the fortune of very few of Beaumont and Fletcher's dramas. During the Commonwealth, Kirkman extracted some of the low scenes, which he acted at fairs under the title of The Landlady. The celebrated Duke of Buckingham, dissatisfied with the two last acts, completely re-wrote them; and it must be confessed, that he has very greatly improved the interest of the plot, and particularly of the catastrophe, though the language of his alteration, which is prose, is greatly inferior to that of the original poet. By making the character of the second Constantia more important, and heightening the confusion arising from mistaking her for her chaste namesake, he has produced far more stage effect than the original possesses. But his Grace at the same time introduced a new stock of licentiousness, in addition to that which the original already sufficiently furnishes. This induced Garrick to make some further alterations, and to use his pruning-knife with considerable freedom, by which a great part of the humour is lost; but the taste of the age, as well as decency and good morals, required such an operation. The Duke of Buckingham's alteration, thus amended, was acted at Drury-Lane, and printed in 1773; and in this state the comedy continues to amuse the present public.

The original play is certainly one of the most lively and amusing comedies in the language, exhibiting a rare fund of sterling humour, both in the language and the incidents. Fletcher is often celebrated for his pictures of easy gentlemen of high rank and of high honour, though undoubtedly exhibiting more licentiousness than the heroes of modern sentimental comedy, whom the present age persists in enduring, to the exclusion of powerful and natural character, and although it is hardly pretended that

they are to be found elsewhere than on the stage. Of the fine gentlemen of Fletcher and of nature, Don John is an admirable portraiture: he is well contrasted with his friend and comrade Don Frederic, a man of equal honour, though not possessing the same degree of spirit and impetuosity. To these is added the angry Antonio, another character which Fletcher is peculiarly fond of introducing. The scene in which he orders the naval ballad of John Dory to be sung before the surgeon opens his wounds, is very happily imagined. Nor should the Landlady be passed over without mention: Though grossly tinctured with indelicacy, the scenes in which Don John overcomes her scruples of conscience, with respect to receiving the child of Constantia, are replete with humour of the first rank. At the same time, this comedy cannot claim unqualified praise. The frequent pruriency of expression may be charged to the manners of the age; but Fletcher cannot plead the same excuse for the ill-contrived plot. The comedy might be closed, with little alteration, at least so far as regards the principal characters, at the end of the third act: the remainder, in the original as well as in the Duke of Buckingham's alteration, is filled up with new difficulties, for which we do not come sufficiently prepared, and characters are introduced, (such as the musician Francisco, and the pretended conjuror,) to whom we are wholly strangers. And finally, the concluding conjuring scene, though it might have been relished by Fletcher's contemporaries (whose belief in supernatural agency had been countenanced by King James, and was kept alive by continual treatises on astrology and witchcraft,) can never reconcile us to the implicit confidence, and strange credulity, exhibited by the accomplished Duke of Ferrara, and the sensible Governor of Bologna.

It is observable, that some of the best plays produced by Fletcher are founded on the excellent novels of the matchless author of Don Quixote.* The plot of The Chances is taken, with no very considerable variation, from La Sennora Cornelia, one of the Novelas Exemplares. The following abstract may enable the reader to compare the novel with the comedy, and decide upon their respective merits with respect to incident; for, as to the language, he must be referred to the original Spanish, as the style of Cervantes defies the efforts of any translator.

"Don Antonio de Ysunca, and Don Juan de Gamboa, two gentlemen of high rank, and of the same age, had left Salamanca to distinguish themselves in the wars of the Netherlands, but by the earnest persuasion of their parents they proceeded to Bologna, where they resumed their studies, and where their accomplish-

* The Chances, Rule a Wife and Have a Wife, Love's Pilgrimage, and The Fair Maid of the Inn.

ments ensured them a good reception. The lady most celebrated in the city, for her beauty, was Cornelia Bentivoglio, and it was a favourite object with the two companions to obtain a sight of her, which her retired life rendered a matter of great difficulty. Don Juan one night declared his intention to his friend of going his usual rounds, and, notwithstanding the offers of his friend, would not suffer him to accompany him. When Don Juan was about to return home, he heard a door opened, and a voice asking him, whether he was Fabio? Upon answering in the affirmative, a bundle was given to him, which he found so heavy that he was forced to employ both his hands. The door was shut, and while he was ruminating how to act, he heard the crying of an infant in the bundle. He resolved to carry it to an old woman who served him and his companions, whom he ordered to procure a nurse, and instead of the valuable clothes in which it was wrapped, to dress it in others more humble, in order to prevent discovery. He then returned to the house where he had received it, and on his approach heard the clashing of swords, and found a single man oppressed by a number of opponents. He immediately flew to his succour, but at the same time the man was struck to the ground. Don Juan assaulted his enemies furiously, and the neighbours collecting to succour him, they were forced to fly. In the battle he had lost his own bonnet, and finding another, he put it on without considering whether it was his own or not. He inquired of the fallen man whether he had been wounded; he answered that God and a good breast plate had preserved him. At the same time eight friends of the assaulted gentleman appeared, who then begged Don Juan, after inquiring his name, to leave him. Missing his bonnet, and finding that his preserver wore it, he insisted upon his retaining it as a mark whereby he should recognise his benefactor. Don Juan returning, met his friend Antonio, who informed him, that he had gone in search of him, and encountered a female who had requested his protection, and whom he had conveyed to their lodgings. She fainted, and on opening her veil to revive her, he discovered a face of extreme beauty. Upon her recovery she prayed him to return to the street where he had met her, and if he found any one assaulted by enemies, to succour him. Don Juan then related his own adventures, and they returned, Antonio informing his friend that the lady had prayed that no one but himself might behold her. When they entered the house, they found the bonnet which Juan had acquired to be a most superb one, ornamented with a diamond of great value. Antonio entered the chamber of the lady, and his friend could not restrain his curiosity from peeping in. The lady seeing the glitter of the diamond, addressed him by the title of Duke, and informed Antonio that she knew the Duke of Ferrara by his hat. Don Juan, at her re

quest, entered, and related the manner how he had obtained the hat. During her narration the old woman passed by the room with the infant, which induced the lady to inquire after it, and upon beholding it, found it to be her own. At the request of the two friends she related her history to them, informing them that she was Cornelia, the sister of Lorenzo Bentivoglio, by whom she had been carefully educated; that she had accidentally beheld Alfonso de Este, Duke of Ferrara, and that a mutual attachment was the result of the meeting. The duke at last succeeded in procuring an interview, and upon the promise of marriage he succeeded in obtaining his desires, excusing the immediate accomplishment of his promises by several difficulties which stood in the way. She soon discovered the effects of their intercourse, and acquainted the duke with the danger of her situation. He promised to convey her privately to Ferrara, and there to espouse her publicly. The escape was ready to be accomplished; but on the very night fixed for the purpose she perceived her brother, and some others, in full armour, which, as she guessed the reason, threw her into dismay, and brought on a premature delivery. She then caused the child to be given to a faithful servant, and afterwards she herself escaped from the house. Having finished the relation, she threw herself on the bed in despair, but was at last comforted by the assurances of protection and service from the two Spaniards.

"In the morning they visited the lady, when one of their pages entered with the news that Lorenzo Bentivoglio was below, inquiring for Don Juan. Upon this the lady, in great distress, renewed her request of protection and secrecy, and received the strongest assurances from Juan. He and his friend armed themselves, and the three pages were also furnished with weapons. Don Juan found Lorenzo below, who requested him to accompany him to an opposite church, where he informed him that his sister had been seduced and taken away by the Duke of Ferrara, under promise of marriage, which the superior riches of the duke induced him to believe he would never perform. He then requested Juan to accompany him to Ferrara, believing that the company of one Spaniard was equal to his being guarded by the whole army of Xerxes. The reason why he chose a stranger, was to prevent the intercession and anxiety of friends. Don Juan immediately accepted the proposal, and requested permission to acquaint his companion with the purpose, to which Lorenzo consented. He then returned to his lodgings, where he acquainted Cornelia and Antonio with the result, and quieted the fears of the former, pointing out to her the necessity of learning th real intentions of the duke.

"Having recommended Cornelia to the care of the old woman, Don Juan joined Lorenzo, and they began their journey to Fer-

rara. Antonio resolved to follow them in disguise, to succour his friend in any difficulty. He had scarcely left Cornelia when the old dame entered, and filled her mind with apprehensions of her brother having purposely drawn off her protectors, in order to seize her. She persuaded her to go with her to the curate of a neighbouring village, whom she had formerly served, and whose secrecy and fidelity could be depended upon.

" Meanwhile Lorenzo and Don Juan were proceeding to Ferrara, but heard by the way that the duke was still at Bologna, upon which they left the bye-paths, on which they had travelled hitherto, and proceeded to the high road, in expectation of meeting him on his return to Ferrara. They soon beheld a company on horseback, and Lorenzo requested Don Juan to await their arrival, and discover whether the duke was among them, while be himself rode apart. When the troop came up, the duke recognised his preserver by his hat, and they descended from their horses. Lorenzo imagining that his second was attacked, rode up, but found him in the embraces of the duke. The latter recognised the brother of his mistress, and went apart with Don Juan, who asked his intentions with respect to Cornelia. The Duke answered, that he intended to have taken her to Ferrara, there publicly to espouse her, but that both she and the child had disappeared, which frustrated his intentions, and perplexed him the more, as his mother intended, on his return, to marry him to the daughter of the Duke of Mantua. Juan then beckoned to Lorenzo, whom the duke embraced and saluted with the name of brother. Don Juan informed him of the honourable intentions of the duke, upon which he fell at his feet, and thanked him for the honour of the intended alliance. The two reconciled friends then resolved to search for Cornelia and her child; when Antonio came up, and having been made known to the duke, informed him, at the desire of his comrade, that Cornelia and her child were safely lodged in their house.

" They then resolved to return to Bologna, and Antonio went before to apprise Cornelia of the reconciliation, and the arrival of her brother and the duke; but to his astonishment he was informed that she, as well as the old dame, were missing. When the others came up with the joyful expectation of beholding the objects of their affection, they found Antonio in the utmost despair. Suddenly one of the pages came in, and informed them that his fellow, Santistevan, had a lady locked up in his chamber. Antonio flew up to the chamber, which he found locked. He knocked, and called upon Cornelia to open the door, as her brother and her husband were reconciled and arrived. But a strange voice answered, ' Why do you jeer me? I am truly not so ugly that dukes and counts might not look for me, but I deserve this treatment for being the companion of pages.' Upon this

Santistevan came up, and throwing himself at the feet of Antonio, implored him not to mention the circumstance to his master Don Juan. He informed him that the courtezan's name was also Cornelia. Lorenzo hearing this, asked, 'Where is Cornelia?' and he and the duke rushed up and repeated the question. The courtezan replied, 'Here is Cornelia;' and asked whether it was so wonderful a thing that a woman should cohabit with a roguish page. Lorenzo tore off her veil, and discovered a girl of considerable beauty. The duke began to suspect the truth of the Spaniards, and hurried out of the house. Don Juan and Don Antonio resolved to search for the lady in every part of the country.

"Meanwhile the duke set out on his return, and came accidentally to the village-curate, with whom Cornelia was concealed. She overheard the announcement of his arrival, but restrained herself from bursting into his apartment, and requested the priest to make him acquainted with her being in the house. By his advice the infant was decorated with all the jewels which the duke had given her, and the curate presented it to him, relating to him, that the child had been brought from Bologna, and placed in his charge by a lady of extreme beauty, accompanied by an old confidante. Cornelia now entered, and the duke recognising her, was nearly overcome by his feelings. He dispatched Fabio to Bologna, who, in three days, returned with Lorenzo and the two Spaniards. The duke addressed them, pretending that he had resolved, as Cornelia was not to be found, to fulfil another promise of marriage which he had given to a peasant-girl in the village, and, seeing the rage of Lorenzo and the two friends, he said that her extreme beauty would soon induce them to applaud his breach of faith to Cornelia. When he had left the room, Don Juan swore that the duke's life should pay for his unfaithfulness, and Lorenzo and Antonio declared themselves of the same resolution: but their anger was soon allayed when they beheld Cornelia brought in by the duke, with the old woman and the nurse. The two lovers were secretly married by the curate, but the speedy death of the duke's mother soon enabled him to declare Cornelia his duchess."

PROLOGUE.*

Aptness for mirth to all! This instant night
Thalia hath prepared, for your delight,
Her choice and curious viands, in each part
Seasoned with rarities of wit and art:
Nor fear I to be taxed for a vain boast;
My promise will find credit with the most,
When they know ingenious Fletcher made it, he
Being in himself a perfect Comedy.
And some sit here, I doubt not, dare aver
Living he made that house a theatre
Which he pleased to frequent; and thus much we
Could not but pay to his loud memory.
For ourselves, we do entreat that you would not
Expect strange turns and windings in the plot,
Objects of state, and now and then a rhyme,
To gall particular persons with the time;
Or that his towering muse hath made her flight
Nearer your apprehension than your sight;
But if that sweet expressions, quick conceit,
Familiar language, fashioned to the weight
Of such as speak it, have the power to raise
Your grace to us, with trophies to his praise;
We may profess, presuming on his skill,
If his Chances please not you, our fortune's ill.

* This Prologue, *like* many others prefixed to these plays, was probably spoken at a revival. It affords a strong proof of the very extensive popularity of Fletcher's dramas soon after his death.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Duke *of Ferrara.*
Petruccio, *governor of Bologna.*
Don John, } *Spanish gentlemen, and comrades.*
Don Frederic, }
Antonio, *an old stout gentleman, kinsman to Petruccio.*
Three Gentlemen, *friends to the duke.*
Two Gentlemen, *friends to Petruccio.*
Francisco, *a musician, Antonio's boy.*
Peter Vecchio, *a teacher of Latin and music, a reputed wizard.*
Peter, } *servants to Don John and Don Frederic.*
Anthony, }
Rowland, *servant to Antonio.**
Surgeon.
Servants.

Constantia, *sister to Petruccio, and mistress to the duke.*
Gentlewoman, *servant to Constantia.*
Gillian, *landlady to Don John and Don Frederic.*
Constantia, *a whore to old Antonio.*
Bawd.

SCENE—Bologna, and the adjacent Country.

* This character has not been noticed in this enumeration before.

THE CHANCES.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Room in the House of the Landlady.

Enter Peter *and* Anthony.

Peter. I would we were removed from this town,
Anthony,
That we might taste some quiet: For mine own part,
I am almost melted with continual trotting
After inquiries, dreams, and revelations,
Of who knows whom, or where. Serve wenching
soldiers,
That know no other paradise but plackets?
I'll serve a priest in lent first, and eat bell-ropes.
Anth. Thou art the frowardest fool——
Peter. Why, good tame Anthony,
Tell me but this; to what end came we hither?
Anth. To wait upon our masters.
Peter. But how, Anthony?
Answer me that; resolve me there, good Anthony.
Anth. To serve their uses.
Peter. Shew your uses, Anthony.
Anth. To be employed in any thing.
Peter. No, Anthony,

Not any thing, I take it; nor that thing
We travel to discover, like new islands;
A salt itch serve such uses! In things of moment,
Concerning things, I grant you; not things errant,
Sweet ladies' things, and things to thank the surgeon;
In no such things, sweet Anthony. Put case——
Anth. Come, come, all will be mended; this invisible woman,
Of infinite report for shape and virtue,
That bred us all this trouble to no purpose,
They are determined now no more to think on,
But fall close to their studies.
Peter. Was there ever
Men known to run mad with report before?
Or wander after that they know not where
To find? or, if found, how to enjoy? Are men's brains
Made now-a-days of malt, that their affections
Are never sober, but, like drunken people,
Founder at every new fame? I do believe, too,
That men in love are ever drunk, as drunken men
Are ever loving.
Anth. Pr'ythee be thou sober,
And know, that they are none of those; not guilty
Of the least vanity of love; only a doubt
Fame might too far report, or rather flatter
The graces of this woman, made them curious
To find the truth, which since they find so block'd [1]
And lock'd up from their searches, they are now settled
To give the wonder over.
Peter. 'Would they were settled
To give me some new shoes too! for I'll be sworn
These are e'en worn out to th' *reasonable soles*
In their good worships' business: and some sleep

[1] *Blotted.*] Corrected in 1679.

Would not do much amiss, unless they mean
To make a bell-man of me. And what now
Mean they to study, Anthony? *moral* philosophy,
After their *mar-all* women?

Anth. Mar a fool's head!

Peter. It will mar two fools' heads, an they take not heed,
Besides the giblets to 'em.

Anth. Will you walk, sir,
And talk more out of hearing? your fool's head
May chance to find a wooden night-cap else.

Peter. I never lay in any.

Anth. Then leave your lying,
And your blind prophesying.

Enter DON JOHN *and* FREDERIC.

Here they come;
You had best tell them as much.

Peter. I am no tell-tale.

[*Exeunt* PETER *and* ANTHONY.

John. I would we could have seen her though; for sure
She must be some rare creature, or report lies,
All men's reports too.

Fred. I could well wish I had seen her;
But since she's so conceal'd, so beyond venture
Kept and preserved from view, so like a Paradise,
Placed where no knowledge can come near her, so guarded
As 'twere impossible, though known, to reach her,
I have made up my belief.

John. Hang me, from this hour,
If I more think upon her, or believe her;
But, as she came, a strong report unto me.
So the next fame shall lose her.

Fred. 'Tis the next way.

But whither are you walking?
John. My old round
After my meat, and then to bed.
Fred. 'Tis healthful.
John. Will not you stir?
Fred. I have a little business.
John. Upon my life, this lady still—
Fred. Then you will lose it.
John. 'Pray let us walk together.
Fred. Now I cannot.
John. I have something to impart.
Fred. An hour hence
I will not miss to meet you.
John. Where?
Fred. I' th' High Street;
For, not to lie, I have a few devotions
To do first, then I am yours.
John. Remember. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Room in Petruccio's *House.*

Enter Petruccio, Antonio, *and two Gentlemen.*

Ant. Cut his wind-pipe, I say!
1 *Gent.* Fy, Antonio!
Ant. Or knock his brains out first, and then forgive him!
If you do thrust, be sure it be to th' hilts,
A surgeon may see through him.[2]

[2] *If you do thrust, be sure it be to th' hilts,*
A surgeon may see through him.] That is, *so that* a surgeon may see through him.—*Mason.* The same elliptical mode of ex-

1 *Gent.* You are too violent.
2 *Gent.* Too open undiscreet.
Petr. Am I not ruin'd?
The honour of my house crack'd? my blood poison'd?
My credit, and my name?
2 *Gent.* Be sure it be so,
Before you use this violence: Let not doubt,
And a suspecting anger, so much sway you
Your wisdom may be question'd.
Ant. I say, kill him,
And then dispute the cause! Cut off what may be,
And what is shall be safe.
2 *Gent.* Hang up a true man,
Because 'tis possible he may be thievish? [3]
Alas, is this good justice?
Petr. I know, as certain
As day must come again, as clear as truth,
And open as belief can lay it to me,
That I am basely wrong'd, wrong'd above recompense,
Maliciously abused, blasted for ever
In name and honour, lost to all remembrance,
But what is smear'd and shameful! I must kill him;
Necessity compels me.
1 *Gent.* But think better.
Petr. There is no other cure left: Yet, witness with me,
All that is fair in man, all that is noble,
I am not greedy of this life I seek for,

pression is used in the fourth speech after this,

——— Let not doubt,
And a suspecting anger, so much sway you
Your wisdom may be questioned.

[3] —— *Hang up a* true man,
Because he may be thievish.] *True man* is generally placed in opposition to *thief* in old language. Abhorson, in Measure for Measure, says, "Every *true man's* apparel fits your thief."

Nor thirst to shed man's blood; and 'would 'twere possible—
I wish it with my soul, so much I tremble
To offend the sacred image of my Maker!—
My sword could only kill his crimes! No, 'tis Honour,
Honour, my noble friends, that idol Honour,
That all the world now worships, not Petruccio,
Must do this justice.

Ant. Let it once be done,
And 'tis no matter whether you, or Honour,
Or both, be accessary.

2 *Gent.* Do you weigh, Petruccio,
The value of the person, power and greatness,
And what this spark may kindle?

Petr. To perform it,
So much I am tied to reputation,
And credit of my house, let it raise wild-fires
That all this dukedom smoke, and storms that toss me
Into the waves[4] of everlasting ruin,
Yet I must through. If ye dare side me——

Ant. Dare?

Petr. Ye are friends indeed; if not——

2 *Gent.* Here's none flies from you;
Do it in what design you please, we'll back you.

Ant. But then, be sure ye kill him![5]

2 *Gent.* Is the cause
So mortal, nothing but his life——

Petr. Believe me,

[4] *Storms.*] Corrected in the second folio.

[5] 1 Gent. *But then be sure ye kill him.*] Mr Seward, observing that these words did not suit the moderate character of the *Gentlemen*, gives them to *Petruccio*. They are much more suitable to *Antonio*, we think, who is crying out for blood through the whole scene. Ed. 1778.

A less offence has been the desolation
Of a whole name.
2 *Gent.* No other way to purge it?
Petr. There is, but never to be hoped for.
2 *Gent.* Think an hour more:
And if then you find no safer road to guide you,[6]
We'll set up our rests too.
Ant. Mine's up already;
And hang him, for my part, goes less than life!
2 *Gent.* If we see noble cause, 'tis like our swords
May be as free and forward as your words. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Street before the House of Constantia.

Enter DON JOHN.

John. The civil order of this town, Bologna,
Makes it beloved and honour'd of all travellers,
As a most safe retirement in all troubles;
Besides the wholesome seat, and noble temper
Of those minds that inhabit it, safely wise,
And to all strangers virtuous. But I see
My admiration has drawn night upon me,
And longer to expect my friend may pull me
Into suspicion of too late a stirrer,
Which all good governments are jealous of:

6 —— *If then you find no safer road to guide you,*
We'll set up our rests *too.*
Ant. *Mine's up already;*
And hang him, for my part, goes less *than life.*] The gaming phrase, *goes less*, proves that in the present sense the words *set up our rests* refer to Primero and other games, and not to the rest of an ancient musket. See vol. II. p. 185. and vol. IV. p. 274.

I'll home, and think at liberty. Yet, certain,
'Tis not so far night as I thought; for, see,
A fair house yet stands open; yet all about it
Are close, and no lights stirring: There may be foul play.
I'll venture to look in; if there be knaves,
I may do a good office.

Woman. [*Within.*] Signor?

John. What? How is this?

Woman. [*Within.*] Signor Fabritio?

John. I'll go nearer.

Woman. [*Within.*] Fabritio?

John. This is a woman's tongue; here may be good done.

Woman. [*Within.*] Who's there? Fabritio?

John. Ay.

Woman. [*Within.*] Where are you?

John. Here.

Woman. [*Within.*] Oh, come, for Heaven's sake!

John. I must see what this means.

Enter Woman, with a Bundle from the House.

Woman. I have staid this long hour for you. Make no noise,
For things are in strange trouble. Here; be secret;
'Tis worth your care. Be gone now: More eyes watch us [*Gives him the bundle.*
Than may be for our safeties.

John. Hark you!

Woman. Peace! Good night. [*Exit.*

John. She is gone, and I am loaden; Fortune for me!
It weighs well, and it feels well; it may chance
To be some pack of worth: By th' mass, 'tis heavy!
If it be coin or jewels, 'tis worth welcome;
I'll ne'er refuse a fortune: I am confident

'Tis of no common price. Now to my lodging!
If it hit right, I'll bless this night. [*Exit.*

Enter FREDERIC.

Fred. 'Tis strange
I cannot meet him; sure he has encounter'd
Some light-o'-love or other,[7] and there means
To play at in and in for this night. Well, Don John,
If you do spring a leak, or get an itch,
Till ye claw off your curl'd pate, thank your night-walks;
You must be still a boot-halling.[8] One round more,
Though it be late, I'll venture, to discover you.
I do not like your out-leaps. [*Exit.*

[7] *Some light-o'-love or other.*] The tune of *Light-o'-love* was very popular, and is frequently alluded to in these plays, as in The Noble Gentleman and The Two Noble Kinsmen. It is printed from an ancient MS. by Sir John Hawkins (Shakspeare, VI. 109.) The name of it became, of course, a denomination for a courtezan, as in the text, and in the following passage quoted by Mr Douce, from a puritan tract entitled, The Glasse of Man's Follie, 1615-4. "There be wealthy hous-wifes, and good housekeepers, that use no starch, but faire water: their linen is white, and they look more Christian-like in small ruffles than *Light of Love* lookes in her great starched ruffs, looke she never so hie, with eye-lids awrye."

[8] *Boot-halling.*] Most probably an indecent allusion. In Monsieur Thomas, one of Hylas's objections to matrimony is, because he would not *cobble other men's old* BOOTS. Ed. 1778. The allusion is certainly indecent, but the reference to Monsieur Thomas contributes little to the explanation of the term. Cotgrave explains *picoreur*, "*A boot-haler*, in a friend's country, a ravening, or filching souldier." So in the Roaring Girl, or Moll Cutpurse, Jack Dapper says, "Sirrah, captain, mad Mary, the gull my own father (Dapper Sir Davy) laid these London *boot-halers* the catchpoles in ambush to set upon me."

SCENE IV.

A Room in the Duke's Lodgings.

Enter Duke and three Gentlemen.

Duke. Welcome to town. Are ye all fit?
1 *Gent.* To point,[9] sir.
Duke. Where are the horses?
2 *Gent.* Where they were appointed.
Duke. Be private all; and whatsoever fortune
Offer itself, let's stand sure.
3 *Gent.* Fear not us:
Ere you shall be endanger'd, or deluded,
We'll make a black night on't.
Duke. No more; I know it.
You know your quarters?
1 *Gent.* Will you go alone, sir?
Duke. Ye shall not be far from me; the least noise
Shall bring ye to my rescue.
2 *Gent.* We are counsell'd. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

A Street.

Enter Don John, *with a Child in his Arms.*

John. Was ever man so paid for being curious,

[9] *To* point] Signifies *completely*, as we now say, *to a hair*. Ed. 1778. It is a literal translation of the French *a point*.

Ever so bobb'd for searching out adventures,
As I am? Did the devil lead me? Must I needs
be peeping
Into men's houses, where I had no business,
And make myself a mischief? 'Tis well carried!
I must take other men's occasions on me,
And be I know not whom! Most finely handled!
What have I got by this now? what's the purchase?[1]
A piece of evening arras-work, a child,
Indeed an infidel: This comes of peeping!
A lump got out of laziness.—Good White-bread,
Let s have no bawling with you!—'Sdeath, have I
Known wenches thus long, all the ways of wenches,
Their snares and subtilties; have I read over
All their school-learnings, dived into their quiddits,
And am I now bum-fiddled with a bastard?
Fetch'd over with a card of five, and in mine old days,
After the dire massacre of a million
Of maidenheads, caught the common way? i' th'
night too,
Under another's name, to make the matter
Carry more weight about it? Well, Don John,
You will be wiser one day, when you have purchased
A bevy of these butter-prints[2] together,
With searching out conceal'd iniquities,
Without commission. Why, it would never grieve
me,
If I had got this gingerbread; never stirr'd me,
So I had had a stroke for't; it had been justice
Then to have kept it: But to raise a dairy

[1] *What's the* purchase?] *Purchase* was used as a general term for property illegally acquired. In the sequel of this soliloquy the word is again used as a verb, with a similar meaning.

[2] *A bevy of these* butter-prints] It has been already observed, that this was a favourite word with Fletcher for a child.

For other men's adulteries, consume myself in caudles,[3]
And scow'ring-works, in nurses, bells, and babies,
Only for charity, for mere 'I thank you,'
A little troubles me: The least touch for it,
Had but my breeches got it, had contented me.
Whose-e'er it is, sure 't had a wealthy mother;
For 'tis well clothed, and, if I be not cozen'd,
Well lined within. To leave it here were barbarous,
And ten to one would kill it; a more sin
Than his that got it: Well, I will dispose on't,
And keep it, as they keep deaths' heads in rings,
To cry *Memento* to me; no more peeping!
Now all the danger is to qualify
The good old gentlewoman, at whose house we live,
For she will fall upon me with a catechism
Of four hours long: I must endure all;
For I will know this mother.—Come, good wonder,
Let you and I be jogging; your starved treble
Will waken the rude watch else.—All that be
Curious night-walkers, may they find my fee! [*Exit.*

SCENE VI.

Another Street before Constantia's *House.*

Enter Frederic.

Fred. Sure he's gone home; I have beaten all the purlieus,

[3] *Consume myself in* candles.] The variation in the text was recommended by Sympson, and rejected by the last editors, who refer to a passage in the Lovers' Progress, where the word *candles* occurs in a similar manner. It is however self-evident that Sympson is right.

But cannot bolt him. If he be a-bobbing,[4]
'Tis not my care can cure him: To-morrow-morning
I shall have further knowledge from a surgeon's,
Where he lies moor'd, to mend his leaks.

Enter CONSTANTIA *veiled, from the House.*

Con. I am ready,
And through a world of dangers am flown to you;
Be full of haste and care, we are undone else.
Where are your people? which way must we travel?
For Heaven sake stay not here, sir.
Fred. What may this prove?
Con. Alas, I am mistaken, lost, undone,
For ever perish'd!—Sir, for Heaven sake, tell me,
Are you a gentleman?
Fred. I am.
Con. Of this place?
Fred. No, born in Spain.
Con. As ever you loved honour,
As ever your desires may gain their ends,
Do a poor wretched woman but this benefit,
For I am forced to trust you!
Fred. You have charm'd me;[5]

[4] *If he be* a-bobbing.] To *bob* is generally used for *to cheat*, or to *rail*, *make a fool of*. Neither of these meanings serve in the present instance, where the word is evidently used in a wanton sense, derived, perhaps, from the particular kind of angling called bobbing. So in King's well-known description of a giant amusing himself with angling:

"His angle-rod made of a sturdy oak,
His line a cable, which in storms ne'er broke,
His hook he baited with a dragon's tail,
And sate upon a rock, and *bobb'd* for whale."

[5] *You have* charm'd *me.*] That is, you have bound me to your service, as it were by enchantment.

Humanity and honour bid me help you,
And if I fail your trust——
Con. The time's too dangerous
To stay your protestations: I believe you—
Alas, I must believe you. From this place,
Good noble sir, remove me instantly,
And for a time, where nothing but yourself,
And honest conversation, may come near me,
In some secure place, settle me: What I am,
And why thus boldly I commit my credit
Into a stranger's hand, the fears and dangers
That force me to this wild course, at more leisure
I shall reveal unto you.
Fred. Come, be hearty;
He must strike through my life that takes you from
me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

Another Street.

Enter PETRUCCIO, ANTONIO, *and two Gentlemen.*

Petr. He will sure come. Are ye well arm'd?
Ant. Ne'er fear us:
Here's that will make 'em dance without a fiddle.
Petr. We are to look for no weak foes, my friends,
Nor unadvised ones.
Ant. Best gamesters make the best game;
We shall fight close and handsome then.
1 *Gent.* Antonio,
You are a thought too bloody.
Ant. Why? All physicians
And penny almanacks allow the opening
Of veins this month. Why do you talk of bloody?

What come we for? to fall to cuffs for apples?
What, would you make the cause a cudgel-quarrel?
On what terms stands this man? Is not his honour
Open'd to his hand, and pick'd out like an oyster?
His credit like a quart-pot knock'd together,
Able to hold no liquor? Clear but this point.

Petr. Speak softly, gentle cousin.

Ant. I'll speak truly;
What should men do allied to these disgraces?
Lick o'er his enemy, sit down, and dance him—

2 Gent. You are as far o' th' bow-hand now.[6]

Ant. And cry,
'That's my fine boy; thou wilt do so no more, child?'

Petr. Here are no such cold pities.

Ant. By Saint Jaques,
They shall not find me one! Here's old tough Andrew,
A special friend of mine; an he but hold,
I'll strike 'em such a hornpipe! Knocks I come for,
And the best blood I light on; I profess it;
Not to scare coster-mongers:[7] If I lose mine own,
Mine audit's cast, and farewell five and fifty!

Petr. Let's talk no longer; place yourselves with silence,
As I directed ye, and when time calls us,
As ye are friends, so shew yourselves.

Ant. So be it. [*Exeunt.*

[6] *Bow-hand.*] A sea-term, derived from the *bow* of a ship; which, says Dr Johnson, begins at the loof, and compassing ends of the stern, and ends at the sternmost parts of the forecastle.—Ed. 1788.

[7] *Coster-mongers.*] That is, dealers in apples, which were called *costards*, from their resembling a costard, or man's head. Falstaff says—" Virtue is of so little regard in these *coster-monger* times, that true valour is turned bear-herd."

SCENE VIII.

A Room in the Landlady's House.

Enter DON JOHN, *with the Child, and Landlady.*

Land. Nay, son, if this be your regard——
John. Good mother!
Land. Good me no goods! Your cousin and yourself
Are welcome to me, whilst you bear yourselves
Like honest and true gentlemen. Bring hither
To my house, that have ever been reputed
A gentlewoman of a decent and fair carriage,
And so behaved myself——
John. I know you have.
Land. Bring hither, as I say, (to make my name
Stink in my neighbour's nostrils) your devices,
Your brats, got out of Aligant,[8] and broken oaths!
Your linsey-woolsy work, your hasty puddings!
I foster up your filch'd iniquities?
You are deceived in me, sir; I am none
Of those receivers.
John. Have I not sworn unto you
'Tis none of mine, and shew'd you how I found it?
Land. You found an easy fool that let you get it;
She had better have worn pasterns.[9]

[8] *Your brats, got out of* Alligant.] In Rowley's Match at Midnight, Randal and Ancient Young quarrelling, Sim, another of the characters, interposes, "Gentlemen, there's *Alegant* in the house; pray set no more abroach." The Landlady here means, "Your brats produced by intoxication and faithless promises."—Ed. 1778.

[9] *She had better have worn* pasterns.] I know of no meaning

John. Will you hear me?
Land. Oaths? what do you care for oaths, to gain your ends,
When ye are high and pamper'd? What saint know ye?
Or what religion, but your purposed lewdness,
Is to be look'd for of ye? Nay, I will tell ye,
You will then swear like accused cut-purses,
As far off truth too; and lie beyond all falconers![1]
I'm sick to see this dealing.
John. Heaven forbid, mother!
Land. Nay, I am very sick.
John. Who waits there?
Anth. [*Within.*] Sir.
John. Bring down the bottle of Canary wine.
Land. Exceeding sick; Heaven help me!
John. Haste ye, sirrah.—
I must even make her drunk. [*Apart.*] Nay, gentle mother!
Land. Now, fy upon ye! Was it for this purpose
You fetch'd your evening-walks for your digestions?
For this, pretended holiness? No weather,
Not before day, could hold you from the matins.
Were these your bo-peep prayers? You have pray'd well,

of the word *pasterns*, but part of a horse's leg, which would not make sense in this passage, unless it was a phrase formerly in use, the meaning of which is now unknown. Perhaps we should read, She had better have worn *pattens*; which were the sign of a good housewife, as they protect women from the dirt in walking, and are used only by the meaner sort. *Mason.*

Had this commentator turned to Cotgrave, he would have found this unknown meaning, which exactly suits the text, and proves that no alteration is necessary. Cotgrave explains *Empas*, "shackles, fetters, or *pasterns*, for unrulie or unbroken horses."

[1] — *lie beyond all* falconers.] Persons who sold hawks were probably as notorious for lying and cheating, when falconry was a favourite sport, as horse-dealers are at this day.

And with a learned zeal; watch'd well too. Your saint,
It seems, was pleased as well. Still sicker, sicker!

Enter Anthony, *with a Bottle of Wine.*

John. There is no talking to her till I have drench'd her.
Give me.—Here, mother, take a good round draught;
'Twill purge spleen from your spirits: Deeper, mother.

Land. Ay, ay, son, you imagine this will mend all. [*Drinks.*

John. All, i'faith, mother.

Land. I confess the wine
Will do his part.

John. I'll pledge you.

Land. But, son John!

John. I know your meaning, mother; touch it once more;
Alas, you look not well; take a round draught,
(It warms the blood well, and restores the colour)
And then we'll talk at large.

Land. A civil gentleman?
A stranger? one the town holds a good regard of?

John. Nay, I will silence thee.

Land. One that should weigh his fair name?—Oh, a stitch!

John. There's nothing better for a stitch, good mother;
Make no spare of it; as you love your health,
Mince not the matter.

Land. As I said, a gentleman?
Lodge in my house? Now Heaven's my comfort, Signor——

John. I look'd for this.

Land. I did not think you would have used me thus;
A woman of my credit; one, Heaven knows,
That loved you but too tenderly.
John. Dear mother,
I ever found your kindness, and acknowledge it.
Land. No, no, I am a fool to counsel you. Where's the infant?
Come, let's see your workmanship.
John. None of mine, mother;
But there 'tis, and a lusty one. [*Gives her the Child.*
Land. Heaven bless thee,
Thou hadst a hasty making; but the best is,
'Tis many a good man's fortune.—As I live,
Your own eyes, Signor; and the nether lip
As like you as ye had spit it.
John. I am glad on't.
Land. Bless me, what things are these?
John. I thought my labour
Was not all lost. 'Tis gold, and these are jewels,
Both rich, and right, I hope.
Land. Well, well, son John,
I see you are a woodman, and can chuse
Your deer, though it be i' th' dark; all your discretion
Is not yet lost; this was well clapt aboard:
Here I am with you now; when, as they say,
Your pleasure comes with profit; when you must needs do,
Do where ye may be done to, 'tis a wisdom
Becomes a young man well: Be sure of one thing,
Lose not your labour and your time together,
It seasons of a fool, son; time is precious,
Work wary whilst you have it; since you must traffick
Sometimes this slippery way, take sure hold, Signor;
Trade with no broken merchants, make your lading

As you would make your rest,[2] adventurously,
But with advantage ever.
John. All this time, mother,
The child wants looking-to, wants meat and nurses.
Land. Now blessing o' thy care! It shall have all,
And instantly; I'll seek a nurse myself, son.
'Tis a sweet child!—Ah, my young Spaniard!—
Take you no further care, sir.
John. Yes, of these jewels,
I must, by your leave, mother. These are yours,
To make your care the stronger; for the rest
I'll find a master. The gold, for bringing up on't,
I freely render to your charge.
Land. No more words,
Nor no more children, good son, as you love me:
This may do well.
John. I shall observe your morals.
But where's Don Frederic, mother?
Land. Ten to one
About the like adventure; he told me,
He was to find you out. [*Exit.*
John. Why should he stay thus?
There may be some ill chance in't: Sleep I will not,
Before I have found him. Now this woman's pleased,
I'll seek my friend out, and my care is eased. [*Exit.*

[2] *As you would make your* rest.] This is not an allusion to *fencing*, as the last editors imagine. It refers to the phrase of setting up a rest at a game, staking a sum on a card. The remaining words of the speech prove the propriety of the explanation.

SCENE IX.

A Street.

Enter Duke and Gentlemen.

1 *Gent.* Believe, Sir, 'tis as possible to do it,
As to remove the city: The main faction
Swarm through the streets like hornets, arm'd with angers
Able to ruin states; no safety left us,
Nor means to die like men, if instantly
You draw not back again.
Duke. May he be drawn
And quarter'd too, that turns now! Were I surer
Of death than thou art of thy fears, and with death
More than those fears are too——
1 *Gent.* Sir, I fear not.
Duke. I would not crack my vow, start from my honour,
Because I may find danger; wound my soul,
To keep my body safe!
1 *Gent.* I speak not, sir,
Out of a baseness, to you.
Duke. No, nor do not,
Out of a baseness, leave me. What is danger,
More than the weakness of our apprehensions?
A poor cold part o' th' blood? Who takes it hold of?
Cowards, and wicked livers: Valiant minds
Were made the masters of it; and as hearty seamen
In desperate storms stem with a little rudder
The tumbling ruins of the ocean;
So with their cause and swords do they do dangers.

Say we were sure to die all in this venture,
(As I am confident against it) is there any
Amongst us of so fat a sense, so pamper'd,
Would chuse luxuriously to lie a-bed,
And purge away his spirit, send his soul out
In sugar-sops and syrups? Give me dying,
As dying ought to be, upon mine enemy,
Parting with mankind by a man that's manly.
Let 'em be all the world, and bring along
Cain's envy[3] with 'em, I will on!

2 *Gent.* You may, sir;
But with what safety?

1 *Gent.* Since 'tis come to dying,
You shall perceive, sir, here be those amongst us
Can die as decently as other men,
And with as little ceremony. On, brave sir.

Duke. That's spoken heartily.

1 *Gent.* And he that flinches,
May he die lousy in a ditch!

Duke. No more dying;
There's no such danger in it. What's o'clock?

3 *Gent.* Somewhat above your hour.

Duke. Away then quickly;
Make no noise, and no trouble will attend us. [*Exeunt.*

[3] *Envy.*] This word was frequently used for *malice, hatred.* So in the Merchant of Venice, Gratiano says to Shylock,

——"No metal can,
No, not the hangman's ax, bear half the keenness
Of thy sharp *envy.*"

I cannot resist pointing out the extreme beauty of this speech to the reader. For nobleness of sentiment, and harmony of versification, it has few equals.

SCENE X.

An Apartment in the Landlady's House.

Enter FREDERIC, *and* PETER *with a Candle.*

Fred. Give me the candle. So; go you out that way.

Peter. What have we now to do? [*Aside.*

Fred. And o' your life, sirrah,
Let none come near the door without my knowledge;
No, not my landlady, nor my friend.

Peter. 'Tis done, sir.

Fred. Nor any serious business that concerns me.

Peter. Is the wind there again? [*Aside.*

Fred. Be gone.

Peter. I am, sir, [*Exit.*

Enter CONSTANTIA *veiled.*

Fred. Now enter without fear. And, noble lady,
That safety and civility you wish'd for
Shall truly here attend you: No rude tongue
Nor rough behaviour knows this place, no wishes
Beyond the moderation of a man,
Dare enter here; your own desires and innocence,
Join'd to my vow'd obedience, shall protect you,
Were dangers more than doubts.

Con. You are truly noble,
And worth a woman's trust: Let it become me,
[*Offers a ring.*
(I do beseech you, sir) for all your kindness,

To render, with my thanks, this worthless trifle;
I may be longer troublesome.
Fred. Fair offices
Are still their own rewards: Heaven bless me, lady,
From selling civil courtesies! May it please you,
If you will force a favour to oblige me,
Draw but that cloud aside, to satisfy me
For what good angel I'm engaged.
Con. It shall be,
For I am truly confident you are honest: [*Unveils.*
The piece is scarce worth looking on.
Fred. Trust me,
The abstract of all beauty, soul of sweetness!—
Defend me, honest thoughts, I shall grow wild else!
What eyes are there, rather what little Heavens,
To stir men's contemplations! what a paradise
Runs through each part she has! Good blood, be temperate:
I must look off; too excellent an object
Confounds the sense that sees it.—Noble lady,
If there be any further service to cast on me,
Let it be worth my life, so much I honour ye,
Or the engagement of whole families——
Con. Your service is too liberal, worthy sir;
Thus far I shall entreat——
Fred. Command me, lady;
You make your power too poor.
Con. That presently
With all convenient haste, you would retire
Unto the street you found me in.
Fred. 'Tis done.
Con. There, if you find a gentleman oppress'd
With force and violence, do a man's office,
And draw your sword to rescue him.
Fred. He's safe,
Be what he will; and let his foes be devils,
Arm'd with your pity, I shall conjure 'em.

Retire; this key will guide you: All things necessary
Are there before you.

Con. All my prayers go with you. [*Exit.*

Fred. You clap on proof upon me.[4]—Men say gold
Does all, engages all, works through all dangers:
Now I say beauty can do more: The king's exchequer,
Nor all his wealthy Indies, could not draw me
Through half those miseries this piece of pleasure
Might make me leap into: We are all like sea-cards,[5]
All our endeavours and our motions,
(As they do to the North) still point at beauty,
Still at the fairest: For a handsome woman,
Setting my soul aside, it should go hard,
But I would strain my body: Yet to her,
Unless it be her own free gratitude,
Hopes, ye shall die, and thou, tongue, rot within me,
Ere I infringe my faith. Now to my rescue. [*Exit.*

[4] *You clap on* proof *upon me.*] That is, armour of proof. *Mason*

[5] *We are like* sea-cards.] In the present instance this term is used, not very accurately, for the magnet. It generally means the card upon which the points of the compass are delineated; sometimes a sea-chart.

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Street.

Enter Duke, pursued by Petruccio, Antonio, *and two Gentlemen.*

Duke. You will not all oppress me?
Ant. Kill him i' th' wanton eye!
Let me come to him!
Duke. Then ye shall buy me dearly!
Petr. Say you so, sir?
Ant. I say cut his wezand, spoil his piping:
Have at your love-sick heart, sir!

Enter Don John.

John. Sure 'tis fighting:
My friend may be engaged.—Fy, gentlemen!
This is unmanly odds.
Ant. I'll stop your mouth, sir.
[*Duke falls down,* Don John *bestrides him.*
John. Nay then, have at thee freely.
There's a plumb, sir, to satisfy your longing.
[*Wounds* Antonio.
Petr. Away! I hope I have sped him. Here comes rescue;
We shall be endanger'd. Where's Antonio?
Ant. I must have one thrust more, sir.
John. Come up to me.

Ant. A mischief confound your fingers!
Petr. How is't?
Ant. Well:
He has given me my *quietus est.* I felt him
In my small guts; I'm sure he has feez'd me![6]
This comes of siding with you.
2 *Gent.* Can you go, sir?
Ant. I should go, man, an my head were off:
Ne'er talk of going.
Petr. Come, all shall be well then.
I hear more rescue coming.

Enter the Duke's Gentlemen.

Ant. Let's turn back then;
My skull's uncloven yet; let me but kill.
Petr. Away for Heaven sake with him!
[*Exit* PETRUCCIO, *with* ANTONIO *and his Gentlemen.*
John. How is't?
Duke. Well, sir;
Only a little stagger'd.
Duke's Gent. Let's pursue 'em.
Duke. No, not a man, I charge ye!—Thanks, good coat;
Thou hast saved me a shrewd welcome: 'Twas put home too,
With a good mind, I'm sure on't.
John. Are you safe then?
Duke. My thanks to you, brave sir, whose timely valour,
And manly courtesy, came to my rescue.
John. You had foul play offer'd ye, and shame befall him

6 *I'm sure he has* feez'd *me.*] To feaze means either to untwist a rope, or to beat with a rope. Either of these meanings may be used metaphorically in the text.

That can pass by oppression.
Duke. May I crave, sir,
But thus much honour more, to know your name,
And him I am so bound to?
John. For the bond, sir,
'Tis every good man's tie; to know me further
Will little profit you: I am a stranger,
My country Spain; my name Don John, a gentleman
That lies here for my study.
Duke. I have heard, sir,
Much worthy mention of you; yet I find
Fame short of what you are.
John. You are pleased, sir,
To express your courtesy: May I demand
As freely what you are, and what mischance
Cast you into this danger?
Duke. For this present,
I must desire your pardon: You shall know me
Ere it be long, sir, and a nobler thanks
Than now my will can render.
John. Your will's your own, sir.
Duke. What is't you look for, sir? have you lost any thing?
John. Only my hat i' th' scuffle: Sure these fellows
Were night-snaps.[7]
Duke. No, believe, sir. Pray you use mine,
For 'twill be hard to find your own now.
John. No, sir.
Duke. Indeed you shall; I can command another:
I do beseech you honour me.
John. I will, sir:
And so I'll take my leave.
Duke. Within these few days
I hope I shall be happy in your knowledge;

[7] *Night-snaps.*] Thieves. *Snap* is still a cant word for a theft.

'Till when, I love your memory.
[*Exeunt Duke and Gentlemen.*
John. I yours.—
This is some noble fellow.

Enter FREDERIC.

Fred. 'Tis his tongue sure.
Don John?
John. Don Frederic?
Fred. You are fairly met, sir:
I thought you had been a bat-fowling. Pr'ythee tell me,
What revelations hast thou had to-night,
That home was never thought of?
John. Revelations?
I'll tell thee, Frederic; but, before I tell thee,
Settle thy understanding.
Fred. 'Tis prepared, sir.
John. Why then, mark what shall follow. This night, Frederic,
This bawdy night——
Fred. I thought no less.
John. This blind night,
What dost think I have got?
Fred. The pox, it may be.
John. 'Would 'twere no worse! Ye talk of revelations;
I have got a revelation will reveal me
An arrant coxcomb while I live.
Fred What is't?
Thou hast lost nothing?
John. No, I have got, I tell thee.
Fred. What hast thou got?
John. One of the infantry, a child.
Fred. How!
John. A chopping child, man.

Fred. 'Give you joy, sir.
John. A lump of lewdness, Frederic; that's the truth on't.
This town's abominable.
Fred. I still told you, John,
Your whoring must come home; I counsell'd you:
But where no grace is——
John. 'Tis none o' mine, man.
Fred. Answer the parish so.
John. Cheated, in troth,
Peeping into a house; by whom I know not,
Nor where to find the place again. No, Frederic,
Had I but kiss'd the ring for't—'Tis no poor one,
That's my best comfort, for 't has brought about it
Enough to make it man.
Fred. Where is't?
John. At home.
Fred. A saving voyage: But what will you say, signor,
To him that, searching out your serious worship,
Has met a stranger fortune?
John. How, good Frederic?
A militant girl now to this boy would hit it.
Fred. No; mine's a nobler venture. What do you think, sir,
Of a distressed lady, one whose beauty
Would over-sell all Italy?
John. Where is she?
Fred. A woman of that rare behaviour,
So qualified, as admiration
Dwells round about her; of that perfect spirit——
John. Ay, marry, sir!
Fred. That admirable carriage,
That sweetness in discourse; young as the Morning,
Her blushes staining his.[8]

[8] *Young as the Morning,*
Her blushes staining his.] That is, out-doing or excelling

John. But where's this creature?
Shew me but that.
Fred. That's all one; she's forth-coming;
I have her sure, boy.
John. Hark you, Frederic;
What truck betwixt my infant——
Fred. 'Tis too light, sir;
Stick to your charges, good Don John; I am well.
John. But is there such a wench?
Fred. First tell me this,
Did you not lately, as you walk'd along,
Discover people that were arm'd, and likely
To do offence?
John. Yes, marry, and they urged it
As far as they had spirit.
Fred. Pray go forward.
John. A gentleman I found engaged amongst 'em;
It seems of noble breeding; I am sure brave mettle:
As I return'd to look you, I set in to him,
And without hurt, I thank Heaven, rescued him,
And came myself off safe too.
Fred. My work's done then:
And now, to satisfy you, there is a woman,
Oh, John, there is a woman——
John. Oh, where is she?
Fred. And one of no less worth then I assure you;
And, which is more, fallen under my protection.
John. I am glad of that. Forward, sweet Frederic!
Fred. And, which is more than that, by this night's
wand'ring;

his, making them appear faint by the superior lustre of her own. A similar expression occurs in Cupid's Revenge, where Leontius says of Bacha—

She stains the ripest virgins of her age. *Mason.*

And, which is most of all, she is at home too, sir.
John. Come, let's be gone then.
Fred. Yes; but 'tis most certain
You cannot see her, John.
John. Why?
Fred. She has sworn me
That none else shall come near her, not my mother,
Till some few doubts are clear'd.
John. Not look upon her?
What chamber is she in?
Fred. In ours.
John. Let's go, I say:
A woman's oaths are wafers, break with making;
They must for modesty a little: We all know it.
Fred. No, I'll assure you, sir.
John. Not see her?
I smell an old dog-trick of yours. Well, Frederic,
You talk'd to me of whoring: Let's have fair play,
Square dealing, I would wish you.
Fred. When 'tis come
(Which I know never will be) to that issue,
Your spoon shall be as deep as mine, sir.
John. Tell me,
And tell me true, is the cause honourable,
Or for your ease?
Fred. By all our friendship, John,
'Tis honest, and of great end.
John. I am answer'd:
But let me see her though; leave the door open
As you go in.
Fred. I dare not.
John. Not wide open,
But just so, as a jealous husband
Would level at his wanton wife through.
Fred. That courtesy,

If you desire no more, and keep it strictly,
I dare afford you. Come; 'tis now near morning.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Room in the Landlady's House.

Enter PETER *and* ANTHONY.

Peter. Nay, the old woman's gone too.
Anth. She's a-catterwauling
Among the gutters: But, conceive me, Peter,
Where our good masters should be?
Peter. Where they should be
I do conceive; but where they are, good Anthony—
Anth. Ay, there it goes: My master's bo-peeps with me,
With his sly popping in and out again,
Argued a cause, a frippery cause.
Peter. Believe me,
They bear up with some carvel.[9]
Anth. I do believe thee,
For thou hast such a master for that chase,
That 'till he spends his main-mast——
Peter. Pray remember
Your courtesy, good Anthony, and withal,
How long 'tis since your master sprung a leak;
He had a sound one since he came.
Anth. Hark! [*Lute sounds within.*
Peter. What?

[9] *Carvel.*] An old-fashioned ship used by the Spaniards. See vol. II. p. 22.

Anth. Dost not hear a lute? Again!
Peter. Where is't?
Anth. Above, in my master's chamber.
Peter. There's no creature;
He hath the key himself, man. [*Singing within.*
Anth. This is his lute;[1]
Let him have it.
Peter. I grant you; but who strikes it?
Anth. An admirable voice too; hark ye!

SONG. [*Within.*]

Merciless Love, whom nature hath denied
The use of eyes, lest thou shouldst take a pride
And glory in thy murders, why am I,
That never yet transgress'd thy deity,
Never broke vow,[2] *from whose eyes never flew*
Disdainful dart, whose hard heart never slew,

[1] Ant. *This is his lute: Let him have it.*] The song was inserted before this line in the two former editions. The reason of the change of its place is very plain. *Seward.*

The song, like many others in this collection, was first inserted in the second folio; where the only stage direction is—*Lute sounds within.* This is also in the first, where opposite to the words —"This is his lute," &c. we have the following there—*Sing within a little*, and afterwards at the words—"Let it be," *Sing again.* Probably the song was divided originally, and different portions of it sung at different times to the end of the scene.

[2] *Never broke vow, from whose eyes never*
Flew disdainful dart,
Whose hard heart never
Slew those *rewarders?*
Thou art young and fair.] The measure of all, except the last line quoted above, only wants to be replaced; but that last is deficient in sense as well as measure. I suppose the word *ill* to have been the monosyllable lost, and *rewarders* to have been put for *rewarded*, and then it would run, —— *Thus rewarders:* This being too glaringly absurd might be thought to be amended by making it, —— *Those rewarders.* *Seward.*

Thus ill rewarded? Thou art young and fair,
Thy mother soft and gentle as the air,
Thy holy fire still burning, blown with prayer:
Then, everlasting Love, restrain thy will;
'Tis god-like to have power, but not to kill.

Peter. Anthony,
Art sure we are at home?
Anth. Without all doubt, Peter.
Peter. Then this must be the devil.
Anth. Let it be.— [*Sing again.*
Good devil, sing again! Oh, dainty devil!—
Peter, believe it, a most delicate devil!
The sweetest devil——

Enter FREDERIC *and* DON JOHN.

Fred. If you could leave peeping!
John. I cannot; by no means.
Fred. Then come in softly;
And, as you love your faith, presume no further
Than you have promised.
John. *Basta!*
Fred. What make you up so early, sir?
John. You, sir, in your contemplations!
Peter. Oh, pray you, peace, sir. [*Lute plays again.*
Fred. Why peace, sir?

The above song is not in the first copy; however, it bears such strong internal marks of authenticity, that we cannot doubt its being genuine.—Ed. 1778.

The song is probably original, but the editors have rejected many others, which occur first in the second folio, of far higher value. See for instance the Queen of Corinth.—It is necessary to adopt the greater part of Seward's variations; but in one instance the old text has been restored, as having the same meaning as the amendment. In the sixth line he reads unnecessarily,

—— whose hard heart *none e'er* slew.

Peter. Do you hear?
John. 'Tis your lute.
Fred. Pray ye speak softly;
She's playing on't.
Anth. The house is haunted, sir,
For this we have heard this half-year.
Fred. Ye saw nothing?
Anth. Not I.
Peter. Nor I, sir.
Fred. Get us our breakfast then;
And make no words on't. We'll undertake this spirit,
If it be one.
Anth. This is no devil, Peter.
Mum! there be bats abroad.
[*Exeunt* Peter *and* Anthony.
Fred. Stay; now she sings. [*Singing.*
John. An angel's voice, I'll swear!
Fred. Why didst thou shrug so?
Either allay this heat; or, as I live,
I will not trust you.
John. Pass! I warrant you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Another in the same.

Enter Constantia.

Con. To curse those stars that men say govern us,
To rail at Fortune, fall out with my fate,
And task the general world, will help me nothing:
Alas, I am the same still, neither are they
Subject to helps, or hurts: Our own desires

Are our own fates, our own stars all our fortunes,
Which, as we sway 'em, so abuse or bless us.

Enter FREDERIC, *and* DON JOHN *peeping.*

Fred. Peace to your meditations!
John. Pox upon ye,
Stand out o' th' light!
Con. I crave your mercy, sir;.
My mind, o'er-charged with care, made me unmannerly.
Fred. Pray you set that mind at rest; all shall be perfect.
John. I like the body rare; a handsome body,
A wond'rous handsome body. 'Would she would turn!
See, an that spiteful puppy be not got
Between me and my light again!
Fred. 'Tis done,
As all that you command shall be: The gentleman
Is safely off all danger.
John. *Oh, de Dios!*
Con. How shall I thank you, sir? how satisfy?
Fred. Speak softly, gentle lady, all's rewarded.—
Now does he melt, like marmalade. [*Aside.*
John. Nay, 'tis certain,
Thou art the sweetest woman I e'er look'd on:
I hope thou art not honest.
Fred. None disturb'd you?
Con. Not any, sir, nor any sound came near me;
I thank your care.
Fred. 'Tis well.
John. I would fain pray now,
But the devil, and that flesh there o' the world—
What are we made to suffer! [3]

[3] ***But th' devil and that flesh there,* o' the world,**
***What are we made to suffer?*] Seward has proposed two**

Fred. He will enter :—
Pull in your head, and be hang'd !
John. Hark you, Frederic !
I have brought you home your pack-saddle.
Fred. Pox upon you !
Con. Nay, let him enter. Fy, my lord the duke,
Stand peeping at your friends ?
Fred. You are cozen'd, lady ;
Here is no duke.
Con. I know him full well, signor.
John. Hold thee there, wench !
Fred. This mad-brain'd fool will spoil all.
Con. I do beseech your grace come in.
John. My grace ?
There was a word of comfort !
Fred. Shall he enter,
Whoe'er he be ?
John. Well follow'd, Frederic !
Con. With all my heart.
Fred. Come in then.

Enter DON JOHN.

John. 'Bless you, lady !
Fred. Nay, start not ; though he be a stranger to you,

amendments in the passage; first to read—(Oh, the world!) which he adopts, and which Mason honours with his approbation; the second—*and the world.* But the break introduced by the last editors makes all plain, though Mason says the text is nonsense as it now stands. What can be more simple ? Could he not perceive that Don John says plainly—" I would fain pray now, but the devil and the worldly flesh there (Constantia) *turn aside my thoughts.*" These last words he does not utter but exclaims—" What are we made to suffer (in consequence of the devil and the flesh.") The reader will already have perceived what a mortal enemy Mr Mason is to breaks and imperfect sentences,—one of Fletcher's favourite and customary practices in light dialogues like the present.

He's of a noble strain: My kinsman, lady,
My countryman, and fellow-traveller:
One bed contains us ever, one purse feeds us,
And one faith free between us. Do not fear him;
He's truly honest.

John. That's a lie. [*Aside.*

Fred. And trusty,
Beyond your wishes; valiant to defend;
And modest to converse with, as your blushes.

John. [*Aside.*] Now may I hang myself; this commendation
Has broke the neck of all my hopes; for now
Must I cry, "No forsooth," and "Ay forsooth," and "surely,
And truly as I live, and as I am honest."
He has done these things for 'nonce too;[4] for he knows,
Like a most envious rascal as he is,
I am not honest, nor desire to be,
Especially this way. He has watch'd his time;
But I shall quit him.

Con. Sir, I credit you.

Fred. Go kiss her, John.

John. Plague o' your commendations!

Con. Sir, I shall now desire to be a trouble.

John. Never to me, sweet lady: Thus I seal
My faith, and all my service. [*Kisses her.*

Con. One word, signor. [*To* FREDERIC.

John. Now 'tis impossible I should be honest;
[*Aside.*
She kisses with a conjuration
Would make the devil dance! What points she at?
My leg, I warrant, or my well-knit body:
Sit fast, Don Frederic!—

[4] *He has done these things for* 'nonce *too.*] That is, purposely, to serve his own purposes.

Fred. 'Twas given him by that gentleman
You took such care of; his own being lost i' th' scuffle.

Con. With much joy may he wear it! 'Tis a right one,
I can assure you, gentleman; and right happy
May you be in all fights for that fair service!

Fred. Why do you blush?

Con. 'T had almost cozen'd me;
For, not to lie, when I saw that, I look'd for
Another master of it; but 'tis well. [*Knock within.*

Fred. Who's there?

Enter ANTHONY.

Stand you a little close. Come in, sir!
[*Exit* CONSTANTIA.
Now, what's the news with you?

Anth. There is a gentleman without
Would speak with Don John.

John. Who, sir?

Anth. I do not know, sir; but he shews a man
Of no mean reckoning.

Fred. Let him shew his name,
And then return a little wiser.

Anth. Well, sir. [*Exit* ANTHONY.

Fred. How do you like her, John?

John. As well as you, Frederic,
For all I am honest; you shall find it so too.

Fred. Art thou not honest?

John. Art thou an ass?[5]

[5] *Art thou an ass?*] Both sense and measure warrant our inserting the word NOT.—Ed. 1778.

Setting aside the metre (a matter of indifference with most of the old dramatists,) there is as much point, and more of the quaintness of old language in the text, than in the alteration. Negatives were continually implied without being actually put down.

"And modest as her blushes!" What a blockhead
Would e'er have popp'd out such a dry apology,
For his dear friend? and to a gentlewoman?
A woman of her youth and delicacy?
They are arguments to draw them to abhor us.
An honest moral man? 'tis for a constable!
A handsome man, a wholesome man, a tough man,
A liberal man, a likely man, a man
Made up like Hercules, unslaked with service,
The same to-night, to-morrow-night, the next night,
And so to perpetuity of pleasures;
These had been things to hearken to, things catching:
But you have such a spiced consideration,[6]
Such qualms upon your worship's conscience,
Such chilblains in your blood, that all things pinch you,
Which nature, and the liberal world, makes custom;
And nothing but fair Honour, oh, sweet Honour!
Hang up your eunuch Honour! That I was trusty,
And valiant, were things well put in; but modest!
A modest gentleman! Oh, wit, where wast thou?

Fred. I am sorry, John.

John. My lady's gentlewoman
Would laugh me to a school-boy, make me blush
With playing with my codpiece-point! Fy on thee!
A man of thy discretion?

Fred. It shall be mended;
And henceforth you shall have your due.

6 —— *such a* spiced *consideration.*] *Spiced*, means precise, scrupulous. In the Mad Lover, (vol. IV. p. 193.) Cleanthe, offering money to the Priestess, who pretends to refuse it, says,

Be not so *spiced;* 'tis good gold,
And goodness is no gall to th' conscience.

Enter Anthony.

John. I look for't.—
How now? who is't?
Anth. A gentleman of this town,
And calls himself Petruccio.
John. I'll attend him. [*Exit* Anthony.

Enter Constantia.

Con. How did he call himself?
Fred. Petruccio:
Does it concern you aught?
Con. Oh, gentlemen,
The hour of my destruction is come on me;
I am discover'd, lost, left to my ruin!
As ever ye had pity—— [*Kneels.*
John. Do not fear;
Let the great devil come, he shall come through me:
Lost here, and we about ye?
Fred. Fall before us?
Con. Oh, my unfortunate estate! all angers
Compared to his, to his——
Fred. Let his, and all men's,
Whilst we have power and life—Stand up, for Heaven sake!
Con. I have offended Heaven too; yet Heaven knows——
John. We are all evil:
Yet Heaven forbid we should have our deserts!
What is he?
Con. Too, too near to my offence, sir:
Oh, he will cut me piece-meal!
Fred. 'Tis no treason?
John. Let it be what it will, if he cut here,
I'll find him cut-work.

Fred. He must buy you dear;
With more than common lives.
John. Fear not, nor weep not:
By Heaven, I'll fire the town before you perish!
And then, the more the merrier, we'll jog with you.
Fred. Come in, and dry your eyes.
John. Pray no more weeping:
Spoil a sweet face for nothing? My return
Shall end all this, I warrant you.
Con. Heaven grant it! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Another in the same.

Enter PETRUCCIO, *with a letter.*

Petr. This man should be of special rank; for these commends
Carry no common way, no slight worth, with 'em:
He shall be he.

Enter DON JOHN.

John. 'Save you, sir! I am sorry
My business was so unmannerly, to make you
Wait thus long here.
Petr. Occasions must be served, sir.
But is your name Don John?
John. It is, sir.
Petr. Then,
First, for your own brave sake, I must embrace you:
Next, from the credit of your noble friend
Hernando de Alvara, make you mine;

Who lays his charge upon me in this letter
To look you out, and, for the goodness in you,
Whilst your occasions make you resident
In this place, to supply you, love and honour you;
Which, had I known sooner——

John. Noble sir,
You'll make my thanks too poor: I wear a sword, sir,
And have a service to be still disposed of,
As you shall please command it.

Petr. Gentle sir,
That manly courtesy is half my business:
And, to be short, to make you know I honour you,
And in all points believe your worth like oracle,
And how above my friends (which are not few,
And those not slack) I estimate your virtues,
Make yourself understand, this day Petruccio
(A man that may command the strength of this place,
Hazard the boldest spirits) hath made choice
Only of you, and in a noble office.

John. Forward; I am free to entertain it.

Petr. Thus then:
I do beseech you mark me.

John. I shall do it.

Petr. Ferrara's duke, ('would I might call him worthy!
But that he has razed out from his family,
As he has mine with infamy) this man,
Rather this powerful monster, we being left
But two of all our house, to stock our memories,
My sister and myself, with arts and witchcrafts,
Vows, and such oaths Heaven has no mercy for,
Drew to dishonour this weak maid, by stealths,
And secret passages I knew not of;
Oft he obtain'd his wishes, oft abused her:
I am ashamed to say the rest! This purchased,

And his hot blood allay'd, as friends forsake us
At a mile's end upon our way, he left her,
And all our name to ruin.
John. This was foul play,
And ought to be rewarded so.
Petr. I hope so.
He 'scaped me yester-night; which, if he dare
Again adventure for, Heaven pardon him!
I shall, with all my heart.
John. For me, brave signor,
What do you intend?
Petr. Only, fair sir, this trust,
(Which, from the commendations of this letter,
I dare presume well placed) nobly to bear him
By word of mouth a single challenge from me,
That, man to man, if he have honour in him,
We may decide all difference.
John. Fair and noble,
And I will do it home. When shall I visit you?
Petr. Please you, this afternoon. I will ride with you;
For at a castle, six miles hence, we are sure
To find him.
John. I'll be ready.
Petr. To attend you,
My man shall wait. With all my love[7]— [*Exit.*
John. My service shall not fail you.

[7] *With all my love.*] We much doubt whether these words are not part of Don John's speech:

With all my love, my service shall not fail you.—Ed. 1778.

Mason supports the alteration; but a bar, showing that Petruchio does not complete his speech, sets all right.

Enter FREDERIC.

Fred. How now?
John. All's well. Who dost thou think this wench is?
Guess, an thou canst.
Fred. I cannot.
John. Be it known then,
To all men by these presents, this is she,
She, she, and only she, our curious coxcombs
Were errant two months after.
Fred. Who? Constantia?
Thou talk'st of cocks and bulls.
John. I talk of wenches,
Of cocks and hens, Don Frederic; this is the pullet
We two went proud after.
Fred. It cannot be.
John. It shall be;
Sister to Don Petruccio: I know all, man.
Fred. Now I believe.
John. Go to; there has been stirring,
Fumbling with linen, Frederic.
Fred. 'Tis impossible;
You know her fame was pure as fire.
John. That pure fire
Has melted out her maidenhead; she's crack'd:
We have all that hope of our side, boy.
Fred. Thou tell'st me,
To my imagination, things incredible:
I see no loose thought in her.
John. That's all one,
She is loose i' th' hilts, by Heaven! But the world
Must know a fair way; upon vow of marriage!
Fred. There may be such a slip.
John. And will be, Frederic,

Whilst the old game's a-foot. I fear the boy too
Will prove hers, I took up.

Fred. Good circumstance
May cure all this yet.

John. There thou hit'st it, Frederic.
Come, let's walk in and comfort her: Her being here
Is nothing yet suspected. Anon I'll tell thee
Wherefore her brother came, (who, by this light,
Is a brave noble fellow) and what honour
He has done to me, a stranger. There be irons
Heating for some, will hiss into their heart-bloods,
Ere all be ended. So much for this time.

Fred. Well, sir. [*Exeunt.*



ACT III. SCENE I.

Another in the same.

Enter Landlady and PETER.

Land. Come, you do know!

Peter. I do not, by this hand, mistress:
But I suspect——

Land. What?

Peter. That if eggs continue

At this price, women will ne'er be saved
By their good works.
Land. I will know.
Peter. You shall, any thing
Lies in my power. The duke of Lorrain now
Is seven thousand strong: I heard it of a fish-wife,
A woman of fine knowledge.
Land. Sirrah, sirrah!
Petr. The pope's bulls are broke loose too, and 'tis suspected
They shall be baited in England.
Land. Very well, sir!
Peter. No, 'tis not so well, neither.
Land. But I say to you,
Who is it keeps your master company?
Peter. I say to you, Don John.
Land. I say, what woman?
Peter. I say so too.
Land. I say again, I will know.
Peter. I say, 'tis fit you should.
Land. And I tell thee,
He has a woman here.
Peter. And I tell thee,
'Tis then the better for him.
Land. You are no bawd now?
Peter. 'Would I were able to be call'd unto it:
A worshipful vocation for my elders;
For, as I understand, it is a place
Fitting my betters far.
Land. Was ever gentlewoman
So frump'd off with a fool! Well, saucy sirrah,
I will know who it is, and for what purpose;
I pay the rent, and I'll know how my house
Comes by these inflammations: If this geer hold,[8]

[8] *If this* geer *hold.*] *Geer* is a word of no very determinate meaning, but used for matters or things in general.

Best hang a sign-post up, to tell the signors,
Here ye may have lewdness at livery.

Enter FREDERIC.

Peter. 'Twould be a great ease to your age.
Fred. How now?
Why, what's the matter, landlady?
Land. What's the matter?
Ye use me decently among ye, gentlemen.
Fred. Who has abused her? you, sir?
Land. 'Ods my witness,
I will not be thus treated, that I will not!
Peter. I gave her no ill language.
Land. Thou liest lewdly;
Thou took'st me up at every word I spoke,
As I had been a Maukin, a flurt Gillian;[9]
And thou think'st, because thou canst write and read,
Our noses must be under thee.
Fred. Dare you, sirrah?
Peter. Let but the truth be known, sir, I beseech ye;
She raves of wenches, and I know not what, sir.
Land. Go to; thou know'st too well, thou wicked varlet,
Thou instrument of evil!
Peter. As I live, sir,
She is ever thus till dinner.
Fred. Get you in;
I'll answer you anon, sir.

[9] *As I had been a* Maukin, *a* flurt-Gillian.] *Flurt-Gillian* seems to be the origin of the modern expression, a *gill-flirt*. *Maukin* and *Gillian* are, we believe, both corruptions of Christian names of women, commonly applied in a bad or ridiculous sense.—Ed. 1778.—They are corruptions of Magdalen and Juliana.

Peter. By this hand,
I'll break your posset-pan! [*Exit.*
Land. Then, by this hood,
I'll lock the meat up!
Fred. Now, your grief; what is't?
For I can guess——
Land. You may, with shame enough,
If there were shame amongst you! Nothing thought on,
But how ye may abuse my house? not satisfied
With bringing home your bastards to undo me,
But you must drill your whores here too? My patience
(Because I bear, and bear, and carry all,
And, as they say, am willing to groan under)
Must be your make-sport now!
Fred. No more of these words,
Nor no more murmurings, lady! for you know
That I know something. I did suspect your anger;
But turn it presently and handsomely,
And bear yourself discreetly to this woman,
(For such an one there is indeed)——
Land. 'Tis well, son.
Fred. Leaving your devils' matins, and your melancholies,
Or we shall leave our lodgings.
Land. You have much need
To use these vagrant ways, and to much profit:
You had that might content
At home, within yourselves too, right good, gentlemen,
Wholesome, and you said handsome: But you gallants—
Beast that I was to believe ye——
Fred. Leave your suspicion;
For, as I live, there's no such thing.
Land. Mine honour!

An 'twere not for mine honour——
  Fred. Come, your honour,
Your house, and you too, if you dare believe me,
Are well enough. Sleek up yourself, leave crying,
For I must have you entertain this lady
With all civility, (she well deserves it)
Together with all secresy: I dare trust you,
For I have found you faithful. When you know her,
You will find your own fault: No more words, but do it.
  Land. You know you may command me.

Enter DON JOHN.

  John. Worshipful lady,
How does thy velvet scabbard? By this hand,
Thou look'st most amiably! Now could I willingly,
(An 'twere not for abusing thy Geneva print there)
Venture my body with thee.
  Land. You'll leave this ropery[1]
When you come to my years.
  John. By this light,
Thou art not above fifteen yet! a mere girl;
Thou hast not half thy teeth: Come——
  Fred. Pr'ythee, John,
Let her alone; she has been vex'd already;
She'll grow stark mad, man.
  John. I would see her mad;
An old mad woman——
  Fred. Pr'ythee be patient.

[1] *Ropery.*] The editors of the second folio change this to *roguery*, and are of course followed by all the modern editors. But they were ignorant that the word in the text was anciently used in the same sense. In Romeo and Juliet, the nurse says to the former—" I pray you, sir, what saucy merchant was this, that was so full of his *ropery*?"—See a note of Mr Malone on the Taming of the Shrew, (Shakspeare, 1803, vol IX. p. 60.)

John. Is like a miller's mare, troubled with tooth-ach;
She'll make the rarest faces!
Fred. Go, and do it,
And do not mind this fellow.
Land. Well, Don John,
There will be times again, when, "Oh, good mother,
What's good for a carnosity in the bladder?
Oh, the green water, mother!"——
John. Doting take you!
Do you remember that?
Fred. She has paid you now, sir.
Land. "Clary, sweet mother! clary!"[2]——
Fred. Are you satisfied?
Land. "I'll never whore again; never give petticoats
And waistcoats at five pound a-piece![3] Good mother!
Quickly, mother!" Now mock on, son.
John. A devil grind your old chaps!
[*Exit Landlady.*
Fred. By this hand, wench,
I'll give thee a new hood for this.—
Has she met with your lordship?
John. Touchwood rake her![4]
She's a rare ghostly mother.

[2] *Clary.*] This herb was probably used medicinally in the time of our author.

[3] *And waistcoats at five pound a-piece.*] The costliness of these articles of dress, which were chiefly appropriated to ladies of pleasure, has been noticed before. See the Woman's Prize, vol. V. p. 295.

[4] *Touchwood* rake *her.*] The second folio, which is as usual followed by the modern editors, changes this without necessity to —Touchwood *take* her.

Enter ANTHONY.

Anth. Below attends you
The gentleman's man, sir, that was with you.
John. Well, sir. [*Exit* ANTHONY.
My time is come then; yet, if my project hold,
You shall not stay behind: I'll rather trust
A cat with sweet milk, Frederic.

Enter CONSTANTIA.

By her face,
I feel her fears are working.
Con. Is there no way,
(I do beseech you think yet) to divert
This certain danger?
Fred. 'Tis impossible;
Their honours are engaged.
Con. Then there must be murder,
Which, gentlemen, I shall no sooner hear of,
Than make one in't. You may, if you please, sir,
Make all go less yet.[5]
John. Lady, were 't mine own cause,
I could dispense; but, loaden with my friend's trust,
I must go on; though general massacres
As much I fear——
Con. [*To* FREDERIC.] Do you hear, sir? For Heaven's pity,
Let me request one love of you!
Fred. Yes; any thing.
Con. This gentleman I find too resolute,
Too hot and fiery for the cause: As ever

[5] —— *You may, if you please, sir,
Make all go less yet.*] It has been already observed that this phrase is taken from gaming. The meaning is, You may cause the affair to end in less than murder.

You did a virtuous deed, for honour's sake,
Go with him, and allay him: Your fair temper,
And noble disposition, like wished showers,
May quench those eating fires, that would spoil all
else.
I see in him destruction.
Fred. I will do it;
And 'tis a wise consideration,
To me a bounteous favour.—Hark ye, John;
I will go with you.
John. No.
Fred. Indeed I will;
You go upon a hazard: No denial;
For, as I live, I'll go.
John. Then make you ready,
For I am straight o' horse-back.
Fred. My sword on,
I am as ready as you.—What my best labour,
With all the art I have, can work upon 'em,
Be sure of, and expect fair end. The old gentle-
woman
Shall wait upon you; she is both grave and private,
And you may trust her in all points——
Con. You are noble.
Fred. And so I kiss your hand.[6]
John. That seal for me too;
And I hope happy issue, lady.
Con. All Heaven's care upon ye, and my prayers!
John. So, now my mind's at rest.
Fred. Away; 'tis late, John. [*Exeunt.*

[6] Con. *You are noble;*
And so I kiss your hand.] The latter part of this certainly belongs to *Frederic.* 'Tis the usual compliment from a gentleman to a lady, but not from a lady to a gentleman; and *John* confirms it by desiring the same favour. *Seward.*

SCENE II.

A Room in the House of Antonio.

Enter ANTONIO, *Surgeon, and two Gentlemen.*

1 *Gent.* Come, sir, be hearty; all the worst is past.
Ant. Give me some wine.
Sur. 'Tis death, sir.
Ant. 'Tis a horse, sir!
'Sblood, to be dress'd to the tune of ale only!
Nothing but sauces to my sores!
2 *Gent.* Fy, Antonio;
You must be govern'd.
Ant. He has given me a damned glyster,
Only of sand and snow-water, gentlemen,
Has almost scower'd my guts out.
Sur. I have given you that, sir,
Is fittest for your state.
Ant. And here he feeds me
With rotten ends of rooks, and drowned chickens,
Stew'd pericraniums, and pia-maters;
And when I go to bed (by Heaven, 'tis true, gentlemen)
He rolls me up in lints, with labels at 'em,
That I am just the man i' th' almanack,
My head and face is Aries' place![7]

[7] In *head* and *face.*] Former editions. *Seward.*
From the disagreeable jingle, and the little meaning of the text, even when amended, I should be inclined to suspect a more important corruption, perhaps the loss of a whole line.

Sur. Will't please you, sir,
To let your friends see you open'd?
Ant. Will't please you, sir,
To let me have a wench? I feel my body
Open enough for that yet.
Sur. How! a wench?
Ant. Why, look ye, gentlemen! thus I am used still;
I can get nothing that I want.
1 *Gent.* Leave these things,
And let him open you.
Ant. Do you hear, surgeon?
Send for the music; let me have some pleasure
To entertain my friends, (besides your sallads,[8]
Your green salves, and your searches,)[9] and some wine too,
That I may only smell to it; or by this light,
I'll die upon thy hand, and spoil thy custom!
1 *Gent.* Let him have music. [*Music.*

Enter ROWLAND *with Wine and Musicians.*

Sur. 'Tis in the house, and ready,

[8] *Your* sallads.] What Antonio meant by *sallads* is explained by a passage in the third act of Monsieur Thomas, where the physician attending Francis says—

"Bring in the *lettice-cap*. You must be shaved, sir,
And then how suddenly we'll make you sleep!" *Mason.*

In the Treasuri of Helth, Lond. n. d. b. l. the following receipt occurs—"A redishe stampt and bound to the brayne will heal one of the fallynge sycknes by and by."

[9] *Your green salves, and your* searches.] Sympson and Seward would read—searcloths, and Mason more learnedly and as needlessly, *searces*, a kind of sieves used for medicinal purposes. The text is right, and may either mean *probes* or *searching plaisters*, probably the latter, as Antonio after the song exclaims—"And now advance your plaisters."

If he will ask no more.[1] But wine——
2 *Gent.* He shall not drink it.
Sur. Will these things please you?
Ant. Yes; and let 'em sing
John Dorrie.
2 *Gent.* 'Tis too long.
Ant. I'll have John Dorrie!
For to that warlike tune I will be open'd.
Give me some drink.—Have you stopt the leaks well, surgeon?
All will run out else.
Sur. Fear not.
Ant. Sit down, gentlemen:
And now, advance your plaisters.
[*Song of John Dorrie.*[2]

[1] *If he will ask no more but wine—*] Former editions. *Seward.* How would Seward and the last editors have defended themselves from gross carelessness, had they been informed, after publishing their editions, that the first folio exhibits the line thus—

If he will ask no more: but wine——

[2] This song was so popular in the seventeenth century, that a reference to it was sufficient in the folios. As it has not retained its popularity till the present time, it seems necessary to subjoin it. It is given with the music in Hawkins's History of Music, and Ritson's Ancient Songs, from "Deuteromelia: or the Second Part of Musick's Melodie, or Melodious Musicke. Of pleasant Roundelaies; K. H. [King Henry's] Mirth or Freemens Songs, and such delightful Catches. Lond. 1609." 4to. It is there ranked among the "Freemens Songs of 3 voices."

As it fell on a holy day,
And upon an holy tide-a,
John Dory bought him an ambling nag,
To Paris for to ride-a.

And when John Dory to Paris was come,
A little before the gate-a,
John Dory was fitted, the porter was witted,
To let him in thereat-a.

Give 'em ten shillings, friends.—How do you find me? [*Exeunt* ROWLAND *and Musicians.*
What symptoms do you see now?
Sur. None, sir, dangerous,
But, if you will be ruled——
Ant. What time?

The first man that John Dory did meet
Was good King John of France-a;
John Dory could well of his courtesie,
But fell down in a trance-a.

A pardon, a pardon, my liege and my king,
For my mery men and for me-a;
And all the churles in merie England,
Ile bring them all bound to thee-a.

And Nicholl was then a Cornish man,
A little beside Bohide-a;
And he mande forth a good blacke barke,
With fiftie good oares on a side-a.

Run up, my boy, unto the maine top,
And looke what thou canst spie-a.
Who ho! who ho! a goodly ship I do see,
I trow it be John Dory-a.

They hoist their sailes, both top and top.
The meisseine and all was tride-a;
And every man stood to his lot,
Whatever should betide a.

The roaring cannons then were plide,
And dub a dub went the drumme-a:
The braying trumpets lowd they cride,
To courage both all and some-a.

The grapling hooks were brought at length,
The browne bill and the sword-a:
John Dory at length, for all his strength,
Was clapt fast under board-a.

In Carew's Survey of Cornwall, Lond. 1602, 4to., he observes, that "the prowesse of one Nicholas, sonne to a widow, near Foy, is deskanted upon in an old three-man's song, namely, how he fought bravely at sea with John Dory, (a Genowey, as I conjec-

Sur. I can cure you
In forty days, so you will not transgress me.
Ant. I have a dog shall lick me whole in twenty.
In how long canst thou kill me?
Sur. Presently.
Ant. Do it; there's more delight in't.
1 *Gent.* You must have patience.
Ant. Man, I must have business! this foolish fellow
Hinders himself; I have a dozen rascals
To hurt within these five days. Good man-mender,
Stop me up with some parsley, like stuff'd beef,
And let me walk abroad——
Sur. You shall walk shortly.
Ant. For I must find Petruccio.
2 *Gent.* Time enough.
1 *Gent.* Come, lead him in, and let him sleep. Within these three days
We'll beg you leave to play.
2 *Gent.* And then how things fall,
We'll certainly inform you.
Ant. But, surgeon, promise me
I shall drink wine then too.
Sur. A little temper'd.
Ant. Nay, I'll no tempering, surgeon.
Sur. Well, as't please you,
So you exceed not.
Ant. Farewell! And if ye find
The mad slave that thus slash'd me, commend me to him,
And bid him keep his skin close.
1 *Gent.* Take your rest, sir. [*Exeunt.*

ture,) set forth by John the French king, (and after much bloudshed on both sides) tooke and slew him, in revenge of the great rauine and crueltie which he had fore committed upon the Englishmens goods and bodies." The family of Doria was one of the most powerful in Genoa.

SCENE III.

A Room in the Landlady's House.

Enter Constantia *and Landlady.*

Con. I have told you all I can, and more than yet
Those gentlemen know of me; ever trusting
Your counsel and concealment: For to me
You seem a worthy woman; one of those
Are seldom found in our sex, wise and virtuous.
Direct me, I beseech you.
Land. You say well, lady;
And hold you to that point; for, in these businesses,
A woman's counsel, that conceives the matter,
(Do you mark me? that conceives the matter, lady)
Is worth ten men's engagements: She knows something,
And out of that can work like wax; when[3] men
Are giddy-headed, either out of wine,
Or a more drunkenness, vain ostentation,
Discovering all; there is no more keep in 'em
Than hold up an eel's tail; nay, 'tis held fashion
To defame now all they can.
Con. Ay, but these gentlemen——
Land. Do not you trust to that; these gentlemen
Are as all gentlemen of the same barrel;
Ay, and the self-same pickle too. Be it granted,
They have used you with respect and fair behaviour,

[3] *When.*] i. e. When as, whereas.

Yet since you came;[4] do you know what must follow?
They are Spaniards, lady, jennets of high mettle,
Things that will thresh the devil or his dam,
Let 'em appear but cloven—

Con. Now Heaven bless me!

Land. Mad colts will court the wind;[5] I know 'em, lady,
To the least hair they have; and I tell you,
Old as I am, let but the pint-pot bless 'em,
They'll offer to my years——

Con. How!

Land. Such rude gambols——

Con. To you?

Land. Ay, and so handle me, that oft I am forced
To fight of all four for my safety. There's the younger,
Don John, the arrant'st Jack in all this city:
The other time has blasted, yet he'll stoop,
If not o'erflown, and freely, on the quarry;[6]
He has been a dragon in his days. But Tarmont,[7]
Don Jenkin is the devil himself, the Dog-days,
The most incomprehensible whoremaster,
Twenty a-night is nothing; beggars, broom-women,
And those so miserable they look like famine,

[4] Yet *since you came.*] i. e. As yet, till now. The second folio, and all the subsequent copies read—*Ere* since you came.

[5] *They are* Spaniards, *lady*, jennets *of high mettle*, ——
Mad colts *will* court the wind.] This is another allusion to the romantic fable of the Spanish mares conceiving by the wind. See vol. II. p. 492, and vol. V. p. 311.

[6] ——— *he'll stoop,*
If not o'erflown, *and freely on the* quarry.] These phrases are from falconry, and have been already explained in former notes.

[7] *But* Tarmont.] A corruption of *Termagant*, perhaps purposely put in the mouth of the ignorant landlady.

Are all sweet ladies in his drink.

Con. He's a handsome gentleman;
'Pity he should be master of such follies.

Land. He's ne'er without a noise of syringes
In's pocket, (those proclaim him) birding-pills,[8]
Waters to cool his conscience, in small viols,
With thousand such sufficient emblems: The truth is,
Whose chastity he chops upon he cares not;
He flies at-all. Bastards, upon my conscience,
He has now in making multitudes; the last night
He brought home one; I pity her that bore it!
(But we are all weak vessels) some rich woman
(For wise I dare not call her) was the mother,
For it was hung with jewels; the bearing-cloth[9]
No less than crimson velvet.

Con. How!

Land. 'Tis true, lady.

Con. Was it a boy too?

Land. A brave boy; deliberation
And judgment shew'd in's getting; as, I'll say for him,
He's as well paced for that sport——

Con. May I see it?
For there's a neighbour of mine, a gentlewoman,
Has had a late mischance, which willingly

8 Birding-*pills.*] Mr Seward, not finding *birding*-pills in "any dictionary or glossary," treats the reading as corrupt, and substitutes *purging*-pills. We have no doubt that *birding*-pills is genuine: *Wenches* are to this day spoken of as *game;* and to go *a-birding* is used in other parts of old writers for *wenching*, alluding to *fowling*.—Ed. 1778.

Some kind of lure was probably so denominated in ancient times.

9 *The bearing-cloth.*] This, as Dr Percy observes, "is the fine mantle or cloth with which a child is usually covered, when it is carried to the church to be baptized."

I would know further of: now, if you please
To be so courteous to me——

Land. You shall see it.
But what do you think of these men now you know
'em,
And of the cause I told you of? Be wise,
You may repent too late else; I but tell you
For your own good, and as you'll find it, lady.

Con. I am advised.

Land. No more words then; do that,
And instantly, I told you of; be ready.—
Don John, I'll fit you for your frumps! [*Aside.*

Con. I shall be:
But shall I see this child?

Land. Within this half-hour.
Let's in, and there think better: she that's wise,[1]
Leaps at occasion first; the rest pay for it. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The Country.

Enter PETRUCCIO, DON JOHN, FREDERIC, *and Servant.*

John. Sir, he is worth your knowledge, and a
gentleman
(If I that so much love him may commend him)

[1] ——— *she that's wise,*
Leaps at occasion first; the rest pay *for it.*] Mr Seward thus explains this passage: "*The wise seize the first occasion; the rest, who do not so,* pay *or* suffer *for it;*" but we think it may mean more literally, *purchase it at great expence,* which at first came cheap.—Ed. 1778.

Of free and virtuous parts; and one, if foul play
Should fall upon us (for which fear I brought him)
Will not fly back for fillips.

Petr. Ye much honour me,
And once more I pronounce ye both mine.

Fred. Stay;
What troop is that below i' th' valley there?

John. Hawking, I take it.

Petr. They are so: 'Tis the duke; 'tis even he, gentlemen.—
Sirrah, draw back the horses till we call you.—
[*Exit Servant.*
I know him by his company.

Fred. I think too
He bends up this way.

Petr. So he does.

John. Stand you still
Within that covert till I call. You, Frederic,
By no means be not seen, unless they offer
To bring on odds upon us. He comes forward;
Here will I wait him fairly. To your cabins!

Petr. I need no more instruct you?

John. Fear me not;
I'll give it him, and boldly.
[*Exeunt* Petruchio *and* Frederic.

Enter Duke and his Gentlemen.

Duke. Feed the hawks up;
We'll fly no more to-day.—Oh, my blest fortune!
Have I so fairly met the man——

John. You have, sir;
And him you know by this. [*Points to his bonnet.*

Duke. Sir, all the honour
And love——

John. I do beseech your grace stay there;
(For I know you too now) that love and honour

I come not to receive; nor can you give it,
Till you appear fair to the world. I must beseech you,
Dismiss your train a little.

Duke. Walk aside,
And out of hearing, I command ye. [*Exeunt Gentlemen.*]—Now, sir!

John. Last time we met, I was a friend.

Duke. And nobly
You did a friend's office: Let your business
Be what it may, you must be still——

John. Your pardon;
Never a friend to him, cannot be friend
To his own honour.

Duke. In what have I transgress'd it?
You make a bold breach at the first, sir.

John. Bolder,
You made that breach that let in infamy,
And ruin, to surprise a noble stock.

Duke. Be plain, sir.

John. I will, and short: You have wrong'd a gentleman
Little behind yourself, beyond all justice,
Beyond [the] mediation of all friends.

Duke. The man, and manner of wrong?

John. Petruccio;
The wrong, you have whored his sister.

Duke. What's his will in't?

John. His will is to oppose you like a gentleman,
And, single, to decide all.

Duke. Now stay you, sir,
And hear me with the like belief: This gentleman
His sister that you named,[2] 'tis true I have long loved;

[2] *This gentleman*
His sister, that you named.] That is, the gentleman's sister that you named. *Mason.*

(Nor was that love lascivious, as he makes it)
As true, I have enjoy'd her; no less truth,
I have a child by her: But that she, or he,
Or any of that family are tainted,
Suffer disgrace, or ruin, by my pleasures,
I wear a sword to satisfy the world *no*,
And him in this cause when he please; for know, sir,
She is my wife, contracted before Heaven,
(Witness I owe more tie to, than her brother;)
Nor will I fly from that name, which long since
Had had the church's approbation,
But for his jealous danger.[3]
John. Sir, your pardon;
And all that was my anger, now my service.
Duke. Fair sir, I knew I should convert you. Had we
But that rough man here now too——
John. And you shall, sir.—
Whoa, hoa, hoo!
Duke. I hope you have laid no ambush?

Enter PETRUCCIO.

John. Only friends.
Duke. My noble brother? Welcome!
Come, put your anger off; we'll have no fighting,

[3] *But for his jealous danger.*] *i. e.* For the danger arising from his jealousy: But from what the Duke says to Petruccio below, *anger* seems, both to Mr Sympson and me to be most probably the true word. *Seward.*

Seward's explanation is right, and his variation wrong, for the anger of his jealousy would soon have been conciliated by the declaration of the legality of the duke's affections; but it was necessary to guard against the dangerous effects which Petruccio's anger was likely to produce. Besides the occurrence of the word *anger* in Don John's next speech renders the variation very tautological.

Unless you will maintain I am unworthy
To bear that name.

Petr. Do you speak this heartily?

Duke. Upon my soul, and truly: The first priest
Shall put you out of these doubts.

Petr. Now I love ye;
And I beseech you pardon my suspicions.
You are now more than a brother, a brave friend too.

John. The good man's over-joyed.

Enter FREDERIC.

Fred. How now? how goes it?

John. Why, the man has his mare again, and all's well, Frederic;
The duke professes freely he's her husband.

Fred. 'Tis a good hearing.

John. Yes, for modest gentlemen.
I must present you.—May it please your grace,
To number this brave gentleman, my friend,
And noble kinsman, amongst those your servants.

Duke. Oh, my brave friend! you shower your bounties on me!
Amongst my best thoughts, signor; in which number
You being worthily disposed already,
May place your friend to honour me.

Fred. My love, sir,
And where your grace dares trust me, all my service.

Petr. Why, this is wond'rous happy. But now, brother,
Now comes the bitter to our sweet: Constantia——

Duke. Why, what of her?

Petr. Nor what, nor where, do I know.
Wing'd with her fears, last night, beyond my knowledge,

She quit my house; but whither——

Fred. Let not that——

Duke. No more, good sir; I have heard too much.

Petr. Nay, sink not;
She cannot be so lost.

John. Nor shall not, gentlemen:
Be free again; the lady's found!—That smile, sir,
Shews you distrust your servant.

Duke. I do beseech you——

John. You shall believe me: By my soul, she's safe—

Duke. Heaven knows, I would believe, sir.

Fred. You may safely.

John. And under noble usage: This fair gentleman
Met her in all her doubts last night, and to his guard
(Her fears being strong upon her) she gave her person,
Who waited on her to our lodging; where all respect,
Civil and honest service, now attend her.

Petr. You may believe now.

Duke. Yes, I do, and strongly.
Well, my good friends, or rather my good angels,
(For ye have both preserved me) when these virtues
Die in your friend's remembrance——

John. Good your grace
Lose no more time in compliment; 'tis too precious:
I know it by myself, there can be no hell
To his that hangs upon his hopes; especially
In way of lustly pleasures.

Petr. He has hit it.

Fred. To horse again then; for this night I'll crown
With all the joys ye wish for.

Petr. Happy gentlemen! [*Exeunt.*

Enter FRANCISCO.

Fran. This is the maddest mischief! Never fool
Was so fubb'd off as I am; made ridiculous,
And to myself mine own ass! Trust a woman?
I'll trust the devil first; for he dare be
Better than's word sometime. What faith have I broke?
In what observance fail'd? Let me consider;
For this is monstrous usage.

Enter DON JOHN *and* FREDERIC.

Fred. Let them talk;
We'll ride on fair and softly.—
Fran. Well, Constantia——
Fred. Constantia!—What's this fellow? Stay, by all means.
Fran. You have spun yourself a fair thread now.
Fred. Stand still, John.
Fran. What cause had you to fly? What fear possess'd you?
Were you not safely lodged from all suspicion?
Used with all gentle means? Did any know
How you came thither, or what your sin was?—
Fred. John,
I smell some juggling, John!
John. Yes, Frederic;
I fear it will be found so.—
Fran. So strangely,
Without the counsel of your friends, so desperately
To put all dangers on you!—
Fred. 'Tis she.—
Fran. So deceitfully,
After a stranger's lure!—
John. Did you mark that, Frederic?—

Fran. To make ye appear more monster, and the law
More cruel to reward ye, to leave all,
All that should be your safeguard, to seek evils!
Was this your wisdom? this your promise? Well,
He that incited you——

Fred. Mark that too!

John. Yes, sir!

Fran. Had better have plough'd further off. Now, lady,
What will your last friend, he that should preserve you,
And hold your credit up, the brave Antonio,
Think of this slip? He'll to Petruchio,
And call for open justice.—

John. 'Tis she, Frederic.

Fred. But what that *he* is, John?—

Fran. I do not doubt yet
To bolt you out; for I know certainly
You are about the town still.—Ha! no more words.
[*Exit.*

Fred. Well!

John. Very well!

Fred. Discreetly—

John. Finely carried!

Fred. You have no more of these tricks?

John. Ten to one, sir,
I shall meet with 'em, if you have.

Fred. Is this honest?

John. Was it in you a friend's part to deal double?
I am no ass, Don Frederic!

Fred. And, Don John,
It shall appear I am no fool! Disgrace me,
To make yourself a letcher? 'Tis boyish, 'tis base.

John. 'Tis false, and most unmanly to upbraid me;
Nor will I be your bolster, sir.

Fred. Thou wanton boy, thou hadst better have been eunuch,
Thou common woman's courtesy, than thus
Lascivious, basely to have bent mine honour!
A friend? I'll make a horse my friend first.

John. Holla, holla!
Ye kick too fast, sir! What strange brains have you got,
That dare crow out thus bravely! I better been an eunuch?
I privy to this dog-trick? Clear yourself!
(For I know where the wind sits) and most nobly,
Or, as I have a life——

Fred. No more. They are horses.[4]
[*A noise within like horses.*
Nor shew no discontent. To-morrow comes;
Let's quietly away: If she be at home,
Our jealousies are put off.

John. The fellow!
We have lost him in our spleens, like fools.

Enter Duke and PETRUCCIO.

Duke. Come, gentlemen,
Now set on roundly. Suppose ye have all mistresses,
And mend your pace according.

Petr. Then have at ye. [*Exeunt.*

[4] They're *horses.*] That is, the noise proceeds from the horses. The modern editors read silently—*Their* horses.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Bologna.—A Room in the Landlady's House.

Enter Duke, PETRUCCIO, FREDERIC, *and* JOHN.

Petr. Now to Bologna, my most honour'd brother,
I dare pronounce you a hearty and safe welcome!
Our loves shall now way-lay ye.—Welcome, gentlemen!

John. The same to you, brave sir.—Don Frederic,
Will you step in, and give the lady notice
Who comes to honour her?

Petr. Bid her be sudden;
(We come to see no curious wench) a night-gown
Will serve the turn: Here's one that knows her nearer.

Fred. I'll tell her what you say, sir. [*Exit.*

Duke. My dear brother,
You are a merry gentleman.

Petr. Now will the sport be,
To observe her alterations; how like wildfire
She'll leap into your bosom; then seeing me,
Her conscience, and her fears creeping upon her,
Dead as a fowl at souse, she'll sink.

Duke. Fair brother,
I must entreat you——

Petr. I conceive your mind, sir;
I will not chide her: Yet, ten ducats, duke,

She falls upon her knees; ten more, she dare not—
Duke. I must not have her frighted.
Petr. Well, you shall not:
But, like a summer's evening against heat,
Mark how I'll gild her cheeks.

Enter FREDERIC *and* PETER.

John. How now?
Fred. You may, sir.[5]——
Not to abuse your patience, noble friends,
Nor hold ye off with tedious circumstance—
For ye must know—
Petr. What?
Duke. Where is she?
Fred. Gone, sir.
Duke. How!
Petr. What did you say, sir?
Fred. Gone, by Heaven; removed!
The woman of the house too——
John. Well, Don Frederic!
Fred. Don John, it is not well! but——
Petr. Gone?
Fred. This fellow
Can testify I lie not.
Peter. Some four hours after
My master was departed with this gentleman,

[5] Fred. *You may, sir:*
Not to abuse your patience, &c.] I have ventured to give the three first words of *Frederic's* speech to the *Duke:* they are a proper answer to *Petruccio,* but are not intelligible in *Frederic's* mouth, without considering them as a broken sentence relating to the mutual suspicion between *John* and him, and then perhaps too much would be left wanting.—*Seward.*

We have no doubt that this last explanation of Seward's, to which he himself seems to have attached no weight, is the true one. We have therefore given the whole speech to Frederic.

My fellow and myself being sent of business,
(As we must think, of purpose)——
Petr. Hang these circumstances;
They appear like owls, to ill ends.
John. Now could I eat
The devil in his own broth, I am so tortured!
Gone?
Petr. Gone?
Fred. Directly gone, fled, shifted:
What would you have me say?
Duke. Well, gentlemen,
Wrong not my good opinion.
Fred. For your dukedom,
I will not be a knave, sir.
John. He that is,
A rot run in his blood!
Petr. But hark ye, gentlemen;
Are ye sure ye had her here? did ye not dream this?
John. Have you your nose, sir?
Petr. Yes, sir.
John. Then we had her.
Petr. Since you're so short, believe your having her
Shall suffer more construction.
John. Let it suffer:
But if I be not clear of all dishonour,
Or practice[6] that may taint my reputation,
And ignorant of where this woman is,
Make me your city's monster!
Duke. I believe you.
John. I could lie with a witch now, to be revenged
Upon that rascal did this!
Fred. Only thus much

[6] *Practice.*] Dishonourable artifice.

I would desire your grace; (for my mind gives me,
Before night yet she is yours) stop all opinion,
And let no anger out, till full cause call it;
Then every man's own work's to justify him!
And this day let us give to search. My man here
Tells me, by chance he saw out of a window
(Which place he has taken note of) such a face
As our old landlady's, he believes the same too,
And by her hood assures it: Let's first thither;
For, she being found, all's ended.
Duke. Come, for Heaven's sake!—
And, Fortune, an thou be'st not ever turning,
If there be one firm step in all thy reelings,
Now settle it, and save my hopes.—Away, friends.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Room in Antonio's *House.*

Enter ANTONIO *and his Servant.*

Ant. With all my jewels?
Serv. All, sir.
Ant. And that money
I left i' th' trunk?
Serv. The trunk broke, and that gone too.
Ant. Francisco of the plot?
Serv. Gone with the wench too.
Ant. The mighty pox go with 'em! Belike they thought
I was no man of this world, and those trifles
Would but disturb my conscience.
Serv. Sure they thought, sir,

You would not live to persecute 'em.
Ant. Whore and fidler?
Why, what a consort[7] have they made! Hen and bacon?
Well, my sweet mistress! well, good madam Martail!
You that have hung about my neck, and lick'd me,
I'll try how handsomely your ladyship
Can hang upon a gallows; there's your master-piece.
—But, hark ye, sirrah; no imagination
Of where they should be?[8]
Serv. None, sir; yet we have search'd
All places we suspected. I believe, sir,
They have taken towards the ports.
Ant. Get me a conjurer,
One that can raise a water-devil: I'll port 'em!
Play at duck and drake with my money? Take heed, fiddler!
I'll dance ye, by this hand; your fiddle-stick
I'll grease of a new fashion, for presuming
To meddle with my de-gambos![9] Get me a conjurer;
Inquire me out a man that lets out devils.
None but my *C* cliffe[1] serve your turn?

[7] *Consort.*] This is one of the continual quibbles which occur in old writings, between *concert* and *consort*, which were anciently spelt with the same letters.

[8] In the first folio there is here a direction for the prompter to see that the Bawd is ready for the next scene, in these words—*Bawd above.* This proves that the copy from which the play was printed was the prompter's book. It seems also to imply, that there was no change of scene, and thus supports Mr Malone's supposition, that no moveable scenes were used at the time.

[9] *To meddle with my* degamboys.] *Viol de gambo* is often mentioned in the old writers as a musical instrument, played on at the time. *Reed.*—It was probably the same as our violoncello.

[1] *C. Cliffe.*] A musical term. *Cliffe* is a *key*, from *clef*, French. *Reed.*

Serv. I know not——
Ant. In every street, Tom Fool! Any blear-eyed people,
With red heads, and flat noses, can perform it:
Thou shalt know 'em by their half-gowns and no breeches.—
Mount my mare, fiddler? Ha, boy! up at first dash?
Sit sure; I'll clap a nettle, and a smart one,
Shall make your filly firk, I will, fine fiddler;
I'll put you to your plunge, boy!—Sirrah, meet me
Some two hours hence at home; in the mean time,
Find out a conjurer, and know his price,
How he will let his devils by the day out.
I'll have 'em, an they be above ground! [*Exit.*
Serv. Now bless me,
What a mad man is this! I must do something
To please his humour: Such a man I'll ask for,
And tell him where he is; but to come near him,
Or have any thing to do with his don devils,
I thank my fear, I dare not, nor I will not. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

A Street.

Enter Duke, PETRUCCIO, FREDERIC, JOHN, *and* PETER, *from the other side a Servant with bottles enters into a house.*

Fred. Whither wilt thou lead us?
Peter. 'Tis hard by, sir.
And ten to one this wine goes thither.
Duke. Forward.
Petr. Are they grown so merry?

Duke. 'Tis most likely,
She has heard of this good fortune, and determines
To wash her sorrows off.

Peter. 'Tis so; that house, sir,
Is it: Out of that window certainly
I saw my old mistress's face.

Petr. They are merry, indeed. [*Music within.*
Hark; I hear music too.

Duke. Excellent music.

John. 'Would I were even among 'em, and alone now!
A pallet for the purpose in a corner,
And good rich wine within me; what gay sport
Could I make in an hour now!

Fred. Hark; a voice too!
Let's not stir yet by any means.[2]

SONG.

Welcome, sweet Liberty, and Care farewell:
I am mine own!
She is twice damn'd that lives in Hell,
When Heaven is shewn.
Budding beauty, blooming years,
Were made for pleasure. Farewell fears;
For now I am myself, mine own command,
My fortune always in my hand.

John. Was this her own voice?

Duke. Yes, sure.

Fred. 'Tis a rare one.

[2] *Hark, a voice too!*
Let's not stir, &c.] Till this edition, the song was inserted before this speech.—Ed. 1778.
The song is not in the first folio.

Bawd appears at the window.

Duke. The song confirms her here too; for, if ye mark it,
It spake of liberty, and free enjoying
The happy end of pleasure.
Peter. Look you there, sir:
Do you know that head?
Fred. 'Tis my good landlady.
I find fear has done all this.
John. She, I swear;
And now do I know, by the hanging of her hood,
She is parcel drunk.[3] Shall we go in?
Duke. Not yet, sir.
Petr. No; let 'em take their pleasure.
Duke. When 'tis highest, [*Music.*
We'll step in, and amaze 'em. Peace; more music.
John. This music murders me: What blood have I now!

Enter FRANCISCO.

Fred. I should know that face.
John. By this light, 'tis he, Frederic,
That bred our first suspicions; the same fellow.
Fred. He that we overtook, and overheard too,
Discoursing of Constantia.
John. Still the same.
[*Exit* FRANCISCO *into the house.*
Now he slips in.
Duke. What's that?
Fred. She must be here, sir:

[3] *She is* parcel *drunk.*] That is, half-drunk; a common mode of speech in those times.

This is the very fellow, I told your grace
We found upon the way; and what his talk was.

FRANCISCO *appears at the window.*

Petr. Why, sure I know this fellow: Yes, 'tis he;
Francisco, Antonio's boy, a rare musician;
He taught my sister on the lute, and is ever
(She loves his voice so well) about her. Certain,
Without all doubt, she is here: It must be so.
John. Here? that's no question: What should our hen o' th' game else
Do here without her? If she be not here
(I am so confident) let your grace believe
We two are arrant rascals, and have abused you.
Fred. I say so too.
John. Why, there's the hood again now;
The card that guides us;[4] I know the fabric of it,
And know the old tree of that saddle yet; 'twas made of
A hunting-hood; observe it.

[4] *The* guard *that guides us.*] In either sense of the word *guard*, as a *watch* or *sentinel*, or as a *fringe*, or hem of a garment, the word is intelligible in this place; but sure it is not a very natural expression, and I have therefore ventured to discard it, to make room for what I think a very happy conjecture of Mr Sympson's, *card*, i. e. the chart or mariner's compass.—*Seward.*

Sympson's conjecture is so ingenious, that there is every reason for retaining it. Mason says that his explanations are both wrong, for that *card* neither means *a chart*, nor the mariner's compass, but the "paper on the compass on which the points of it are described." But old writers used the word in a very vague manner. In the concluding speech of the first act, (p. 35.) it is indisputably used for the *magnet*; and we can easily prove that it sometimes meant a sea-chart. In 1589, as Mr Malone informs us, was published, "A briefe Discourse of *Mappes* and *Cards*, and their Uses." And in The Commonwealth and Government of Venice, 4to. 1599, "Sebastian Munster in his *carde* of Venice."

Duke. Who shall enter?
Petr. I'll make one.
John. I another.
Duke. But so carry it,
That all her joys flow not together.
John. If we told her,
Your grace would none of her?
Duke. By no means, signor;
'Twould turn her wild, stark frantic.
John. Or assured her——
Duke. Nothing of that stern nature.[5] This ye may, sir,
That the conditions of our fear yet stand
On nice and dangerous knittings; or that a little
I seem to doubt the child.
John. 'Would I could draw her [*Aside.*
To hate your grace with these things!
Petr. Come, let's enter.—
And now he sees me not, I'll search her soundly.
Duke. Now luck of all sides!
[*Exeunt* PETRUCCIO *and* JOHN *into the house.*
Fred. Doubt it not.—More music? [*Music.*
Sure she has heard some comfort.
Duke. Yes, stand still, sir.[6] [*A Song.*
Fred. This is the maddest song!
Duke. Applied for certain
To some strange melancholy she is loaden with.
[*Clapping of a door.*
Fred. Now all the sport begins. Hark!
Duke. They are amongst 'em.
The fears now, and the shakings! [*Trampling above.*

[5] *Nothing of that? starve nature?*] Corrected in the second folio. This is one of the instances which strongly support the idea, that the editors of 1679 had good authority for their variations.

[6] *Yes, stand still, sir.*] There should be another song here, which we suppose is now lost.—Ed. 1778.

Fred. Our old lady
(Hark how they run) is even now at this instant
Ready to lose her head-piece by Don John,
Or creeping through a cat-hole.
Petr. [*Within.*] Bring 'em down;
And you, sir, follow me.
Duke. He's angry with 'em.
I must not suffer this.
John. [*Within.*] Bowl down the bawd there;
Old *Erra-mater*. You, lady Lechery,
For the good will I bear to th' game, most tenderly
Shall be led out, and lash'd.

Enter PETRUCCIO, JOHN, *second* CONSTANTIA, *drunk*, *and Bawd*, *with* FRANCISCO, *who retires to the back of the Stage.*

Duke. Is this Constantia?
Why, gentlemen, what do you mean? Is this she?
2 Const. I am Constantia, sir.
Duke. A whore you are, sir!
2 Const. 'Tis very true; I am a whore indeed, sir.
Petr. She will not lie yet, though she steal.
2 Con. A plain whore,
If you please to employ me.
Duke. And an impudent!
2 Const. Plain-dealing now is impudence.
One, if you will, sir, can shew you as much sport
In one half-hour, and with as much variety,
As a far wiser woman can in half-a-year:
For there my way lies.
Duke. Is she not drunk too?
2 Const. A little gilded o'er,[7] sir.

[7] *A little* gilded *o'er.*] The phrase of being *gilded* is frequently used to signify being *drunk*. In the Tempest, Alonzo says,

"And Trinculo is reeling ripe; where should they
Find this grand liquor, that hath *gilded* them?" *Reed.*

Old sack, old sack, boys!
Petr. This is saliant.[8]
John. A brave bold quean!
Duke. Is this your certainty?
Do ye know the man ye wrong thus, gentlemen?
Is this the woman meant?
Fred. No.
Duke. That your landlady?
John. I know not what to say.
Duke. Am I a person
To be your sport, gentlemen?
John. I do believe now certain
I am a knave! But how, or when——
Duke. What are you?
Petr. Bawd to this piece of pye-meat.
Bawd. A poor gentlewoman,
That lies in town about law-business,
An't like your worships.
Petr. You shall have law, believe it.
Bawd. I'll shew your mastership my case.
Petr. By no means;
I had rather see a custard.
Bawd. My dead husband
Left it even thus, sir.
John. Bless mine eyes from blasting!
I was never so frighted with a case.
Bawd. And so, sir——
Petr. Enough; put up, good velvet head![9]
Duke. What are you two now,

[8] *Saliant.*] There is no occasion to put this word in italics, as the modern editors have done. It is an English word, used even by Pope, and generally means, *leaping*, *bounding*; being probably derived from the heraldic term, *saliant*, which denotes a lion sporting himself.

[9] *Velvet-head.*] Velvet guards or gown-borders were chiefly appropriate to citizens' wives. From the text it would seem that velvet hoods were worn by courtezans or procuresses.

By your own free confessions?
Fred. What you shall think us;
Though to myself I am certain, and my life
Shall make that good and perfect, or fall with it—
John. We are sure of nothing, Frederic, that's the truth on't:
I do not think my name's Don John, nor dare not
Believe any thing that concerns me, but my debts,
Nor those in way of payment. Things are so carried,
What to entreat your grace, or how to tell you
We are, or we are not, is past my cunning;
But I would fain imagine we are honest,
And, o' my conscience, I should fight in't.
Duke. Thus then;
For we may be all abused——
Petr. 'Tis possible;
For how should this concern them?
Duke. Here let's part,
Until to-morrow this time; we to our way;
To make this doubt out, and you to your way;
Pawning our honours then to meet again:
When, if she be not found——
Fred. We stand engaged
To answer, any worthy way we are call'd to.
Duke. We ask no more.
2 Const. Ye have done with us then?
Petr. No, dame.
Duke. But is her name Constantia?
Petr. Yes; a moveable
Belonging to a friend of mine.—Come out, fiddler;
What say you to this lady? Be not fearful.
Fran. Saving the reverence of my master's pleasure,
I say, she is a whore, and that she has robb'd him,
Hoping his hurts would kill him.
2 Con. Who provoked me?
Nay, sirrah Squeak, I'll see your treble strings

Tied up too: If I hang, I'll spoil your piping;
Your sweet face shall not save you.

Petr. Thou damn'd impudence,
And thou dried devil! Where's the officer?

Peter. He's here, sir.

Enter Officer.

Petr. Lodge these safe, till I send for 'em:
Let none come to 'em, nor no noise be heard
Of where they are, or why. Away.

[*Exit Officer with* FRANCISCO, *Bawd, and 2d* CONSTANTIA.

John. By this hand, [*Aside.*
A handsome whore! Now will I be arrested,
And brought home to this officer's. A stout whore;
I love such stirring ware! Pox o' this business!
A man must hunt out morsels for another,
And starve himself! A quick-eyed whore; that's wild-fire,
And makes the blood dance through the veins like billows.
I will reprieve this whore.

Duke. Well, good luck with ye!

Fred. As much attend your grace.

Petr. To-morrow, certain——

John. If we out-live this night, sir.

Fred. Come, Don John,
We have something now to do.

John. I am sure I would have.

Fred. If she be not found, we must fight.

John. I am glad on't;
I have not fought a great while.

Fred. If we die——

John. There's so much money saved in lechery.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Another Street.

Enter Duke and Petruccio; Vecchio *at a Window above.*

Duke. It should be hereabouts.
Petr. Your grace is right;
This is the house, I know it.
Vec. Grace? [*Aside.*
Duke. 'Tis further,
By the description we received.
Petr. Good my lord the duke,
Believe me, for I know it certainly,
This is the very house.
Vec. My lord the duke?
Duke. Pray Heaven this man prove right now!
Petr. Believe it, he's a most sufficient scholar,
And can do rare tricks this way; for a figure,
Or raising an appearance, whole Christendom
Has not a better: I have heard strange wonders of him.
Duke. But can he shew us where she is?
Petr. Most certain;
And for what cause too she departed.
Duke. Knock then;
For I am great with expectation,
Till this man satisfy me. I fear the Spaniards;

Yet they appear brave fellows: Can he tell us?

Petr. With a wet finger, whether they be false.

Duke. Away then.

Petr. Who's within here?

Enter VECCHIO.

Vec. Your grace may enter——

Duke. How can he know me?

Petr. He knows all.

Vec. And you, sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Another Street.

Enter DON JOHN *and* FREDERIC.

John. What do you call his name?

Fred. Why, Peter Vecchio.

John. They say he can raise devils; can he make 'em
Tell truth too when he has raised 'em? for, believe it,
These devils are the lying'st rascals——

Fred. He can compel 'em.

John. With what?
Can he tie squibs i' their tails, and fire the truth out?
Or make 'em eat a bawling Puritan,
Whose sanctified zeal shall rumble like an earthquake?

Fred. With spells, man.

John. Ay, with spoons as soon. Dost thou think
The devil such an ass as people make him?
Such a poor coxcomb? such a penny foot-post?
Compell'd with cross and pile to run of errands?
With Asteroth, and Behemoth, and Belfagor?
Why should he shake at sounds, that lives in a smith's forge?
Or, if he do——

Fred. Without all doubt he does, John.

John. Why should not bilbo raise him, or a pair of bullions?[1]
They go as big as any; or an unshod car,
When he goes tumble, tumble, o'er the stones,
Like Anacreon's drunken verses, make him tremble?[2]
These make as fell a noise. Methinks the cholic,
Well handled, and fed with small-beer——

Fred. 'Tis the virtue——

John. The virtue? nay, an goodness fetch him up once,
He has lost a friend of me; the wise old gentleman
Knows when, and how. I'll lay this hand to two-pence,
Let all the conjurers in Christendom,
With all their spells and virtues, call upon him,
And I but think upon a wench, and follow it,

[1] *Bullions.*] This word occurs in Beggars' Bush, and there appears to mean *buttons*, (vol. II. p. 194.) It seems here to signify *round balls* or *bullets.*—Ed. 1778.

Perhaps it is a cant corruption of bullets.

[2] —— *Or an unshod car,*
When he goes tumble, tumble, o'er the stones,
Like Anacreon's drunken verses, make us *tremble?*] A suggestion of Mason's has been adopted here, as the whole context proves its propriety, Don John alluding throughout to the devil's being frighted and compelled by the conjurations of Vecchio.

He shall be sooner mine than theirs: Where's Virtue?

Fred. Thou art the most sufficient,[3] (I'll say for thee)

Not to believe a thing——

John. Oh, sir, slow credit

Is the best child of knowledge. I'll go with you;

And, if he can do any thing, I'll think

As you would have me.

Fred. Let's inquire along;

For certain we are not far off.

John. Nor much nearer. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Room in Vecchio's *House.*

Enter Duke, PETRUCCIO, *and* VECCHIO.

Vec. You lost her yester-night.

Petr. How think you, sir?

Duke. Is your name, Vecchio?

Vec. Yes, sir.

Duke. And you can shew me

These things you promise?

Vec. Your grace's word bound to me,

No hand of law shall seize me.

Duke. As I live, sir!

Petr. And as I live, that can do something too, sir!

Vec. I take your promises. Stay here a little,

Till I prepare some ceremonies, and I'll satisfy ye.

The lady's name's Constantia?

[3] *Sufficient.*] We should now say—Self-*sufficient.*

Petr. Yes.

Vec. I come straight. [*Exit.*

Duke. Sure he's a learned man.[4]

Petr. The most now living.
Did your grace mark, when we told all these circumstances,
How ever and anon he bolted from us,
To use his study's help?

Duke. Now I think rather
To talk with some familiar.

Petr. Not unlikely;
For sure he has 'em subject.

Duke. How could he else
Tell when she went, and who went with her?

Petr. True.

Duke. Or hit upon mine honour?[5] or assure me,
The lady loved me dearly?

Enter VECCHIO, *in his magical Habiliments.*

Petr. 'Twas so.

Vec. Now,
I do beseech your grace, sit down; and you, sir:
Nay, pray sit close, like brothers.

[4] *Sure, he's a learned man.*] The ridiculous absurdity of believing in conjurers and witches is finely exposed both here and in Rollo; yet it is but a few years since our whole legislature have freed themselves from the imputation of this absurd belief, and it is to this day far from being worn out of the minds of the vulgar. —*Seward.*

It may, however, be observed, that at the time the Duke of Buckingham undertook to re-write the two last acts, the belief in magic was so far rooted out from the minds of the higher ranks, that he judged it expedient to omit the character of Vecchio altogether. Among the lower ranks a certain belief in conjurations will most probably obtain to the end of time.

[5] *Upon mine* honour.] Meaning here, my *rank* and *title.*—Ed. 1778.

Petr. A rare fellow!
Vec. And what ye see, stir not at, nor use a word,
Until I ask you; for what shall appear
Is but weak apparition, and thin air,
Not to be held, nor spoken to. [*Knocking within.*
Duke. We are counsell'd.
Vec. What noise is that without there?
Fred. [*Within.*] We must speak with him!
Serv. [*Within.*] He's busy, gentlemen.
John. [*Within.*] That's all one, friend;
We must and will speak with him.
Duke. Let 'em in, sir:
We know their tongues and business; 'tis our own,
And in this very cause that we now come for,
They also come to be instructed.
Vec. Let 'em in then.—

Enter FREDERIC, JOHN, *and Servant.*

Sit down; I know your meaning.
Fred. The duke before us?
Now we shall sure know something.
Vec. Not a question;
But make your eyes your tongues.
John. This is a strange juggler;
Neither indent before-hand for his payment,
Nor know the breadth o' th' business? Sure his devil
Comes out of Lapland, where they sell men winds
For dead drink and old doublets.
Fred. Peace; he conjures.
John. Let him; he cannot raise my devil.
Fred. Pr'ythee peace!

Vec. *Appear, appear!*
And you soft winds so clear,

That dance upon the leaves, and make them sing
Gentle love-lays to the spring,
Gilding all the vales below
With your verdure, as ye blow,
Raise these forms from under ground,
With a soft and happy sound! [Soft music.

John. This is an honest conjurer, and a pretty poet:
I like his words well; there's no bombast in 'em.
But do you think now he can cudgel up the devil
With this short staff of verses?
Fred. Peace! the spirits.
[*Two shapes of Women passing by.*
John. Nay, an they be no worse——
Vec. Do you know these faces?
Duke. No.
Vec. Sit still upon your lives then, and mark what follows.
Away, away!
John. These devils do not paint sure?
Have they no sweeter shapes in hell?
Fred. Hark now, John.

Enter CONSTANTIA *veiled.*

John. Ay, marry, this moves something like; this devil
Carries some mettle in her gait.
Vec. I find you;
You would see her face unveil'd?
Duke. Yes.
Vec. Be uncover'd. [*She unveils.*
Duke. Oh, Heaven!
Vec. Peace!
Petr. See how she blushes.
John. Frederic,

This devil for my money! this is she, boy.
Why dost thou shake? I burn.

Vec. Sit still, and silent.

Duke. She looks back at me; now she smiles, sir.

Vec. Silence!

Duke. I must rise, or I burst. [*Exit* CONSTANTIA.

Vec. Ye see what follows.

Duke. Oh, gentle sir, this shape again!

Vec. I cannot;
'Tis all dissolved again. This was the figure?

Duke. The very same, sir.

Petr. No hope once more to see it?

Vec. You might have kept it longer, had you spared it;
Now 'tis impossible.

Duke. No means to find it?

Enter a Servant with Wine.

Vec. Yes, that there is; sit still a while; there's wine,
To thaw the wonder from your hearts; drink well, sir. [*Exit* VECCHIO.

John. This conjurer is a right good fellow too,
A lad of mettle; two such devils more
Would make me a conjurer. What wine is it?

Fred. Hock.[6]

John. The devil's in it then; look how it dances.

[6] *Hollock.*] The difficulty of pronouncing German names often makes great confusion in the spelling. *Bacharach* and *Hœchst,* two neighbouring towns, one upon the Rhine, and the other a little higher upon the Maine, give names to the two wines, *Bachrach* and *Hock.* The former oftenest occurs in our authors and the writers of their age, though now all the wines that come from the neighbourhood of *Hœchst* receive their name from thence. —*Seward.*

Hock is not corrupted from *Hœchst,* but from *Hockheim,* where one of the best Rhenish wines is grown.

Well, if I be——

Petr. We are all before ye,
That's your best comfort, sir.

John. By th' mass, brave wine!
Nay, an the devils live in this hell, I dare venture
Within these two months yet to be deliver'd
Of a large legion of 'em.

Enter Vecchio.

Duke. Here he comes.
Silence of all sides, gentlemen!

Vec. Good your grace,
Observe a stricter temper; and you too, gallants;
You'll be deluded all else. This merry devil
That next appears, (for such a one you'll find it)
Must be call'd up by a strange incantation;
A song, and I must sing it: 'Pray bear with me,
And pardon my rude pipe; for yet, ere parting,
Twenty to one I please ye.

Duke. We are arm'd, sir.

Petr. Nor shall you see us more transgress.

Fred. What think'st thou
Now, John?

John. Why, now do I think, Frederic,
(And, if I think amiss, Heaven pardon me!)
This honest conjurer, with some four or five
Of his good fellow-devils, and myself,
Shall be yet drunk ere midnight.

Fred. Peace! he conjures.[7]

[7] *Peace; he conjures.*] Hitherto the song preceded this speech, the absurdity of which must be obvious to every one.—Ed. 1778.
The song first appears in the second folio.

SONG.

Vec. *Come away, thou lady gay:*
Hoist! how she stumbles!
Hark how she mumbles!
Dame Gillian!
Answer. *I come, I come.*
Vec. *By old Claret I enlarge thee,*
By Canary thus I charge thee,
By Britain Metheglin, and Peeter,[8]
Appear, and answer me in metre.
Why when?
Why, Gill!
Why when?
Answer. *You'll tarry till I am ready.*
Vec. *Once again I conjure thee,*
By the pose in thy nose,[9]
And the gout in thy toes;

[8] *By Britain, mathewglin, and* peeter.] *Peeter* is the name of a liquor that neither Mr Sympson nor I can find in any dictionary. It may, perhaps, be a wine from some part of the Pope's dominions, or *Peter's* patrimony; but this is a mere conjecture. Another has since occurred that seems more probable. We find the Rhenish wines, *Backrack* and *Hock* to be in much repute in our authors' age: Now *Hochst* stands near the confluence of the river *Weter* with the Main, might not *Weeter* therefore be the true reading?—*Seward.*

We apprehend *peeter* to be an English liquor, as well as *metheglin*, and think we have somewhere else seen it mentioned. Ed. 1778.—There is no wine of any repute or value grown upon the Wetter.

[9] *By the* pose.] The *pose* is an old English word used by Chaucer for a catarrh or defluxion of rheum. Mr Sympson says that Hollinshed tells us, that the *pose* is a distemper which was rarely, if ever, known among the English till chimnies were introduced, which was not long before his time; that before then fires were made against *rere-dosses*, and the smoke got out how it could. This may be true: Rich people burnt chiefly coke or charcoal in the middle of their halls, as many of the colleges of Cambridge

By thine old dried skin,
And the mummy within;
By thy little, little ruff,
And thy hood that's made of stuff;
By thy bottle at thy breech,
And thine old salt itch;
By the stakes, and the stones,
That have worn out thy bones,
Appear,
Appear,
Appear!
Answer. *Oh, I am here.*

John. Why, this is the song, Frederic. Twenty pound now,
To see but our Don Gillian!

Enter Landlady bearing the Child.

Fred. Peace; it appears.
John. I cannot peace! Devils in French hoods, Frederic?

and Oxford do still; but why either this or smoky houses should so entirely prevent colds and rheums in the head seems somewhat strange. Hollinshed, perhaps, meant no more than that catarrhs were much more rife than formerly. I verily believe chimnies to be pernicious to health in general, and could wish to see stoves as customary here as they are both in warmer and colder climates abroad.—*Seward.*

Whatever may be thought of Seward's preference of stoves, the English in the seventeenth century considered sea-coal as an offensive fuel, and it appears that they were chiefly used by poor people. So in Shirley's Constant Maid,

—— "He smothers a poor gentleman
At home with *sea-coal.*"

Again in the same,

—— "You'll burn *sea-coal* too,
To save charges, and stink the poor souls out."

Satan's old syringes?

Duke. What's this?

Vec. Peace!

John. She, boy.

Fred. What dost thou mean?

John. She, boy, I say.

Fred. Ha?

John. She, boy;
The very child too, Frederic.

Fred. She laughs on us
Aloud, John: Has the devil these affections?
I do believe 'tis she, indeed.

Vec. Stand still.

John. I will not!
"Who calls Jeronimo[1] from his naked bed?"
Sweet lady, was it you? If thou be'st the devil,
First, having cross'd myself, to keep out wildfire,
Then said some special prayers to defend me

[1] *Who calls* Jeronimo.] This play, which had a great run in Queen Elizabeth's reign, is the butt which Shakspeare, Jonson, and our authors, are continually shooting their wit at. For the fullest account of it, see Jonson's Every Man in his Humour, act I. scene V.—*Seward.*

We are told, that it was the production of Thomas Kyd, author of a play entitled Cornelia. It is printed in Dodsley's Collection of Old Plays, and in the Origin of the Drama, by Mr Hawkins, vol. II. In the latter work, notice is taken of Langbaine's assertion, that there were two plays, first and second parts; "but this," says Mr Hawkins, "is a mistake: They were both but one play, with varied titles by different printers the same year." In this particular, however, Mr Hawkins was himself mistaken; there were two different plays, but whether by the same author we cannot but have some doubt. The former is entitled, "The First Part of *Jeronimo,* with the Warres of Portugal, and the Life and Death of Don Andrea. Printed at London for Thomas Pauyer, and are to be sold at his shop at the entrance into the Exchange," 1605, 4to. It is the second part which is so constantly the object of ridicule by contemporary writers.—*Reed.*

And from the second part, *i. e.* the Spanish Tragedy, the line is quoted.

Against thy most unhallow'd hood, have at thee!
Land. Hold, sir, I am no devil——
John. That's all one.
Land. I am your very landlady.
John. I defy thee!
Thus, as St Dunstan blew the devil's nose
With a pair of tongs, even so, right worshipful——
Land. Sweet son, I am old Gillian.
Duke. This is no spirit.
John. Art thou old Gillian, flesh and bone?
Land. I am, son.
Vec. Sit still, sir; now I'll shew ye all. [*Exit.*
John. Where's thy bottle?
Land. Here, I beseech you, son——
John. For I know the devil
Cannot assume that shape.
Fred. 'Tis she, John, certain.
John. A hog's pox o' your mouldy chaps! what make you
Tumbling and juggling here?
Land. I am quit now, signor,
For all the pranks you play'd, and railings at me;
For, to tell truth, out of a trick I put
Upon your high behaviours, (which was a lie,
But then it served my turn) I drew the lady
Unto my kinsman's here, only to torture
Your don-ships for a day or two, and secure her
Out of all thoughts of danger. Here she comes now.

Enter Vecchio *and* Constantia.

Duke. May I yet speak?
Vec. Yes, and embrace her too,
For one that loves you dearer——
Duke. Oh, my sweetest!
Petr. Blush not; I will not chide you.
Con. To add more

Unto the joy I know, I bring you (see, sir)
The happy fruit of all our vows!
Duke. Heaven's blessing
Be round about thee ever!
John. Pray bless me too;
For if your grace be well instructed this way,
You'll find the keeping half the getting.
Duke. How, sir?
John. I'll tell you that anon.
Con. 'Tis true, this gentleman
Has done a charity worthy your favour,
And let him have it, dear sir.
Duke. My best lady,
He has, and ever shall have.—So must you, sir,
To whom I am equal bound as to my being.
Fred. Your grace's humble servants!
Duke. Why kneel you, sir?
Vec. For pardon for my boldness; yet'twas harmless,
And all the art I have, sir. Those your grace saw,
Which you thought spirits, were my neighbours' children,
Whom I instruct in grammar here, and music;
Their shapes (the people's fond opinions,[2]
Believing I can conjure, and oft repairing
To know of things stolen from 'em) I keep about me,
And always have in readiness. By conjecture,
Out of their own confessions, I oft tell 'em
Things that by chance have fall'n out so; which way
(Having the persons here, I knew you sought for)
I wrought upon your grace. My end is mirth,
And pleasing, if I can, all parties.
Duke. I believe it,

[2] *Their* shapes, (*the people's* fond *opinion, &c.*] By *shapes* Vecchio means masks and disguises. In the next page he desires Don John to step in, and there he should find suits of all kinds. —*Mason.*

For you have pleased me truly; so well pleased me,
That, when I shall forget it——

Petr. Here's old Antonio,
(I spied him at a window) coming mainly;
I know, about his whore; the man you lit on,[3]
As you discover'd unto me. Good your grace,
Let's stand by all; 'twill be a mirth above all
To observe his pelting fury.

Vec. About a wench, sir?

Petr. A young whore that has robb'd him.

Vec. But do you know, sir,
Where she is?

Petr. Yes, and will make that perfect.

Vec. I am instructed well then.

John. If he come
To have a devil shewn him, by all means
Let me be he; I can roar rarely.

Petr. Be so;
But take heed to his anger.

Vec. Slip in quickly;
There you shall find suits of all sorts. When I call,
Be ready, and come forward.—Who's there comes in? [*Exeunt all but* Vecchio.

Enter Antonio.

Ant. Are you the conjurer?

Vec. Sir, I can do a little
That way, if you please to employ me.

Ant. Presently,
Shew me a devil that can tell——

Vec. Where your wench is.

Ant. You are i' th' right; as also where the fiddler,

[3] *I know about his whore; the man you lit on.*] This man is Francisco; but there is no necessity to connect the two parts of the line by the conjunctive particle, as Mason suggests.

That was consenting to her.
Vec. Sit you there, sir;
You shall know presently. Can you pray heartily?
Ant. Why, is your devil so furious?
Vec. I must shew you
A form may chance affright you.
Ant. He must fart fire then:
Take you no care for me.
Vec. Ascend, Asteroth!
Why, when? appear, I say!—

Enter DON JOHN, *disguised like a Spirit.*

Now question him.
Ant. Where is my whore, Don Devil?
John. Gone to China,
To be the Great Cham's mistress.[4]
Ant. That's a lie, devil.
Where are my jewels?
John. Pawn'd for petticoats.
Ant. That may be. Where's the fiddler?
John. Condemn'd to the gallows
For robbing of a mill.
Ant. The lying'st devil
That e'er I dealt withal, and the unlikeliest!
What was that rascal hurt me?
John. I.
Ant. How!
John. I.
Ant. Who was he?
John. I.
Ant. Do you hear, conjurer?
Dare you venture your devil?

[4] *Gone to China,*
To be the Great Cham's *mistress.*] Whether this geographical mistake was the poet's, or whether it was purposely introduced, we cannot decide. Most probably the latter.

Vec. Yes.

Ant. Then I'll venture my dagger.
Have at your devil's pate! [*Strikes him,* DON JOHN *throws off his disguise.*] Do you mew?[5]

Re-enter Duke, PETRUCCIO, CONSTANTIA, FREDERIC, *&c.*

Vec. Hold!

Petr. Hold there!
I do command you hold.

Ant. Is this the devil?
Why, conjurer——

Petr. He has been a devil to you, sir;
But now you shall forget all. Your whore's safe,
And all your jewels; your boy too.

John. Now the devil indeed
Lay his ten claws upon thee! for my pate
Finds what it is to be a fiend.

Ant. All's safe?

Petr. 'Pray ye know this person; all's right now.

Ant. Your grace
May now command me the. . But where's my whore?

Petr. Ready to go to whipping.

Ant. My whore whipp'd?

Petr. Yes, your whore, without doubt, sir.

Ant. Whipp'd! 'Pray, gentlemen——

Duke. Why, would you have her once more rob ye? The young boy
You may forgive; he was enticed.

[5] —— *Then I'll venture my* dagger.
Have at your devil's pate! Do you mew?] The first line refers to the Vice of the old moralities, who belaboured the devil's back with a wooden dagger. It has already been observed, that a hawk was said *to mew* when he shed his feathers, in consequence of his being mewed or confined. The very necessary stage direction does not appear in any previous edition.

John. The whore, sir,
Would rather carry pity; a handsome whore!
Ant. A gentleman, I warrant thee.
Petr. Let's in all;
And if we see contrition in your whore, sir,
Much may be done.
Duke. Now, my dear fair, to you,
And the full consummation of my vow! [*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE.

We have not held you long;[1] nor do I see
One brow in this selected company
Assuring a dislike. Our pains were eased,
Could we be confident that all rise pleased;
But such ambition soars too high: If we
Have satisfied the best, and they agree
In a fair censure, we have our reward,
And, in them arm'd, desire no surer guard.

[1] *We have not held you long.*] This alludes to the shortness of the comedy, when compared with most of the contemporary plays.

THE

BLOODY BROTHER,

OR

ROLLO, DUKE OF NORMANDY.

OR

ROLLO, DUKE OF NORMANDY.

In what year this Tragedy was produced we cannot decide. Nor can we absolutely determine whether Beaumont had any share in the composition. There were two quarto editions, the first bearing the following title: "The Bloody Brother, A Tragedy. By B. J. F. London, printed by R. Bishop, for Thomas Allot, and John Crook, Esq. 1639." The other is thus entitled: "The Tragedy of Rollo, Duke of Normandy Acted by his Majesty's Servants. Written by John Fletcher, Gent. Oxford, printed by Leonard Lichfield, Printer to the University, Anno 1640." The initials in the first quarto probably stand for "Beaumont, John Fletcher;" but in the second, as well as by the panegyrists, the whole play is attributed to the latter. Internal evidence, however, strongly proves that the play could not have been the production of one author. The two first acts, and the greater part of the last, bear very strong marks of Fletcher's manner; but the remaining parts, with the exception of a few passages and speeches, (such as Edith's accusations against Rollo in the third act,) are written in a style so different from the rest, and indeed from Fletcher's general manner, that the supposition of their being the work of another becomes almost undeniable All the plays which he is known to have produced without assistance have two striking peculiarities, the latter of which also prevails in those written along with Beaumont, though not in the same degree. The verses of Fletcher, sometimes for twenty or thirty lines together, have double and triple terminations, and those of ten syllables are not more frequent than such as consist of eleven, twelve, or even more. Again, the occurrence of rhyming couplets at the end of speeches and scenes is very rare. Now in the two intermediate acts, and in part of the last, the lines almost uniformly consist of ten syllables, they have a more formal and less

varied modulation than Fletcher's or Beaumont's, and rhyming couplets not only occur at the ends of scenes, but in the middle and at the end of speeches; and the number of such couplets in these two acts is, I apprehend, greater than the whole amount of those which occur in at least twenty other plays. Who the author of this part of the tragedy was cannot be determined. I do not believe it to be Beaumont's, for the style is very different from his, as it is also from Massinger's, who assisted Fletcher in several plays. Shirley, Rowley, and Middleton, were also his coadjutors; and as the plays of the two latter, who were helpmates in the composition of many contemporary dramas, abound more in rhymes than those of Shirley, the acts in question may not improbably have been written by one of them.

As the titles of the two quartos are so different, it is necessary to say something on that subject. The editors of 1778 adopt that of the Oxford quarto, for of that previously published at London they were not aware of the existence, and conceived "The Bloody Brother" to have been a mere unauthorized addition to the title, for which the editors of the folio printed in 1679 were responsible. In the present edition, as in this folio, the titles of both the quartos have been combined, as the play seems to have been called sometimes by one, and sometimes by the other, in the seventeenth century.

The two quartos differ very considerably. Lines and words which occur in one of them are frequently omitted in the other, and both of them exhibit readings corrupt in the one and right in the other. The only way of accounting for this difference, is to suppose, that both copies were printed from manuscripts copied by careless transcribers, and we have reason to be glad that they did not use both one manuscript, and that the second did not copy from the first.

This tragedy was certainly popular both before and after the Restoration. During the Commonwealth, which succeeded the downfall of monarchy and of the stage, Kirkman selected a portion which he acted as a droll at fairs. What part he extracted may be gathered by the title—"Three Merry Boys." But the whole play was sometimes performed in this time of terror in a clandestine manner. Wright, in his Historia Histrionica, 1699, informs us, that "when the wars were over, and the royalists totally subdued, most of them [the players] who were left alive, gathered to London, and for a subsistence endeavoured to revive their old trade privately. They made up one company out of the scattered members of several, and in the winter before the king's murder, 1648, they ventured to act some plays with as much caution and privacy as could be, at the Cockpit. They continued undisturbed for some days; but at last, as they were presenting the tragedy of the Bloody Brother, (in which Lowin acted

Aubrey; Taylor, Rollo; Pollard, the Cook; Burt, Latorch; and, I think, Hart, Otto;) a party of foot soldiers beset the house, surprised 'em about the middle of the play, and carried 'em away in their habits to Hatton-house, then a prison, where, having detained 'em for some time, they plundered 'em of their clothes, and let 'em loose again."

After the Restoration, the popularity of the play continued. It was one of the stock plays of the Red-bull company, which were afterwards the king's servants; and Rymer attacked this drama, as well as King and No King, and The Maid's Tragedy, with great fury, endeavouring in vain to prove to the public, that these favourites ill deserved the applause bestowed upon them. Dryden undertook their defence, and the town continued their applause.[1]—But in the last century, the Bloody Brother shared the fate of almost all old plays but Shakspeare's, being shelfed and forgotten.

In the present tragedy the authors chose to dramatise an ancient story, and transfer the scene to Normandy, and the time to the middle ages. The reasons for adopting this course are not easily discerned. They also had recourse to a practice of Ben Jonson, having translated whole speeches from the Thebais of Seneca.

Rymer had objected, in a very vehement and dictatorial manner, to Rollo's committing so many murders, when he is answerable only for one. Dryden replies, that "this was judicious in the authors, as our horror and detestation at the criminal is thereby heightened, and that poetical justice is not neglected neither, for we stab him in our minds for every offence which he commits; and the point which the poet is to gain upon the audience is not so much in the death of an offender, as the raising an horror of his crimes." And in his Essay on Dramatick Poesy, Dryden introduces the following encomium on this tragedy:—"I have taken notice but of one tragedy of ours, whose plot has that uniformity and unity of design in it, which I have commended in the French; and that is Rollo, or rather, under the name of Rollo, the story of Bassianus and Geta in Herodian: there indeed the plot is neither large nor intricate, but just enough to fill the minds of the audience, not to cloy them. Besides you see it founded upon the truth of history, only the time of the action is not reduceable to the strictness of the rules; and you see in some places a little farce mingled, which is below the dignity of the other parts."

Notwithstanding these encomiums which the tragedy of the Bloody Brother has received from a poet of such eminence, it must be confessed, that it is far from being a very pleasing per-

[1] Langbaine says, that in his time it was often acted by the queen's servants at Dorset-Garden.

formance, and that the objections of Rymer are not groundless. The murder of Otto by his own brother was quite sufficient to raise our detestation of Rollo's conduct, without the needless, and somewhat burlesque, massacre of Gisbert, Baldwin, and Allan; and the poetical justice upon the fratricide would have been much better executed by Edith, than by introducing the underplot of Hamond, the captain of the guard, revenging the death of his brother. This militates considerably against the unbounded praise which Dryden has bestowed upon the unity of design in the plot. As to the characters, the play cannot boast of the same variety and precision of delineation, which we have remarked in many other tragedies in these volumes. Rollo and Otto are well contrasted, and the characters of Sophia and Edith may claim a considerable portion of praise; but all the others, (with the exception of Aubrey, who is, however, far inferior to Aëcius in Valentinian, and Archas in the Loyal Subject) are very indistinctly marked. Latorch is far too contemptible for Rollo's chief counsellor and companion in butchery. The introduction of the astrologers, too, is by no means skilfully interwoven with the plot. The poets seem to have had Macbeth's consultations with the witches respecting his future fate in their eye, but the inferiority of their efforts is in all respects conspicuous. Macbeth consults the hags, in consequence of his fixed belief in witchcraft; while Rollo has no faith in the knowledge of astrologers, but consents to Latorch's whim of learning his future destiny, merely to please that corrupt favourite. With respect to the poetry, it has been already observed, that the parts probably written by Fletcher are infinitely superior to those which I have ventured to attribute to the pen of some unknown associate.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Rollo, } *brothers, dukes of Normandy.*
Otto, }
Aubrey, *their kinsman.*
Gisbert, *the chancellor.*
Baldwin, *the princes' tutor.*
Grandpree, } *captains of Rollo's faction.*
Verdon, }
Trevile, } *captains of Otto's faction.*
Duprete, }
Latorch, *Rollo's earwig.*
Hamond, *captain of the guard to Rollo.*
Allan, *his brother.*
Norbrett, *a doctor,*
La Fisk,
Rusee, *a friar,* *five cheating rogues.*
De Bube,
Pipeau, *a boy,*
Cook.
Yeoman of the Cellar.
Butler.
Pantler.
Lords, Sheriff, Guard, Officers, and Boys.

Sophia, *mother to the Dukes.*
Matilda, *her daughter.*
Edith, *daughter to Baldwin.*

SCENE,—Caen, and in Act IV. Scene II. at Rouen.

THE

BLOODY BROTHER,

OR

ROLLO, DUKE OF NORMANDY.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Caen. An Apartment in the Palace.

Enter GISBERT *and* BALDWIN.

Bald. The brothers then are met?
Gis. They are, sir.
Bald. 'Tis thought
They may be reconciled.
Gis. 'Tis rather wish'd;
For such, whose reason doth direct their thoughts,
Without self-flattery, dare not hope it, Baldwin.
The fires of love, which the dead duke believed
His equal care of both would have united,
Ambition hath divided: And there are
Too many on both parts, that know they cannot

Or rise to wealth and honour, (their main ends)
Unless the tempest of the princes' fury
Make troubled seas, and those seas yield fit billows
To heave them up; and these are too well practised
In their bad arts to give way to a calm,
Which, yielding rest to good men, proves their ruin.[1]

Bald. And in the shipwreck of their hopes and fortunes,
The dukedom might be saved, had it but ten
That stood affected to the general good,
With that confirm'd zeal which brave Aubrey oes.

Gis. He is indeed the perfect character
Of a good man, and so his actions speak him.

Bald. But did you observe the many doubts and cautions
The brothers stood upon before they met?

Gis. I did; and yet, that ever brothers should
Stand on more nice terms than sworn enemies
After a war proclaim'd, would with a stranger
Wrong the reporter's credit. They saluted
At distance, and so strong was the suspicion
Each had of other, that, before they durst
Embrace, they were by several servants search'd,
As doubting conceal'd weapons; antidotes
Ta'en openly by both, fearing the room
Appointed for the interview was poison'd;
The chairs and cushions, with like care, survey'd;
And, in a word, in every circumstance,
So jealous on both parts, that it is more
Than to be feared, concord can never join

[1] *Which, yielding rest and* good, *proves their ruin.*] Thus the London quarto of 1639, which also joins the following speech to this. In both the mistakes it was followed by the second folio, and the octavo of 1711. Seward and the last editors, who do not seem to have known of the existence of the first quarto, accuse the editors of the folio of having corrupted the text, though they have merely copied from the oldest text.

Minds so divided.
Bald. Yet our best endeavours
Should not be wanting, Gisbert.
Gis. Neither shall they.

Enter GRANDPREE *and* VERDON.

But what are these?
Bald. They are without my knowledge;
But, by their manners and behaviours,
They should express themselves.
Grandp. Since we serve Rollo,
The eldest brother, we'll be Rollians,
Who will maintain us, lads, as brave as Romans.
You stand for him?
Verd. I do.
Grandp. Why then, observe
How much the business, the so-long'd-for business,
By men that are named from their swords, concerns you.
Lechery, our common friend, so long kept under
With whips, and beating fatal hemp, shall rise,
And Bawdry, in a French hood, plead before her;
Where it shall be concluded, after twelve[2]
Virginity shall be carted.
Verd. Excellent!
Grandp. And Hell but grant, the quarrel that's between
The princes may continue, and the business
That's of the sword, to out-last three suits in law!
And we will make attornies lance-prizadoes,[3]

[2] *Where it shall be concluded, after twelve.*] This line is from the Oxford quarto of 1640. In that of 1639, and in the folio, it is not to be found. The variations of the quartos are, however, so numerous, that only the principal of them shall be noticed.

[3] Lance-*prizadoes.*] This word is best explained in the following passage of The Soldier's Accidence, as quoted by Mr Gifford,

And our brave gown-men practisers of back-sword;
The pewter of all sergeants' maces shall
Be melted, and turn'd into common flaggons,
In which it shall be lawful to carouse
To their most lousy fortunes.

Bald. Here's a statesman!

Grandp. A creditor shall not dare, but by petition,
To make demand of any debt; and that
Only once every leap-year, in which, if
The debtor may be won, for a French crown
To pay a sous, he shall be register'd
His benefactor.

Verd. The chancellor hears you.

Grandp. Fear not; I now dare speak as loud as he,
And will be heard, and have all I speak law.—
Have you no eyes? There is a reverence due
From children of the gown to men of action.

Gis. How's this?

Grandp. Even so: The times, the times are changed;
All business is not now preferr'd in parchment,
Nor shall a grant pass that wants this broad seal;
[*Shews his sword.*
This seal, do you see? Your gravity once laid
My head and heels together in the dungeon,
For cracking a scald[4] officer's crown, for which

(Massinger, III. 51.) "The lowest range and meanest officer in an army is called *lance-pezado*, or *prezado*, who is the leader and governor of half a file; and therefore is commonly called a middle man, or captain over four." Sherwood however explains lance-pessade, *qui commande sur dix pietons.*

[4] *Scald.*] "A word of contempt," says Dr Johnson, "implying poverty, disease, and filth." Cleopatra, in Shakspeare, says,

——— "Saucy lictors
Will catch at us like strumpets; and *scald* rhymers
Ballad us out of tune."

A time is come for vengeance, and expect it;
For know, you have not full three hours to live.
Gis. Yes, somewhat longer.
Grandp. To what end?
Gis. To hang you;
Think on that, ruffian!
Grandp. For you, schoolmaster,
You have a pretty daughter: Let me see;
Near three o'clock, (by which time, I much fear,
I shall be tired with killing some five hundred)
Provide a bath, and her to entertain me,
And that shall be your ransom.
Bald. Impudent rascal!

Enter TREVILE *and* DUPRETE.

Gis. More of the crew?
Grandp. What are you? Rollians?
Trev. No; this for Rollo, and all such as serve him! [*Snaps his fingers.*
We stand for Otto.
Grandp. You seem men of fashion,
And therefore I'll deal fairly; you shall have
The honour this day to be chronicled
The first men kill'd by Grandpree. You see this sword;
A pretty foolish toy, my valour's servant,
And I may boldly say a gentleman,
It having made, when it was Charlemaign's,
Three thousand knights; this, sir, shall cut your throat,
And do you all fair service else.
Trev. I kiss
Your hands for the good offer: Here's another,
The servant of your servant, which shall be proud
To be scoured in your sweet guts; till when
Pray you command me.

Grandp. Your idolater, sir.[5]

[*Exeunt all but* GISBERT *and* BALDWIN.

Gis. That ever such should hold the names of men,
Or justice be held cruelty, when it labours
To pluck such weeds up!

Bald. Yet they are protected,
And by the great ones.

Gis. Not the good ones, Baldwin.

Enter AUBREY.

Aub. Is this a time to be spent thus, by such
As are the principal ministers of the state,
When they that are the heads have fill'd the court
With factions, a weak woman only left
To stay their bloody hands? Can her weak arms
Alone divert the dangers ready now
To fall upon the commonwealth, and bury
The honours of it, leaving not the name
Of what it was?—Oh, Gisbert, the fair trials
And frequent proofs which our late master made,
Both of your love and faith, gave him assurance,
To chuse you at his death a guardian, nay,
A father to his sons; and that great trust,
How ill do you discharge! I must be plain,
That, at the best, you're a sad looker-on
Of those bad practices you should prevent.—
And where's the use of your philosophy
In this so needful time? Be not secure;
For, Baldwin, be assured, since that the princes
(When they were young, and apt for any form)
Were given to your instruction and grave ordering,
'Twill be expected that they should be good,

[5] Grandp. *Your idolater, sir.*] The politeness of the French duellists is inimitably burlesqued, both here and in the first act of the Little French Lawyer.—*Seward.*

Or their bad manners will be imputed yours.
Bald. 'Twas not in me, my lord, to alter nature.
Gis. Nor can my counsels work on them, that will not
Vouchsafe me hearing.
Aub. Do these answers sort
Or with your place, or persons, or your years?
Can Gisbert, being the pillar of the laws,
See them trod under foot, or forced to serve
The princes' unjust ends, and, with a frown,
Be silenced from exclaiming on the abuse?
Or Baldwin only weep the desperate madness
Of his seduced pupils? see their minds,[6]
(Which with good arts he laboured to build up,
Examples of succeeding times) o'erturn'd
By undermining parasites? No one precept,
Leading to any act or great or good,[7]
But is forced from their memory; in whose room
Black counsels are received, and their retirements
And secret conference producing only
Devilish designs, a man would shame to father!
But I talk when I should do, and chide others
For that I now offend in.[8]

[6] —— *See* those *minds.*] So the second quarto. The text is from the first.

[7] *Art.*] Here the text of the Oxford quarto has been preferred, though that of the first may have been the original. It has been already observed, that *art* very usually occurs in the same sense as *act*. (See vol. II. p. 406, and III. 142, and V, 79.)

[8] *But I talk when I should do, and chide others*
For that I now offend in: See't confirm'd,
Now do, or never speak more.
Gis. *We are yours.*

Enter Rollo, Latorch, &c.

Rollo. *You shall know, &c.*] So the quarto of 1639; that of 1640 prints thus:

Enter ROLLO, *with* LATORCH, GRANDPREE *and* VERDON; *and* OTTO, *with* TREVILE *and* DUPRETE.

See 't confirmed!
Now do, or never speak more!
Gis. We are yours.—
Rollo. You shall know who I am!

But I talk when I should do, and chide others
For that I now offend in.

SCENE V.

Rollo, Latorch, Trevile, Grandpree, Otto, Verdon, Duprete, Gisbert, Baldwin, Aubrey.

Gis. *See't confirm'd:*
Now do, or never speak more.
We are yours.
Rollo. *You shall know, &c.*

Seward and the last editors conceive the former reading as of no authority, and a mere corruption of the folio; they being unacquainted with the first quarto. They therefore propose different alterations. Seward thus distributes the ensuing words:

Rollo. See 't confirmed!
Gis. Now do, or never speak more! We are yours.

The editors of 1778, in a note of prodigious length, assign reasons for giving the whole of these words to Trevile. But in the present instance I presume that the reading of the oldest copy is right, and that the one exhibited in that of 1640, was an accidental corruption, occasioned by the editor's or printer's somewhat pedantical division of scenes, according to the practice of the ancients, of the French, and of Ben Jonson. They commence a new scene at the entrance of every new set of speakers, and having here begun the fifth, they inadvertently gave the conclusion of Aubrey's speech to Gisbert, to whom it cannot possibly belong. "Aubrey," says Mr Mason, who properly defends the present text, though he did not know the high authority for it, "is enlarging on the desperate mischiefs that are likely to ensue from the madness of the two princes, seduced by undermining parasites, and exhorting Baldwin and Gisbert to prevent them by their counsels; and on seeing Rollo and Otto enter in a rage, attended by their parasites, he says—'Behold a confirmation of what I

Otto. I do; my equal!
Rollo. Thy prince. Give way! Were we alone,
I'd force thee,
In thy best blood, to write thyself my subject,
And glad I would receive it.
Aub. Sir!
Gis. Dear lord!
Otto. Thy subject?
Rollo. Yes; nor shall tame patience hold me,
A minute longer, only half myself.
My birth gave me this dukedom, and my sword
Shall change it to the common grave of all
That tread upon her bosom, ere I part with
A piece of earth, or title, that is mine!
Otto. I need it not, and would scorn to receive,[9]
Though offer'd, what I want not: Therefore know
From me, (though not deliver'd in great words,
Eyes red with rage, poor pride, and threatening
action)
Our father at his death, then, when no accent
(Wert thou a son) could fall from him in vain,
Made us co-heirs, our part of land and honours
Of equal weight; and, to see this confirm'd,
The oaths of these are yet upon record,
Who, though they should forsake me, and call down
The plagues of perjury on their sinful heads,
I would not leave myself.

have advanced; speak now or never speak again:' for that is the meaning of the words, ' Now do, or never [speak again']—that is, now speak, or never speak more."—So far Mr Mason is perfectly right; but when he says that a new scene should begin at the entrance of the princes, and that in the meantime Baldwin and Gisbert had been expostulating with them, he forgets the preceding part of his annotation, which he had founded on the very entrance of the princes and their parasites, during the speech of Aubrey.

[9] *It needs not, and I would scorn to receive.*] So the quarto of 1639. The text is from that of 1640.

Trev. Nor will we see
The will of the dead duke infringed.
Lat. Nor I
The elder robb'd of what's his right.
Grandp. Nor you?
Let me take place!—I say, I will not see't!
My sword is sharpest.
Aub. Peace, you tinder-boxes,
That only carry matter to make a flame
Which will consume you!
Rollo. You are troublesome:
[*To* BALDWIN.[1]
This is no time for arguments! My title
Needs not your school-defences; but my sword,
With which the gordian of your sophistry
Being cut, shall shew th' imposture.—For your laws, [*To* GISBERT.
It is in me to change them as I please,
I being above them, Gisbert! Would you have me protect them?
Let them now stretch their extremest rigour,
And seize upon that traitor; and your tongue
Make him appear first dangerous, then odious;
And after, under the pretence of safety
For the sick state, the land's and people's quiet,
Cut off his head: And I'll give up my sword,
And fight with them at a more certain weapon
To kill, and with authority.[2]

[1] *To Baldwin.*] It appears that Baldwin had spoken aside to Rollo during the altercation of the followers.

[2] *And fight with them at a more certain weapon*
To kill, and with authority.] Mason, with some plausibility, proposes to substitute *as* for *at*, because *them* refers to *laws* at the beginning of Rollo's address to Gisbert. Of the latter there can be no doubt; and the proposed alteration would make the text more rigidly exact; but while the old reading affords sense, and good sense too, I cannot consent to any variation.

Gis. Sir, I grant
The laws are useful weapons, but found out
To assure the innocent, not to oppress.
Rollo. Then you conclude him innocent?
Gis. The power
Your father gave him must not prove a crime.
Aub. Nor should you so receive it.
Bald. To which purpose,
All that dare challenge any part in goodness
Will become suppliants to you.
Rollo. They have none,
That dare move me in this. Hence! I defy you!
Be of his party, bring to it your laws;[3] [*To* GISBERT.
And thou thy double heart, thou popular fool,
[*To* BALDWIN.
Your moral rules of justice, and her balance:
I stand on my own guard!
Otto. Which thy injustice
Will make thy enemy's.[4] By the memory
Of him whose better part now suffers for thee,
Whose reverend ashes, with an impious hand,
Thou throw'st out to contempt, (in thy repining
At his so just decree) thou art unworthy

[3] *Bring* it to *your laws,*
And thou thy double heart.] There is certainly a corruption in the first line, and the transposition of the two words in Roman type seems to be the most obvious and clear method of curing it. Mason would read—"Bring it *too* your laws;" but this is stiff, and not what Rollo means to say, for he evidently means to have nothing to do with the laws for his own part. The remainder of the speech, as Mason says, is addressed to Baldwin.

[4] *I stand on my own* guard.
Otto. *Which thy injustice*
Will make thy enemy's.] The second folio [and first quarto] reads—thy *enemies,* which I believe to be right. By his guard, Rollo means the person who attended him.—*Mason.*

Even if we adopt Mason's explanation, the text of 1640 is better than the one he wishes to restore.

Of what his last will, not thy merit, gave thee!
That art so swol'n within, with all those mischiefs
That e'er made up a tyrant, that thy breast,
The prison of thy purposes, cannot hold them,
But that they break forth, and, in thy own words,
Discover what a monster they must serve
That shall acknowledge thee!

Rollo. Thou shalt not live
To be so happy!

[*He offers his sword at* OTTO, *the faction joining.*

Aub. [*Getting between the brothers.*] Nor your miseries
Begin in murder. Duty, allegiance,
And all respects of what you are, forsake me!
Do ye stare on? Is this a theatre?
Or shall these kill themselves, like to mad fencers,
To make ye sport? Keep them asunder, or,
By Heaven, I'll charge on all!

Grandp. Keep the peace!
I am for you, my lord; and, if you'll have me,
I'll act the constable's part.

Aub. Live I to see this?
Will you do that your enemies dare not wish,
And cherish in yourselves those furies, which
Hell would cast out?—Do (I am ready) kill me,
And these, that would fall willing sacrifices
To any power that would restore your reason,
And make ye men again, which now ye are not!

Rollo. These are your bucklers, boy!

Otto. My hindrances;
And, were I not confirm'd, my justice in
The taking of thy life could not weigh down
The wrong in shedding the least drop of blood
Of these whose goodness only now protects thee,
Thou shouldst feel I in act would prove myself
What thou in words dost labour to appear!

Rollo. Hear this, and talk again? I'll break through all,
But I will reach thy heart. [*Rushing upon* OTTO.
Otto. 'Tis better guarded.

Enter SOPHIA.

Soph. Make way, or I will force it!—Who are these?
My sons? my shames! Turn all your swords on me,
And make this wretched body but one wound,
So this unnatural quarrel finds a grave
In the unhappy womb that brought ye forth!
Dare you remember that you had a mother,
Or look on these grey hairs, (made so with tears,
For both your goods, and not with age) and yet
Stand doubtful to obey her? From me you had
Life, nerves, and faculties, to use those weapons;
And dare you raise them against her, to whom
You owe the means of being what you are?
Otto. All peace is meant to you.
Soph. Why is this war then?
As if your arms could be advanced, and I
Not set upon the rack? Your blood is mine,
Your danger's mine; your goodness I should share in,
And must be branded with those impious marks
You stamp on your own foreheads and on mine,
If you go on thus. For my good name, therefore,
Though all respects of honour in yourselves
Be in your fury choak'd, throw down your swords,
(Your duty should be swifter than my tongue)
And join your hands while they are innocent!
You have heat of blood, and youth apt to ambition,
To plead an easy pardon for what's past;
But all the ills beyond this hour committed,
From gods or men must hope for no excuse.

Gis. Can you hear this unmoved?
Aub. No syllable
Of this so pious charm, but should have power
To frustrate all the juggling deceits,
With which the devil blinds you.
Otto. I begin
To melt, I know not how.
Rollo. Mother, I'll leave you:—
And, sir, be thankful for the time you live,
Till we meet next, (which shall be soon and sudden)
To her persuasion for you.
Soph. Oh, yet stay,
And, rather than part thus, vouchsafe me hearing
As enemies!—How is my soul divided!
My love to both is equal, as my wishes,
But is return'd by neither. My grieved heart,
Hold yet a little longer, and then break!—
I kneel to both, and will speak so, but this
Takes from me the authority of a mother's power;[5]
And therefore, like myself, Otto, to thee:
(And yet observe, son, how thy mother's tears
Outstrip her forward words, to make way for 'em)
Thou art the younger, Otto; yet be now
The first example of obedience to me,
And grow the elder in my love.
Otto. The means
To be so happy?
Soph. This; yield up thy sword,
And let thy piety give thy mother strength
To take that from thee, which no enemies' force
Could e'er despoil thee of!—[OTTO *gives up his sword.*] Why dost thou tremble,

[5] *Takes* from me *th' authority* of *a* mother's power.] So the first quarto reads. The second—

Takes the authority off *a mother's power;*

The former is evidently the better reading.

And with a fearful eye, fix'd on thy brother,
Observ'st his ready sword, as bent against thee?
I am thy armour, and will be pierced through
Ten thousand times, before I will give way
To any peril may arrive at thee;
And therefore fear not.
Otto. 'Tis not for myself,
But for you, mother: You are now engaged
In more than lies in your unquestion'd virtue;
For, since you have disarm'd me of defence,
Should I fall now, though by his hand, the world
May say it was your practice.[6]
Soph. All worlds perish,
Before my piety turn Treason's parent!
Take it again, and stand upon your guard,
And, while your brother is, continue arm'd:
And yet this fear is needless; for I know
My Rollo, though he dares as much as man,
So tender of his yet untainted valour,
So noble, that he dares do nothing basely.
You doubt him; he fears you; I doubt and fear
Both, for [the] other's safety,[7] and not mine own.
Know yet, my sons, when of necessity
You must deceive or be deceived, 'tis better
To suffer treason, than to act the traitor;
And in a war like this, in which the glory
Is his that's overcome—Consider then
What 'tis for which you strive! Is it the dukedom?
Or the command of these so-ready subjects?
Desire of wealth? or whatsoever else
Fires your ambition, 'tis still desperate madness,

[6] *May say it was your* practice.] *Practice* in old writers stands frequently for stratagem, insidious artifice.

[7] *Both: for others safety, not my own.*] Seward adds the word *each*, but that now introduced appears more likely to have been dropt at the press.

To kill the people which you would be lords of;
With fire and sword to lay that country waste
Whose rule you seek for; to consume the treasures,
Which are the sinews of your government,
In cherishing the factions that destroy it:
Far, far be this from you! Make it not question'd
Whether you can have interest in that dukedom
Whose ruin both contend for.

Otto. I desire
But to enjoy my own, which I will keep.

Rollo. And rather than posterity shall have cause
To say I ruin'd all, divide the dukedom:
I will accept the moiety.

Otto. I embrace it.

Soph. Divide me first, or tear me limb by limb,
And let them find as many several graves
As there are villages in Normandy:
And 'tis less sin, than thus to weaken it.
To hear it mention'd doth already make me
Envy my dead lord, and almost blaspheme
Those powers that heard my prayers for fruitfulness,
And did not with my first birth close my womb!
To me alone my second blessing proves
My first, my first of misery;[8] for if that Heaven,

[8] *To me alone my second blessing proves my first,
My first of misery, for if Heaven, &c.*] Sophia says, that her second blessing made her first become a curse to her, which was certainly the case, as Rollo was the incendiary.—*Seward.*

We do not think she means to reflect on either Otto or Rollo; but to say, "that her having a second son, rendered it unhappy for her that she had a first;" that is, that her misery arose from her having more than one, which fruitfulness was to other women commonly a blessing. This is plain from her saying immediately before, that she could

*almost blaspheme
Those powers that heard her prayers for* FRUITFULNESS,
And did not WITH HER FIRST BIRTH CLOSE HER WOMB.

Which gave me Rollo, there had staid his bounty,
And Otto, my dear Otto, ne'er had been,
Or, being, had not been so worth my love,
The stream of my affection had run constant
In one fair current; all my hopes had been
Laid up in one, and fruitful Normandy
In this division had not lost her glories:
For as 'tis now, 'tis a fair diamond,
Which being preserved entire, exceeds all value,
But cut in pieces (though these pieces are
Set in fine gold by the best workman's cunning)
Parts with all estimation: So this dukedom,
As 'tis yet whole, the neighbouring kings may covet,
But cannot compass; which divided, will
Become the spoil of every barbarous foe
That will invade it.

Gis. How this works in both!

Bald. Prince Rollo's eyes have lost their fire.

Gis. And anger,
That but even now wholly possess'd good Otto,
Hath given place to pity.

Aub. End not thus,
Madam, but perfect what's so well begun.

Soph. I see in both fair signs of reconcilement;
Make them sure proofs they are so: The fates offer
To your free choice, either to live examples
Of piety, or wickedness: If the latter
Blinds so your understanding, that you cannot
Pierce through her painted outside, and discover
That she is all deformity within,
Boldly transcend all precedents of mischief,

The rest of the speech confirms this interpretation.—Ed. 1778.

The first quarto reads—"for if *that Heaven*." The second, which the modern editions follow, omits *that*; which has been restored, as it heightens the emphasis. The first has "my first," only once. The text is from the second.

And let the last and the worst end of tyrannies,[9]
The murder of a mother, but begin
The stain of blood you after are to heighten!
But if that Virtue, and her sure rewards,
Can win you to accept her for your guide,
To lead you up to Heaven, and there fix you
The fairest stars in the bright sphere of honour;
Make me the parent of an hundred sons,
All brought into the world with joy, not sorrow,
And every one a father to his country,
In being now made mother of your concord!

Rollo. Such, and so good, loud Fame for ever speak you!

Bald. Ay, now they meet like brothers.

[*The brothers throw down their swords, and embrace.*

Gis. My heart's joy
Flows through my eyes.

Aub. May never woman's tongue
Hereafter be accused, for this one's goodness!

Otto. If we contend, from this hour, it shall be
How to o'ercome in brotherly affection.

Rollo. Otto is Rollo now, and Rollo, Otto;
Or, as they have one mind, rather one name.
From this atonement[1] let our lives begin;

[9] *And let the last, and the worst end of* tyrannies,
The murder of a mother, &c.] Mr Theobald and Mr Sympson both concur with me in preferring *tyrants* to *tyrannies*, as the allusion to Nero's murdering his mother becomes more evident.—*Seward.*

The old text is such good sense, that it is wonderful the tripartite partnership of 1750 could not conceive, that, in explaining the sense of their alteration, their explanation would serve equally well for the old text. The quarto of 1640 reads—"the worst *end* of tyrannies," and in the next line but one—"the *stain* of blood."

[1] *Atonement.*] i. e. according to the old writers, *reconciliation.*—Ed. 1778.

Be all the rest forgotten!
Aub. Spoke like Rollo!
Soph. And, to the honour of this reconcilement,
We all this night will, at a public feast,
With choice wines, drown our late fears, and with music
Welcome our comforts.
Bald. Sure and certain ones.
Soph. Supported thus, I am secure! Oh, sons,
This is your mother's triumph!
Rollo. You deserve it.
[*Exeunt all but* GRANDPREE, VERDON, TREVILE, *and* DUPRETE.
Grandp. Did ever such a hopeful business end thus?[2]
Verd. 'Tis fatal to us all; and yet you, Grandpree,
Have the least cause to fear.
Grandp. Why, what's my hope?
Verd. The certainty that you have to be hang'd:
You know the chancellor's promise.
Grandp. Plague upon you!
Verd. What think you of a bath, and a lord's daughter,
To entertain you?
Grandp. Those desires are off;
Frail thoughts![3] All friends; no Rollians now, nor Otto's!

[2] *Did ever such a* hopeful *business end thus?*] The second quarto reads, *hoped for.*—In the first, from which the text is taken, the two preceding speeches of Sophia and Rollo are omitted.

[3] *Those desires are* of *frail thoughts.*
All friends, no Rollians now, &c.] Quarto of 1640. That of 1639 reads,

——— *Those desires are* off.
Frail thoughts, all friends, no Rollians now, nor Otto's.

Here is another instance in favour of the first quarto; for the reading of the second, which the modern editions follow, is very tame, and scarcely sense.

The several courtesies of our swords and servants
Defer to after-consequence;[4] let's make use
Of this night's freedom, a short parliament to us,
In which it will be lawful to walk freely;[5]
Nay, to our drink we shall have meat too, that's
No usual business to the men o' th' sword.
Drink deep with me to-night, we shall to-morrow
Or whip, or hang the merrier.
Trev. Lead the way then. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Another Room in the same.

Enter LATORCH *and* ROLLO.

Lat. Why should this trouble you?
Rollo. It does, and must do,
Till I find ease.

[4] *Defer till* apter *consequence.*] So the second quarto. The text, which is from the first, Seward rejects as a poor tautology. Mr Mason, however, properly observes, "I see no reason why *after consequence* [which phrase by the bye occurs in old plays more than once] should be more tautology than what may follow hereafter, which is a common expression."

[5] ——— *let's make use*
Of this night's freedom, a short parliament to us,
In which it will be lawful to walk *freely.*] Mr Sympson thinks, that to carry on the metaphor from the *parliament,* we should

Lat. Consider then, and quickly;
And, like a wise man, take the current with you,
Which, once turn'd head, will sink you. Blest occasion
Offers herself in thousand safeties to you;
Time standing still to point you out your purpose,
And Resolution (the true child of Virtue)
Ready to execute. What dull cold weakness
Has crept into your bosom, whose mere thoughts,
Like tempests, ploughing up the sailing forests,
Even with their swing were wont to shake down hazards?
What is't? your mother's tears?
Rollo. Pr'ythee be patient.
Lat. Her hands held up? her prayers, or her curses?
Oh, power of pray'r and tears dropp'd by a woman![6]

read, TALK *freely*, and indeed I at first alter'd it so myself; but considering the privilege of parliament exempting the members from imprisonment, and the fear Grandpree was in of having only one night's exemption from it, the present reading seems unexceptionable.—*Seward.*

[6] *Oh, power of paper, dropp'd* through *by a woman.*] So the first quarto; the second substitutes *prayer* for *paper*. Seward and the last editors read by altering the text of 1640:

Oh, power of prayer *and tears* dropp'd by a woman!

Mason wishes to restore the text of the second folio, [and the quarto of 1639,] which he explains in this manner—"Latorch upbraids Rollo with his weakness, and calls his power a power of paper only, so slight as to be destroyed by the dropping of a woman's tears." No one can be more anxious than the editor to preserve the old text, whenever the least shadow of probability appears that it was not corrupted. In the present instance, however, that anxiety must yield to a superior care for the reputation of the poet. Seward's alteration is violent, it is true; but Mr Mason's interpretation is not only violent, but even ludicrous in such a degree, that I cannot conceive it to have been intended by the author. Such conceited allusions our poets are seldom guilty of. Add to this, that the alteration is well supported by the context,

Take heed the soldiers see it not; 'tis miserable,
In Rollo below miserable; take heed your friends,
The sinews of your cause, the strength you stir by,
Take heed, I say, they find it not; take heed
Your own repentance (like a passing-bell)
Too late and too loud, tell the world you are perish'd!
What noble spirit, eager of advancement,
Whose employment is his plough;[7] what sword, whose sharpness
Waits but the arm to wield it; or what hope,
After the world has blown abroad this weakness,

as the last editors have observed. "Latorch," say they, "asks, What is't? your mother's *tears*, or her *prayers*? And then exclaims,

Oh, pow'r of prayers and tears *dropp'd by a woman!*

This reading meets with a still stronger confirmation by Rollo's afterwards saying,

My mother's tears, *and womanish cold* prayers,
Farewell!"

[7] *What noble spirit, eager of advancement,*
Whose employment *is his plough.*] Seward, who had brought forward in the last note an ingenious and successful amendment, relapses now into his usual practise of hunting for passages which he conceives require his helping hand, though their meaning is clear as day. He objects to the last line, as being improperly expressed and unmetrical. As to the latter objection, it has been already sufficiently proved to be futile wherever it is made. He reads—

"Whose *interest* is his plough."

But, as Mason observes, "to say that a man's employment is his plough, is saying in other words, that his livelihood depends on his being employed. So in the Scornful Lady, the Captain says to Young Loveless,

"Thy sword must be thy plough."

Seward's editorial conscience seems to have been touched by his needless amendments; for in the postscript to the volume, he confesses that he "had more regard to the measure than was necessary."

Will move again, or make a wish for Rollo?
Rollo. Are we not friends again, by each oath ratified?
Our tongues the heralds of our hearts?
Lat. Poor hearts then!
Rollo. Our worthier friends——
Lat. No friends, sir, to your honour;
Friends to your fall! Where is your understanding,
The noble vessel that your full soul sail'd in,
Ribb'd round with honours? where is that? 'tis ruin'd,
The tempest of a woman's sighs has sunk it.
Friendship (take heed, sir!) is a smiling harlot,
That, when she kisses, kills! A solder'd friendship,
Pieced out with promises? Oh, painted ruin!
Rollo. Latorch, he is my brother.
Lat. The more doubted;
For hatred hatch'd at home is a tame tiger,
May fawn and sport, but never leave his nature.
The jars of brothers, two such mighty ones,
Are like a small stone thrown into a river,
The breach scarce heard, but view the beaten current,
And you shall see a thousand angry rings
Rise in his face, still swelling and still growing:
So jars circling distrust, distrusts breed dangers,
And dangers death, the greatest extreme shadow,
Till nothing bound 'em but the shore, their graves.[8]

[8] *So jars* circling *distrusts, distrusts breed dangers,*
And dangers death, the greatest extreme SHADOW,
Till nothing bound 'em but the shore, *their graves.*] So the first quarto reads: The second exhibits the text thus,

So jars circling in *distrusts, distrusts* pull down *dangers,*
And dangers death, the greatest extreme SHADOW,
Till nothing bound them but the showers, *their graves.*

Seward thus alters this passage:

So jars distrusts encircle; distrusts dangers,

There is no manly wisdom, nor no safety,
In leaning to this league, this piece-patcht friendship,
This rear'd-up reconcilement on a billow;
Which, as it tumbles, totters down your fortune.
Is't not your own you reach at, law and nature
Ushering the way before you? Is not he
Born and bequeath'd your subject?

Rollo. Ha!

Lat. What fool
Would give a storm leave to disturb his peace,
When he may shut the casement? Can that man
Has won so much upon you by your pity,
And drawn so high, that like an ominous comet
He darkens all your light; can this couch'd lion
(Though now he licks and locks up his fell paws,
Craftily humming like a cat, to cozen you)
But (when ambition whets him, and time fits him)
Leap to his prey, and seized once, suck your heart out?
Do you make it conscience?

Rollo. Conscience, Latorch! what's that?

Lat. A fear they tie up fools in, Nature's coward,

And dangers death the greatest extreme FOLLOWS,
Till nothing bound them but the shoar, their graves.

Finally the last editors adopt the oldest reading, (though they apprehend it to have been a correction in the folio of 1679,) with the altération of *circling* to *circle in.* Conceiving *shadow* to be a verb, they put the three words preceding in a parenthesis. But they forgot the previous simile; Latorch compares the consequences of hatred among brothers, to the circles produced in the water, by throwing in a pebble; that first produced he compares to distrust, the second produced by the first to dangers, and the last, "greatest," and "extreme shadow," apparent on the water, to death, the consequence of jars, distrusts, and dangers consequently apprehended. Mason gives nearly the same interpretation of the old text, and produces a parallel passage from Pope's Essay on Man, (Ep. IV. v. 361,) where that poet "adopted this beautiful passage, but applied it to a different subject."

Palling the blood,[9] and chilling the full spirits
With apprehension of mere clouds and shadows.
Rollo. I know no conscience, nor I fear no shadows!
Lat. Or if you did, if there were conscience,
If the free soul could suffer such a curb
To the fiery mind; such puddle to put it out;[1]
Must it needs, like a rank vine, run up rudely,
And twine about the top of all our happiness,
Honour and Rule, and there sit shaking of us?[2]
Rollo. It shall not, nor it must not! I am satisfied,
And once more am myself again.
My mother's tears, and womanish cold prayers,
Farewell! I have forgot you. If there be Conscience,
Let it not come betwixt a crown and me,
(Which is my hope of bliss) and I believe it.
Otto, our friendship thus I blow to air,

[9] *Palling the blood.*] This is the oldest text. The second quarto reads—*tasting*, which Seward altered to *taking* or *tainting*; but *palling* is far better than either of the amendments.

[1] *If the free soul could suffer such a curb*
To the fiery mind, such puddles to put it out.] So the old quarto reads this passage. The second,

If the free soul could suffer
The fiery mind, such puddle to put it out.

Seward, not knowing that the copy of the second folio was a mere reprint of the oldest quarto, and thinking the variations from the text of the quarto of 1640 unwarranted corrections, spoils the sense of the passage by altering it thus:

If the free soul could suffer such a curb;
The fiery mind such puddle t' put it out;

[2] *Sit* shaking *of us.*] Sympson proposes to read—*shading*, and the last editors adopt the variation, which they "think a happy conjecture." But the text is far better, meaning—"Should conscience inspire us with such terrors, and prevent us from enjoying Honour and Rule, the top of all our honours?"

A bubble for a boy to play withal;
And all the vows my weakness made, like this,
Like this poor heartless rush, I rend in pieces.
Lat. Now you go right, sir! now your eyes are open.
Rollo. My father's last petition's dead as he is,
And all the promises I closed his eyes with,
In the same grave I bury.
Lat. Now you are a man, sir.
Rollo. Otto, thou shew'st my winding-sheet before me,
Which, e'er I put it on, like Heaven's blest fire,
In my descent I'll make it blush in blood!
(A crown, a crown! Oh, sacred rule, now fire me!)
Nor shall the pity of thy youth, false brother,
Although a thousand virgins kneel before me,
And every dropping eye a court of mercy,
The same blood with me, nor the reverence
Due to my mother's blessed womb that bred us,
Redeem thee from my doubts: Thou art a wolf here,
Fed with my fears, and I must cut thee from me;[3]
No safety else.
Lat. But be not too much stirr'd, sir,
Nor too high in your execution: Swallowing waters
Run deep and silent, till they are satisfied,
And smile in thousand curls, to gild their craft;
Let your sword sleep, and let my two-edged wit work.
This happy feast, the full joy of your friendship,
Shall be his last!
Rollo. How, my Latorch?

[3] *Fed with my fears, and I must cut thee from me,*
A crown, a crown, oh, sacred rule, now fire me!
No safety else.] We believe the second of these lines to be improperly repeated here, by some accidental interpolation.—Ed. 1778.

Lat. Why thus, sir:
I'll presently go dive into the officers
That minister at table; gold and goodness,
With promise upon promise, and time necessary,
I'll pour into them.
Rollo. Canst thou do it neatly?
Lat. Let me alone; and such a bait it shall be,
Shall take off all suspicion.
Rollo. Go, and prosper!
Lat. Walk in then, and your smoothest face put on, sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Servants' Hall in the same.

Enter the Master Cook, Butler, Pantler, Yeoman of the Cellar, with a jack of beer[4] *and a dish.*

Cook. A hot day, a hot day, vengeance hot day, boys!
Give me some drink; this fire's a plaguy fretter!
[*Drinking out of the dish.*
Body of me, I am dry still! give me the jack, boy;
This wooden skiff holds nothing.
Pant. And, 'faith, master,
What brave new meats? for here will be old eating.[5]
Cook. Old and young, boy, let 'em all eat, I have it;
I have ballast for their bellies, if they eat a' god's name.

[4] *Jack of beer.*] A leathern tankard. See vol. II. p. 172.

[5] *Here will be* old *eating.*] It has been already observed in these notes, that old was frequently used as an augmentative.

Let 'em have ten tire of teeth a-piece, I care not.
But. But what new rare munition?
Cook. Pho! a thousand:
I'll make you pigs speak French at table,[6] and a fat swan
Come sailing[7] out of England with a challenge;
I'll make you a dish of calves' feet dance the canaries,[8]

[6] *I'll make you pigs speak French* at table, *and a fat swan.*] Mr Theobald very justly strikes out the words *at table*, as unnecessary to the sense and injurious to the measure.—*Seward.*

We cannot think Theobald had any right to strike out the words, which are not foreign to the sense, and do not render the measure more irregular than it is in many other places. Editors are not to *correct* their authors, but to *publish* them as the authors left them. The measure too in this speech is particularly, and perhaps purposely, licentious.—Ed. 1778.

[7] *Sculing.*] So [the second] quarto. Mr Sympson reads *sculling*, which Mr Seward calls an "*ingenious* emendation:" To be sure, if modernizing the orthography of a word, which could not be mistaken is *ingenious*, this is so. The folio reads, *sailing.*—Ed. 1778.

And very properly, as it is the reading of the oldest quarto.

[8] —— *dance the canaries.*] Sir John Hawkins gives the following account of this dance. "There occurs in the opera of Dioclesian [an alteration of the play, which follows next in this volume] set to music by Purcell, a dance called the Canaries; of this, and also another, called Trenchmore, it is difficult to render a satisfactory account. The first is alluded to by Shakspeare in the following passage:

Moth. Master, will you win your love with a French brawl?
Arm. How mean'st thou? brawling in French?
Moth. No, my compleat master; but to jigg off a tune at the tongue's end, *canary* it with your feet, humour it with turning up your eye-lids, &c.

"As to the air itself, it appears by the example in the Opera of Dioclesian, to be a very sprightly movement of two reprises, or strains, with eight bars in each. The tune three quarters in a bar, the first pointed. That it is of English invention, like a country dance, may be inferred from this circumstance, that none of the foreign names, that distinguish one kind of air from an

And a consort[9] of cramm'd capons fiddle to 'em;
A calf's head speak an oracle, and a dozen of larks
Rise from the dish, and sing all supper time:
'Tis nothing, boys. I have framed a fortification
Out of rye-paste, which is impregnable;[1]
And against that, for two long hours together,
Two dozen of marrow-bones shall play continually.
For fish, I'll make you a standing lake of white-broth,
And pikes come plowing up the plums before them;
Arion-like on a dolphin, playing Lachrymæ;[2]

other, correspond in the least with this. Nay farther, the appellation is adopted by Couperin, a Frenchman, who among his lessons has an air which he entitles *Canarie.*"—Hist. of Music, IV. 391. Mr Douce observes that the dance was performed to a tabor and pipe.

[9] *Consort*] i. e. Concert. On account of the numerous quibbles on this word, in old plays, it is necessary to preserve the obsolete spelling.

[1] *I have framed a* fortification
Out of rye-paste, *which is impregnable.*] At the splendid entertainments of those days, the confectioners were very solicitous to present these and similar fopperies on the tables of the great. Furnace, the cook, says, in Massinger's New Way to pay Old Debts:—

—— "Since our master, noble Allworth, died,
Though I crack my brains to find out tempting sauces,
And raise *fortifications in the pastry,*
Such as might serve for models in the Low Countries;
Which if they had been practised at Breda,
Spinola might have thrown his cap at it, and ne'er took it," &c.

[2] *Arion* like *a dolphin, playing* Lachrymæ.] So the first quarto, the second—"Arion on a dolphin." I have preferred retaining both words, (see vol. II. p. 55.)

"Lachrymæ, or seven Teares figured in seaven passionate Pavans, with divers other Pavans, Galiards, and Almans, set forth to the Lute, Viol, or Violin, in five parts." This is the title of a musical publication, composed by John Douland, in the reign of James I. It seems to have been very popular, as it is alluded to in the Knight of the Burning Pestle, in Massinger's Maid of Honour, in his Picture, in Nabbes's Microcosmus, and other old plays.

And brave king herring with his oil and onion
Crown'd with a lemon peel, his way prepared
With his strong guard of pilchers.

Pant. Ay marry, master!

Cook. All these are nothing: I'll make you a stubble goose
Turn o' th' toe thrice, do a cross point presently,
And then sit down again, and cry, "come eat me!"
These are for mirth. Now, sir, for matter of mourning,
I'll bring you in the lady Loin-of-veal,
With the long love she bore the Prince of Orange.

All. Thou boy, thou!

Cook. I have a trick for thee too,
And a rare trick, and I have done it for thee.

Yeo. What's that, good master?

Cook. 'Tis a sacrifice:
A full vine bending, like an arch, and under
The blown god Bacchus, sitting on a hogshead,
His altar beer;[3] before that, a plump vintner
Kneeling, and offering incense to his deity,
Which shall be only this, red sprats and pilchers.

But. This when the table's drawn, to draw the wine on.

Cook. Thou hast it right; and then comes thy song, butler.

Pant. This will be admirable!

Yeo. Oh, sir, most admirable!

Cook. If you will have the pasty speak, 'tis in my power;
I have fire enough to work it. Come, stand close,
And now rehearse the song, we may be perfect,
The drinking song; and say I were the brothers.

[*They sing.*

[3] *His altar here.*] So the second quarto. The text is from the first.

THE SONG.

Drink to-day, and drown all sorrow,
You shall perhaps not do it to-morrow.
Best while you have it use your breath;
There is no drinking after death.

Wine works the heart up, wakes the wit,
There is no cure 'gainst age but it.
It helps the head-ach, cough and ptisic,
And is for all diseases physic.

Then let us swill, boys, for our health;
Who drinks well, loves the commonwealth.
And he that will to bed go sober,
Falls with the leaf, still in October.

Cook. Well have you borne yourselves. A red deer pie, boys,
And that no lean one, I bequeath your virtues.
What friends hast thou to-day? no citizens?
Pant. Yes, father, the old crew.
Cook. By the mass, true wenches!
Sirrah, set by a chine of beef, and a hot pasty,
And let the joll of sturgeon be corrected:
And (do you mark, sir?) stalk me to a pheasant,
And see an you can shoot her into th' cellar.
But. God-a-mercy, lad, send me thy roaring bottles,[4]

[4] *Pant.* God-a-mercy, lad, *send me thy roaring bottles.*] Mr Seward, we think properly, gives this speech to the *Butler*, instead of the "sober, grave, honest *Pantler*, to whom it belongs neither by character nor office." For *God-a-mercy*, he reads, *Gramercy*, which we cannot think allowable. The [second] quarto says, *dad;* the folio, [from the first quarto] *lad.*—Ed. 1778.

And with such nectar I will see 'em fill'd,
That all thou speak'st shall be pure Helicon.[5]—

Enter LATORCH.

Monsieur Latorch? What news with him? Save you!
Lat. Save you, master! save you, gentlemen!
You are casting for this preparation,
This joyful supper for the royal brothers.
I am glad I have met you fitly, for to your charge,
My bountiful brave Butler, I must deliver
A bevy of young lasses, that must look on
This night's solemnity, and see the two dukes,
Or I shall lose my credit: You have stowage?
But. For such freight I'll find room, and be your servant.
Cook. Bring them; they shall not starve here; I'll send 'em victuals
Shall work you a good turn, though it be ten days hence, sir.
Lat. God-a-mercy, noble master!
Cook. Nay, I'll do't.
Yeo. And wine they shall not want, let 'em drink like ducks.
Lat. What misery it is that minds so royal,
And such most honest bounties, as yours are,
Should be confined thus to uncertainties?
But. Ay, were the state once settled, then we had places!
Yeo. Then we could shew ourselves, and help our friends, sir.
Cook. Ay, then there were some savour in't, where now

[5] *That all thou speak'st shall be pure* Helicon.] This is very probably an allusion to England's Helicon, a very fashionable poetical miscellany of the time, printed in 1600.

We live between two stools, every hour ready
To tumble on our noses; and for aught we know yet,
For all this supper, ready to fast the next day.
Lat. I would fain speak unto you, out of pity,
Out of the love I bear you, out of honesty,
For your own goods; nay, for the general blessing.
Cook. And we would as fain hear you; pray go forward!
Lat. Dare you but think to make yourselves up certainties,
Your places and your credits ten times doubled?
The prince's favour? Rollo's?
But. A sweet gentleman!
Yeo. Ay, and as bounteous, if he had his right too.
Cook. By the mass, a royal gentleman indeed, boys!
He'll make the chimnies smoak!
Lat. He would do't, friends;
And you too, if he had his right, true courtiers.[6]
What could you want then?—Dare you?
Cook. Pray you be short, sir.
Lat. And this, my soul upon't, I dare assure you,
If you but dare your parts——
Cook. Dare not me, monsieur;
For I that fear nor fire nor water, sir,
Dare do enough, a man would think.
Yeo. Believe't, sir,
But make this good upon us you have promised,
You shall not find us flinchers.
Lat. Then I'll be sudden.

[6] *He'll make the chimnies smoak!*
Lat. *He would* do't, *friends;*
And you too, if he had his right, true courtiers.] That is, he would make the chimnies smoke, and *make* you too, true courtiers. The grammatical construction does not appear at first view, as Latorch refers to the verb *make* in the Cook's speech.—*Mason.*

Pant. What may this mean? and whither would he drive us? [*Aside.*
Lat. And first, for what you must do (because all danger
Shall be apparently tied up and muzzled,
The matter seeming mighty) there's your pardons!
Pant. Pardons? is't come to that? Good gods, defend us! [*Aside.*
Lat. And here's five hundred crowns, in bounteous earnest:
And now, behold the matter. [*Gives each a paper.*
But. What are these, sir?
Yeo. And of what nature? to what use?
Lat. Imagine.
Cook. Will they kill rats? (they eat my pies abominably)
Or work upon a woman cold as Christmas?
I have an old jade sticks upon my fingers.
May I taste them?
Lat. Is your will made?
And have you said your prayers? for they'll pay you.
And now to come up to you, for your knowledge,
And for the good you never shall repent you,
If you be wise men now——
Cook. Wise as you will, sir.
Lat. These must be put then into the several meats
Young Otto loves; by you into his wine, sir,
Into his bread by you; by you into his linen.
Now, if you desire, you have found the means
To make ye; and, if ye dare not, ye have found
Your ruin: Resolve me ere I go.
But. You'll keep faith with us?
Lat. May I no more see light else!
Cook. Why, 'tis done then.
But. 'Tis done.
Pant. It is done—which shall be undone. [*Aside.*

Lat. About it then! farewell!
Ye're all of one mind?
Cook. All.
All. All, all.
Lat. Why then, all happy! [*Exit.*
But. What did we promise him?
Yeo. Do you ask that now?
But. I would be glad to know what 'tis.
Pant. I'll tell you;
It is to be all villains, knaves, and traitors.
Cook. Fine wholesome titles!
But. But, if we dare go forward——
Cook. We may be hang'd, drawn, and quarter'd.
Pant. Very true, sir!
Cook. Oh, what a goodly swing
I shall give the gallows! Yet I think too
This may be done, and yet we may be rewarded,
Not with a rope, but with a royal master:—
And yet we may be hang'd too.
Yeo. Say 'twere done;
Who is it done for? Is it not for Rollo,
And for his right?
Cook. And yet we may be hang'd too.
But. Or say he take it, say we be discover'd?
Yeo. Is not the same man bound still to protect us?
Are we not his?
But. Sure he will never fail us.
Cook. If he do, friends, we shall find that will hold us.
And yet, methinks, this prologue to our purpose,
These crowns should promise more. 'Tis easily done,
As easy as a man would roast an egg,
If that be all: For, look you, gentlemen!
Here stand my broths; my finger slips a little,
Down drops a dose; I stir him with my ladle,
And there's a dish for a duke; *olla podrida.*
Here stands a baked meat, he wants a little seasoning;

A foolish mistake! my spice-box, gentlemen,
And put in some of this, the matter's ended;
Dredge you a dish of plovers, there's the art on't;
Or in a galingale, a little does it.[7]

Yeo. Or as I fill my wine——

Cook. 'Tis very true, sir,
Blessing it with your hand, thus quick and neatly first,
'Tis past.

Yeo. And done once, 'tis as easy
For him to thank us for it, and reward us.

Pant. But 'tis a damned sin!

Cook. Oh, never fear that.
The fire's my play-fellow, and now I am resolved, boys.

But. Why then, have with you.

Yeo. The same for me.

Pant. For me too.

Cook. And now, no more our worships, but our lordships.

Pant. [*Aside.*] Not this year, on my knowledge: I'll unlord you. [*Exeunt.*

[7] *Or in a* galingale, *a little does it.*] This line is not in the first quarto. "Doctor Hill," says Mason, "informs us that *galingale* is a root brought from the East Indies, where it is used medicinally, and also as an ingredient in savoury dishes."

SCENE III.

The State Room in the same. A Banquet prepared.

Enter Servant, and Sewer bringing in dishes.

Serv. Perfume the room round, and prepare the table.
Gentlemen officers, wait in your places.
Sewer. Make room there;
Room for the dukes' meat! Gentlemen, be bare there;
Clear all the entrance. Guard, put by those gapers;
And, gentlemen-ushers, see the gallery clear;
The dukes are coming on. [*Hautboys.*

Enter SOPHIA, *between* ROLLO *and* OTTO, AUBREY, LATORCH, GISBERT, BALDWIN, *Attendants*, HAMOND, MATILDA, *and* EDITH.

Serv. [*Whispering to* OTTO.] 'Tis certainly inform'd.
Otto. Reward the fellow,
And look you mainly to it.
Serv. My life for yours, sir!
Soph. Now am I straight, my lords, and young again;
My long-since-blasted hopes shoot out in blossoms,
The fruits of everlasting love appearing.
Oh! my blest boys, the honour of my years,
Of all my cares the bounteous fair rewarders,
Oh! let me thus embrace you, thus for ever
Within a mother's love lock up your friendships!

And, my sweet sons, once more with mutual twinings,
As one chaste bed begot ye, make one body!
[*They embrace.*
Blessings from Heaven in thousand show'rs fall on ye!

Aub. Oh, woman's goodness never to be equall'd!
May the most sinful creatures of thy sex,
But kneeling at thy monument, rise saints!

Soph. Sit down, my worthy sons; my lords, your places.
Ay, now methinks the table's nobly furnish'd;
Now the meat nourishes; the wine gives spirit;
And all the room, stuck with a general pleasure,
Shews like the peaceful bower of happiness.

Aub. Long may it last! and, from a heart fill'd with it
Full as my cup, I give it round, my lords.
[*They drink.*

Bald. And may that stubborn heart be drunk with sorrow,
Refuses it! Men dying now should take it,
And, by the virtue of this ceremony,
Shake off their miseries, and sleep in peace.

Rollo. You are sad, my noble brother.

Otto. No, indeed, sir.

Soph. No sadness, my sweet son, this day.

Rollo. Pray you eat;
Something is here you have loved; taste of this dish,
It will prepare your stomach.

Otto. Thank you, brother:
I am not now disposed to eat.

Rollo. Or that;
(You put us out of heart, man) come, these baked meats
Were ever your best diet.

Otto. None, I thank you.

Soph. Are you well, noble child?

Otto. Yes, gracious mother.
Rollo. Give him a cup of wine, then.—Pledge the health;
Drink it to me; I'll give it to my mother.
Soph. Do, my best child.
Otto. I must not, my best mother,
Indeed I dare not; for, of late, my body
Has been much weaken'd by excess of diet;
The promise of a fever hanging on me,
And even now ready, if not by abstinence——
Rollo. And will you keep it in this general freedom?[7]
A little health preferr'd before our friendship?
Otto. I pray you excuse me, sir.
Rollo. Excuse yourself, sir;
Come, 'tis your fear, and not your fever, brother,
And you have done me a most worthy kindness!—
My royal mother, and you, noble lords,
Hear, for it now concerns me to speak boldly:
What faith can be expected from his vows;
From his dissembling smiles, what fruit of friendship;
From all his full embraces, what blest issue;
When he shall brand me here for base suspicion?
He takes me for a poisoner——
Soph. Gods defend it, son!
Rollo. For a foul knave, a villain, and so fears me.[8]

[7] Rollo. *And will you keep it in this general freedom;*
A little health preferr'd before our friendship?
Otto. *I pray you excuse me, sir.*] These lines are not found in the old quarto, yet no one can well doubt of their being genuine.—*Seward.*
They are found in the first quarto, though not in the second.

[8] *For a foul knave, &c.*] The octavos of 1711 and 1750 omit this line; not, as we suppose, meaning to reprobate it, but through inattention in the editors of 1711, not sufficiently adverted to by those of 1750.—Ed. 1778.

Otto. I could say something too.
Soph. You must not so, sir,
Without your great forgetfulness of virtue:
This is your brother, and your honour'd brother,
Indeed your loving brother.
Rollo. If he please so.
Soph. One noble father, with as noble thoughts,
Begot your minds and bodies; one care rock'd you;
And one truth to you both was ever sacred.
Now fy, my Otto! whither flies your goodness?
Because the right hand has the power of cutting,
Shall the left presently cry out 'tis maim'd?
They are one, my child, one power, and one performance,
And, join'd together thus, one love, one body.
Aub. I do beseech your grace, take to your thoughts
More certain counsellors than doubts and fears;
They strangle nature, and disperse themselves
(If once believed) into such fogs and errors
That the bright truth herself can never sever.
Your brother is a royal gentleman,
Full of himself, honour, and honesty;
And take heed, sir, how nature bent to goodness,
So straight a cedar to himself, uprightness,
Being wrested from his true use, prove not dangerous.[9]

[9] *And take heed, sir, how Nature bent to goodness,*
(*So straight a cedar* to himself) *uprightness*
Be *wrested from* his *true* use, *prove not dangerous.*] This passage, which as it has been hitherto printed, seemed to Mr Sympson quite unintelligible, like a chrystal stream disturbed in a bright day, contains the glittering fragments of a most poetic sentiment. I strike out the parenthesis, and read *itself* for *himself*, it being evident that *uprightness* is the straight cedar. *Being* for *be* restores the grammar, and *line*, *growth*, or *course*, instead of *use*, will either of them carry on the metaphor; so will *base*, and as that is nearest the trace of the letters, though it but this instant occurred, I shall venture it into the text.—*Seward.*

Rollo. Nay, my good brother knows I am too patient.
Lat. Why should your grace think him a poisoner?
Has he no more respect to piety?
And, but he has by oath tied up his fury,
Who durst but think that thought?
Aub. Away, thou firebrand!
Lat. If men of his sort, of his power, and place,
The eldest son in honour to this dukedom——
Bald. For shame, contain thy tongue, thy poisonous tongue,

Seward reads—

And take heed, sir, how Nature bent to goodness,
So straight a cedar *in its*elf, uprightness,
Being wrested from *its true base*, prove not dangerous.

" In which," says Mason, " the editors have [Seward has] made no less than five [six] amendments, one only of which appears to be necessary, viz. the reading of *being*, instead of *be*, in the last line, which both the sense and the grammar seem to require. The reading of *base* instead of *use* is not warranted; for *use* does not mean benefit or advantage, but usage or purpose: and the changing the personal pronouns *himself* and *his*, in the second and third lines, takes off from the poetical cast of the language, and reduces it to prose. The right of personifying virtues and passions has been assumed by all dramatic writers, and by none more frequently than by Shakspeare. In this very play, (Act III. Sc. I.) Rollo says—

" For Heaven 'tis makes 'em wise, as it makes me just,
As it preserves me, as I now survive
By *his* strong hand to keep you all alive.

" And in the Lover's Progress, Lidian says to Lisander,

" As you are a true soldier, court your honour:
Though *she* be stern, *she* is honest."—

Another very apposite instance occurs in the Prophetess,

—— Nothing's more uncertain, my Aurelia,
Than power that stands not on *his* proper basis,
But borrows *his* foundation.—

After all, I cannot but suspect the loss of one or more lines in the text.

That with her burning venom will infect all,
And once more blow a wildfire through the duke-
dom!
Gis. Latorch, if thou be'st honest, or a man,
Contain thyself.
Aub. Go to; no more! by Heaven,
You'll find you have plaid the fool else! not a word
more!
Soph. Pr'ythee, sweet son!
Rollo. Let him alone, sweet mother.—And, my
lords,
To make you understand how much I honour
This sacred peace, and next my innocence,
And to avoid all further difference
Discourse may draw on to a way of danger,
I quit my place, and take my leave for this night,
Wishing a general joy may dwell among you.
Aub. Shall we wait on your grace?
Rollo. I dare not break you.—
Latorch! [*Exeunt* ROLLO *and* LATORCH.
Soph. Do you now perceive your brother's sweet-
ness? [1] [*Apart to* OTTO.
Otto. Oh, mother, that your tenderness had eyes,
Discerning eyes, what would this man appear then!
The tale of Sinon, when he took upon him
To ruin Troy; with what a cloud of cunning
He hid his heart, nothing appearing outwards
But came like innocence and dropping pity,
Sighs that would sink a navy, and had tales
Able to take the ears of saints; belief too; [2]
And what did all these? blew the fire to Ilium!

[1] Soph. *Do you now perceive your brother's sweetness?*] This line is from the second quarto.

[2] *Able to take the ear of* saints' belief *too.*] This is the absurd reading of the last edition. That in the text is from the first quarto and folio.

His crafty art (but more refined by study)[3]
My brother has put on: Oh, I could tell you,
But for the reverence I bear to nature,
Things that would make your honest blood move backward.

Soph. You dare tell me?

Otto. Yes, in your private closet,
Where I will presently attend you. Rise!
I am a little troubled, but 'twill off.

Soph. Is this the joy I look'd for!

Otto. All will mend;
Be not disturb'd, dear mother; I'll not fail you.

[*Exeunt* SOPHIA *and* OTTO.

Bald. I do not like this.

Aub. That's still in our powers;
But how to make it so that we may like it——

Bald. Beyond us ever!—Latorch, methought, was busy;
That fellow, if not look'd to narrowly,
Will do a sudden mischief.

Aub. Hell look to him!
For if there may be a devil above all yet,
That rogue will make him. Keep you up this night;
And so will I, for much I fear a danger.

Bald. I will, and in my watches use my prayers.

[*Exeunt.*

[3] *His crafty art* (*but more refined by study*).] This line, so necessary to the sense, and undoubtedly genuine, is not in the quarto, but in the folio of 1679.—*Seward.*

It is in the first quarto, which Seward and the last editors never saw, or, seeing, never examined.

ACT III. SCENE I.

The private Room of the Duchess in the same.

Enter SOPHIA, OTTO, MATILDA, *and* EDITH.

Otto. You wonder, madam, that, for all the shows
My brother Rollo makes of hearty love,
And free possession of the dukedom 'twixt us,
I notwithstanding should stand still suspicious,
As if, beneath those veils, he did convey
Intents and practices of hate and treason?
Soph. It breeds indeed my wonder.
Otto. Which makes mine,
Since 'tis so safe and broad a beaten way,
Beneath the name of friendship to betray.
Soph. Though, in remote and further-off affections,
These falsehoods are so common, yet in him
They cannot so force nature.
Otto. The more near
The bands of truth bind, the more oft they sever,
Being better cloaks to cover falsehood ever.
Soph. It cannot be, that fruits the tree so blasting,[4]

[4] *It cannot be, that fruits, the tree so blasting.*] Mr Theobald, from the old quarto, puts —— (*the tree so blasting*) in a parenthesis, and Mr Sympson would read *blasted*; both join in the same sense, *the tree being so blasted, or of such a blasting nature.* But if the tree is so blasted, or blasting, where is the wonder that it should produce bad fruit? I strike out even the comma, and

Can grow in nature. Take heed, gentle son,
Lest some suborn'd suggester of these treasons,
Believed in him by you, provoke the rather
His tender envies to such foul attempts;
Or that your too much love to rule alone
Breed not in him this jealous passion:[5]
There is not any ill we might not bear,
Were not our good held at a price too dear.
Otto. So apt is Treachery to be excused,
That Innocence is still aloud abused;
The fate of Virtue even her friends perverts,

understand it in this sense. *It cannot be that fruits so blasting the tree from whence they sprung should grow in nature.* Here *Rollo* is the fruit, she herself the tree, one of whose natural branches *Rollo* would blast, and by consequence the *tree itself.*—*Seward.*

Mr Seward is certainly right in his reading and explanation; and yet, by a strange confusion of ideas, quite wrong in his commentary. It is plain from the speech of Otto, to which this is an immediate answer, that *Falsehood* is the supposed fruit, and *Truth* the tree; Rollo being here accused of engrafting treachery on friendship, and murder on the shews of natural affection and consanguinity.—Ed. 1778.

I should rather be inclined to prefer Seward's comment; but the reader is left to the choice of either one or the other.

5 ——— *Take heed, gentle son,*
Lest some suborn'd suggester of these treasons,
Believed in him by you, provoked *the rather*
His tender envies to such foul attempts;
Or that your too much love to rule alone,
Breed *not* of *him this jealous passion.*] So the second quarto. The first reads the last line,

Breed *not* in *him this jealous passion.*

The last editors observe, that "Mr Seward, in the third line, reads *provoke* instead of *provoked;* which word, says he, would imply Sophia's belief of Rollo's attempt, which she did not give credit to.' In this variation we think him perfectly right; but not in his restoring the last line from the quarto, which appears evidently corrupt. The meaning of the passage is, 'Take care lest your suspicion should *provoke* his violence, or your ambition *breed* his jealousy."

To plead for Vice oft-times against their hearts:
Heaven's blessing is her curse, which she must bear,
That she may never love [herself too dear.][6]
Soph. Alas, my son, nor fate, nor Heaven itself,
Can or would wrest my whole care of your good
To any least secureness in your ill:
What I urge issues from my curious fear,
Lest you should make your means to 'scape, your snare:
Doubt of sincereness is the only mean,
Not to incense it, but corrupt it clean.
Otto. I rest as far from wrong of all sincereness,
As he flies from the practice. Trust me, madam,
I know by their confessions he suborn'd,
What I should eat, drink, touch, or only have scented,
This evening-feast, was poison'd: But I fear
His open violence more, that treacherous odds,
Which he, in his insatiate thirst of rule,
Is like to execute.
Soph. Believe it, son,

[6] *Heaven's blessing is her curse, which she must bear,*
That she may never love.
Soph. *Alas, my son, &c.*] The second line is left thus imperfect in sense and measure in all the editions. By observing the tendency of the sense one may ask, what is the moral reason why Virtue in this life should be permitted by Heaven to fall under obloquy and disgrace? Lest self-approbation and self-love should puff up the heart of the virtuous man to pride and vanity. The following words give this sense, and complete the rhyme.

——— *which she must bear,*
That she may never love herself too dear.

After this had occurred, by looking back I found this made a direct parody to the conclusion of Sophia's last speech.

There is not any ill we might not bear,
Were not our good held at a price too dear.

This therefore adds greatly to the probability of the conjecture.—*Seward.*

If still his stomach be so foul to feed
On such gross objects, and that thirst to rule
The state alone be yet unquench'd in him,
Poisons, and such close treasons, ask more time
Than can suffice his fiery spirit's haste:
And, were there in him such desire to hide
So false a practice, there would likewise rest
Conscience and fear in him of open force;
And therefore close nor open you need fear.

Mat. Good madam, stand not so inclined to trust
What proves his tenderest thoughts to doubt it just.
Who knows not the unbounded flood and sea,[7]
In which my brother Rollo's appetites
Alter and rage? with every puff and breath,
His swelling blood exhales; and therefore hear,
What gives my temperate brother cause to use
His readiest circumspection, and consult
For remedy 'gainst all his wicked purposes.
If he arm, arm; if he strew mines of treason,
Meet him with countermines: 'Tis justice still
(For goodness' sake) to encounter ill with ill.

Soph. Avert from us such justice, equal Heaven,[8]

[7] *Who knows not the unbounded flood and sea,*
In which my brother Rollo's appetites
Alter and rage with every puff and breath?
His swelling blood exhales.] This punctuation, Mr Seward truly remarks, "greatly diminishes the extreme beauty of the metaphors. *Exhales* signifies, *boils* and *flings off* vapours, as the sea in storms does its spray. This is the true meaning of the word, from the Latin *exhalere.* We corrupt it when we say the sun *exhales* vapours from the sea."—Ed. 1778.

In the first quarto there is no sign of interrogation.

[8] Equal *Heaven.*] *Equal* is here used in the sense of the Latin word *æquus*, and means *favourable, propitious.*—Ed. 1778.

Rather *just, impartial.* The former word could not be here used, as *justice* occurs twice in this short speech. *Equal* was used in the same sense frequently, for instance in the Knight of Malta:

"What could this thief have done, had his cause been *equal.*"

And all such cause of justice!
Otto. Past all doubt
(For all the sacred privilege of night)
This is no time for us to sleep or rest in:
Who knows not all things holy are prevented
With ends of all impiety? all but
Lust, gain, ambition.[9]

Enter ROLLO *armed, and* LATORCH.

Rollo. Perish all the world
Ere I but lose one foot of possible empire,

[9] *Who knows not all things holy are* prevented,
With ends of all impiety, all but
Lust, gain, ambition.] Seward supposes that two hemistichs have been lost in this place, which he has thus attempted to supply,

Who knows not all things holy are perverted
To th' *ends of all impiety?* thus darkness
Lulls all things in security, *all but*
Lust, gain, ambition.

The last editors observe that it has been suggested to them, "that, by understanding the word *prevented* in a sense which it not infrequently bears, that of *being beforehand*, or *taking place*, Otto here inculcates the doctrine, that impiety *oversways* righteousness, and all considerations but those of lust, gain, and ambition."

Mason pronounces the old reading corrupt, and proposes a remedy, by reading *by* for *but*, at the end of the second line; which produces an extremely harsh expression. His observation, that "the word *with*, in the second line, has the force of *by*," is however correct, and he supports it by a quotation from the Lovers' Progress, but the phrase is so common that instances are needless.—The passage in the text is certainly obscure, but I believe the authors must be charged with inadvertency and inaccuracy of language. Otto had said that this was no time to sleep in, and then continues: "Who knows not that all things holy, (and amongst the rest *sleep*) are prevented by the ends or purposes of impiety?" In the remainder of the speech, Otto (no doubt very obscurely) means to say, that lust, gain, and ambition, are watchful in the night, and by that means prevent those subject to these vices from enjoying rest.

By sleights and colour used by slaves and wretches!
I am exempt by birth from both those curbs,
And sit above them in all justice, since
I sit above in power: Where power is given,
Is all the right supposed of earth and Heaven.
Lat. Prove both, sir; see the traitor!
Otto. He comes arm'd;
See, mother, now your confidence!
Soph. What rage affects this monster?
Rollo. Give me way, or perish!
Soph. Make thy way, viper, if thou thus affect it!
Otto. This is a treason like thee!
Rollo. Let her go!
Soph. Embrace me, wear me as thy shield, my son;
And through my breast let his rude weapon run,
To thy life's innocence!
Otto. Play not two parts,
Treacher[1] and coward both, but yield a sword,
And let thy arming thee be odds enough
Against my naked bosom!
Rollo. Loose his hold!
Mat. Forbear, base murderer!
Rollo. Forsake our mother!
Soph. Mother dost thou name me,
And put off nature thus?
Rollo. Forsake her, traitor,
Or, by the spoil[2] of nature, thorough hers,
This leads unto thy heart!
Otto. Hold!
Soph. Hold me still.
Otto. For twenty hearts and lives, I will not hazard

[1] *Treacher.*] This obsolete word, which occurs in another part of this play, was frequently used for *traitor*.

[2] *Spouse.*] So the first quarto. The text is from the second.

One drop of blood in yours.[3]

Soph. Oh, thou art lost then!

Otto. Protect my innocence, Heaven!

Soph. Call out murder!

Mat. Be murder'd all, but save him!

Edith. Murder! murder!

Rollo. Cannot I reach you yet?

Otto. No, fiend. [*They wrestle.* Rollo *falls.*

Rollo. Latorch,
Rescue! I'm down.

Lat. Up then; your sword cools, sir:
Ply it i' th' flame, and work your ends out.

Rollo. Ha!
Have at you there, sir!

Enter Aubrey.

Aub. Author of prodigies,
What sights are these?

Otto. Oh, give me a weapon, Aubrey!
[*He is stabbed.*

Soph. Oh, part 'em, part 'em!

Aub. For Heaven's sake, no more!

Otto. No more resist his fury; no rage can
Add to his mischief done! [*Dies.*

Soph. Take spirit, my Otto;
Heaven will not see thee die thus.

Mat. He is dead,
And nothing lives but death of every goodness.

Soph. Oh, he hath slain his brother; curse him, Heaven!

Rollo. Curse and be cursed! it is the fruit of cursing.—
Latorch, take off here; bring too of that blood
To colour o'er my shirt; then raise the court,

[3] *One drop of blood in* yours.] *Yours* refers to *heart.*—*Mason.*

And give it out how he attempted us,
In our bed naked. Shall the name of brother
Forbid us to enlarge our state and powers?
Or place affects of blood[4] above our reason,
That tells us all things good against another,
Are good in the same line against a brother?
[*Exeunt* ROLLO *and* LATORCH.

Enter GISBERT *and* BALDWIN.

Gis. What affairs[5] inform these outcries?
Aub. See, and grieve.
Gis. Prince Otto slain?
Bald. Oh, execrable slaughter!
What hand hath author'd it?
Aub. Your scholar's, Baldwin.
Bald. Unjustly urged, lord Aubrey, as if I,
For being his schoolmaster, must teach this doctrine.
You are his counsellor; did you advise him
To this foul parricide?
Gis. If rule affects this licence, who would live
To worse than die, in force of his obedience?
Bald. Heaven's cold and lingering spirit to punish sin,
And human blood so fiery to commit it,
One so outgoes the other, it will never
Be turn'd to fit obedience.
Aub. Burst it then
With his full swing given. Where it brooks no bound,
Complaints of it are vain; and all that rests
To be our refuge (since our powers are strengthless)

[4] *Affects of blood.*] *Affect* occurs very frequently for *passions, affections.*
[5] *What* affairs *inform these outcries?*] Theobald reads *fears*; but the old text is better, and means simply,—What affairs do these outcries indicate?

Is, to conform our wills to suffer freely[6]
What with our murmurs we can never master.—
Ladies, be pleased with what Heaven's pleasure
suffers;
Erect your princely countenances and spirits,
And, to redress the mischief now resistless,
Sooth it in show, rather than curse or cross it;
Wish all amends, and vow to it your best,
But, 'till you may perform it, let it rest.
Gis. Those temporizings are too dull and servile
To breathe the free air of a manly soul,
Which shall in me expire in execrations,
Before for any life I sooth a murderer!
Bald. Pour lives before him, till his own be dry
Of all life's services and human comforts!
None left that looks at Heaven is half so base[7]
To do these black and hellish actions grace!

[6] *Is to conform our wills to suffer freely.*] Passive obedience and non-resistance to princes, being the absurd but almost universal doctrine of our author's age, *Aubrey* is upon that principle a very complete character. And every reader, who wants to form a true taste of any poem, should always use an occasional conformity to the doctrines and tenets of the age the poet wrote in. Without this, the characters of *Amintor* in the Maid's Tragedy, of *Aëcius* in Valentinian, and *Aubrey* here, together with many inferior characters, will not be near so interesting as they really deserve to be.—*Seward.*

Surely not one of these characters can be considered uninteresting, whether we adopt the notions of our ancestors or not. A character may not be perfect, and yet interest us more than if he was so.

[7] *None* left *that looks at Heaven* is *half so base*
To do those black and hellish actions grace.] So the first quarto. The second quarto reads,

None left that looks at Heaven's left halfe so base.

Which is by no means so good as the first reading, though retained by the last editors.

Enter ROLLO, LATORCH, HAMOND, *and Guard.*

Rollo. Haste, Latorch,
And raise the city, as the court is raised,
Proclaiming the abhorr'd conspiracy
In plot against my life.
Lat. I shall, my lord. [*Exit.*
Rollo. You there that mourn upon the justly slain,
Arise and leave it, if you love your lives!
And hear from me what (kept by you) may save you.
Mat. What will the butcher do? I will not stir.
Rollo. Stir, and unforced stir, or stir never more!
Command her, you grave beldam, that know better
My deadly resolutions, since I drew them
From the infective fountain of your own;
Or, if you have forgot, this fiery prompter
Shall fix the fresh impression on your heart!
Soph. Rise, daughter; serve his will in what we may,
Lest what we may not he enforce the rather.—
Is this all you command us?
Rollo. This addition
Only admitted; that, when I endeavour
To quit me of this slaughter, you presume not
To cross me with a syllable; for your souls
Murmur[8] nor think against it; but weigh well,
It will not help your ill, but help to more,
And that my hand, wrought thus far to my will,
Will check at nothing till his circle fill.
Mat. Fill it, so I consent not; but who sooths it
Consents, and who consents to tyranny, does it.

[8] *To cross me with a syllable,* nor *your souls.*] So the second quarto and the last edition. The text with a small variation in the pointing, is from the first.

Rollo. False traitress, die then with him!
Aub. Are you mad,
To offer at more blood, and make yourself
More horrid to your people? I'll proclaim,
It is not as your instrument will publish.
Rollo. Do, and take that along with you.—[AUBREY *disarms him.*] So nimble!
Resign my sword, and dare not for thy soul
To offer what thou insolently threat'nest,
One word proclaiming cross to what Latorch
Hath in commission, and intends to publish.
Aub. Well, sir, not for your threats, but for your good,
Since more hurt to you would more hurt your country,
And that you must make virtue of the need
That now compels you, I'll consent, as far
As silence argues, to your will proclaim'd.
And since no more sons of your princely father
Survive to rule but you, and that I wish
You should rule like your father, with the love
And zeal of all your subjects, this foul slaughter
That now you have committed, made ashamed
With that fair blessing, that, in place of plagues,
Heaven tries our mending disposition with,
Take here your sword; which now use like a prince,
And no more like a tyrant.
Rollo. This sounds well;
Live, and be gracious with us.
Gis. & Bald. Oh, lord Aubrey!
Mat. He flatter thus? [*Aside to* SOPHIA.
Soph. He temporizes fitly.
Rollo. Wonder invades me![9]

[9] *Wonder invades me!*] These words Seward and the last editors separate from Aubrey's speech, the former giving them to Sophia, and the latter to Baldwin and Gisbert conjunctly. But

Do you two think much
That he thus wisely, and with need, consents
To what I author for your country's good,
You being my tutor, you my chancellor?
Gis. Your chancellor is not your flatterer, sir.
Bald. Nor is't your tutor's part to shield such doctrine.
Rollo. Sir, first know you,
In praise of your pure oratory that raised you,
That when the people (who I know by this
Are raised out of their rests, and hastening hither
To witness what is done here) are arrived
With our Latorch, that you, *ex tempore*,
Shall fashion an oration to acquit
And justify this forced fact of mine;
Or for the proud refusal lose your head.
Gis. I fashion an oration to acquit you?
Sir, know you then, that 'tis a thing less easy
To excuse a parricide than to commit it.
Rollo. I do not wish you, sir, to excuse me,
But to accuse my brother, as the cause
Of his own slaughter, by attempting mine.
Gis. Not for the world; I should pour blood on blood!
It were another murder, to accuse
Him that fell innocent.
Rollo. Away with him!
Hence, hale him straight to execution!

though old poets are not always very accurate, they seldom are so very lax as to give such an exclamation as this to more than one man. It is very different from the former joint address of Gisbert and Baldwin to Aubrey, which might be used by twenty persons at once. Rollo may either hypocritically pretend astonishment at the surprise expressed by Gisbert and Baldwin, at Aubrey's wishes for the good of his country; or he may speak the words aside, being himself surprised at Aubrey's speech. I prefer the former supposition

Aub. Far fly such rigour your amendful hand.
Rollo. He perishes with him that speaks for him!
Guard, do your office on him, on your lives' pain.
Gis. Tyrant, 'twill haste thy own death.
[*He is seized.*
Rollo. Let it wing it!
He threatens me: Villains, tear him piece-meal hence!
Guard. Avaunt, sir.
Ham. Force him hence!
Rollo. Dispatch him, captain:
And bring me instant word he is dispatch'd,
And how his rhetoric takes it.
Ham. I'll not fail, sir.
Rollo. Captain, besides remember this in chief;
That, being executed, you deny
To all his friends the rites of funeral,
And cast his carcase out to dogs and fowls.
Ham. 'Tis done, my lord.
Rollo. Upon your life, not fail!
[*Exeunt* HAMOND, GISBERT, *and Guard.*
Bald. What impious daring is there here of Heaven!
Rollo. Sir, now prepare yourself, against the people
Make here their entry, to discharge the oration
He hath denied my will.
Bald. For fear of death?
Ha, ha, ha!
Rollo. Is death ridiculous with you?
Works misery of age this, or thy judgment?
Bald. Judgment, false tyrant!
Rollo. You'll make no oration then?
Bald. Not to excuse,
But aggravate thy murder, if thou wilt;
Which I will so enforce, I'll make thee wreak it
(With hate of what thou win'st by't) on thyself,

With such another justly-merited murder.
Rollo. I'll answer you anon!

Enter LATORCH.

Lat. The citizens
Are hasting, sir, in heaps, all full resolved,
By my persuasion, of your brother's treasons.
Rollo. Honest Latorch!

Enter HAMOND *with* GISBERT'S *head.*

Ham. See, sir, here's Gisbert's head.
Rollo. Good speed. Was't with a sword?
Ham. An axe, my lord.
Rollo. An axe? 'twas vilely done! I would have had
My own fine headsman done it with a sword.
Go, take this dotard here, and take his head
Off with a sword.
Ham. Your schoolmaster?
Rollo. Even he. [BALDWIN *is seized.*
Bald. For teaching thee no better; 'tis the best
Of all thy damned justices!—Away,
Captain; I'll follow.
Edith. Oh, stay there, duke;
[*Coming forward and kneeling.*
And, in the midst of all thy blood and fury,
Hear a poor maid's petitions, hear a daughter,
The only daughter of a wretched father!
Oh, stay your haste, as you shall need this mercy!
Rollo. Away with this fond woman!
Edith. You must hear me,
If there be any spark of pity in you,
If sweet humanity and mercy rule you!
I do confess you are a prince, your anger
As great as you, your execution greater——

Rollo. Away with him!

Edith. Oh, captain, by thy manhood,
By her soft soul that bare thee—I do confess, sir,
Your doom of justice on your foes most righteous—
Good noble prince, look on me!

Rollo. Take her from me!

Edith. A curse upon his life that hinders me!
May father's blessing never fall upon him,
May Heaven ne'er hear his prayers! I beseech you,
Oh, sir, these tears beseech you, these chaste hands
woo you,
That never yet were heaved but to things holy,
Things like yourself! You are a god above us;
Be as a god then, full of saving mercy!
Mercy, oh, mercy, sir, for his sake mercy,
That, when your stout heart weeps, shall give you
pity!
Here I must grow.

Rollo. By Heaven, I'll strike thee, woman!

Edith. Most willingly; let all thy anger seize me,
All the most studied torments, so this good man,
This old man, and this innocent, escape thee!

Rollo. Carry him away, I say!

Edith. Now blessing on thee! Oh, sweet pity,
I see it in thy eyes.—I charge you, soldiers,
Even by the prince's power, release my father!
The prince is merciful; why do you hold him?
The prince forgets his fury; why do you tug him?[1]
He is old; why do you hurt him? Speak, oh, speak,
sir!
Speak, as you are a man! a man's life hangs, sir,
A friend's life, and a foster life, upon you.
'Tis but a word, but *mercy* quickly spoke, sir.
Oh, speak, prince, speak!

[1] *The prince, &c.*] This line is not in the first quarto.

Rollo. Will no man here obey me?
Have I no rule yet? As I live, he dies
That does not execute my will, and suddenly!
Bald. All that thou canst do takes but one short hour from me.
Rollo. Hew off her hands!
Ham. Lady, hold off!
Edith. No, hew 'em;
Hew off my innocent hands, as he commands you!
They'll hang the faster on for death's convulsion.—
[*Exit* BALDWIN *with the Guard.*
Thou seed of rocks, will nothing move thee then?
Are all my tears lost? all my righteous prayers
Drown'd in thy drunken wrath? I stand up thus then,*
Thus boldly, bloody tyrant,
And to thy face, in Heaven's high name, defy thee!
And may sweet Mercy, when thy soul sighs for it;
When under thy black mischiefs thy flesh trembles;
When neither strength, nor youth, nor friends, nor gold,
Can stay one hour; when thy most wretched conscience,
Waked from her dream of death, like fire shall melt thee;
When all thy mother's tears, thy brother's wounds,
Thy people's fears and curses, and my loss,

* *I stand* up *thus then;*
Thus boldly, bloody tyrant,
And to thy face in Heaven's high name defy thee.] *Up* in the first line is not in the oldest quarto.—Both Seward and the last editors unnecessarily propose to fill up the hemistich,

Thus boldly, bloody tyrant,——

The former with "*I defy thee*," the latter with "*I stand up*." But the one is vulgar, the other mere tautology, and the old text far more poetical.

My aged father's loss, shall stand before thee——

Rollo. Save him, I say; run, save him, save her father;
Fly, and redeem his head! [*Exit* LATORCH.

Edith. May then that pity,
That comfort thou expect'st from Heaven, that mercy,
Be lock'd up from thee, fly thee! howlings find thee,
Despair, (oh, my sweet father!) storms of terrors,
Blood till thou burst again!

Rollo. Oh, fair sweet anger!

Enter LATORCH *and* HAMOND, *with* BALDWIN'S *head.*

Lat. I came too late, sir; 'twas dispatch'd before;
His head is here.

Rollo. And my heart there! Go, bury him;
Give him fair rites of funeral, decent honours.

Edith. Wilt thou not take me, monster? Highest Heaven,
Give him a punishment fit for his mischief!
[*Falls down.*

Lat. I fear thy prayer is heard, and he rewarded.
Lady, have patience; 'twas unhappy speed;
Blame not the duke, 'twas not his fault, but Fate's;
He sent, you know, to stay it, and commanded,
In care of you, the heavy object hence
Soon as it came: Have better thoughts of him!

Enter the Citizens.

1 *Cit.* Where's this young traitor?

Lat. Noble citizens, here;
And here the wounds he gave your sovereign lord.

1 *Cit.* This prince, of force, must be

Beloved of Heaven, whom Heaven hath thus preserved.

2 Cit. And if he be beloved of Heaven, you know,
He must be just, and all his actions so.

Rollo. Concluded like an oracle. Oh, how great
A grace of Heaven is a wise citizen!
For Heaven 'tis makes 'em wise, as it made me just,
As it preserved me, as I now survive
By his strong hand to keep you all alive:
Your wives, your children, goods and lands kept yours,
That had been else prey to his tyrannous power,
That would have prey'd on me, in bed assaulted me,
In sacred time of peace. My mother here,
My sister, this just lord, and all had fill'd
The Curtian gulf of this conspiracy,[3]
Of which my tutor and my chancellor,
(Two of the gravest, and most counted honest,
In all my dukedom) were the monstrous heads.
Oh, trust no honest men for their sakes ever,
My politic citizens; but those that bear
The names of cut-throats, usurers, and tyrants,
Oh, those believe in; for the foul-mouth'd world
Can give no better terms to simple goodness.
Even me it dares blaspheme, and thinks me tyrannous
For saving my own life sought by my brother:
Yet those that sought his life before by poison
(Though mine own servants, hoping to please me)
I'll lead to death for't, which your eyes shall see.

1 Cit. Why, what a prince is here!

——— *And all had* felt
The Curtian gulf of this conspiracy.] To *feel* a gulf is certainly a *poor* if not an absurd expression; but to *fill* the gulf, as Mr Sympson reads, is the exact poetical idea which the metaphor demands.—*Seward.*

2 *Cit.* How just!

3 *Cit.* How gentle!

Rollo. Well, now, my dearest subjects, or much rather
My nerves, my spirits, or my vital blood,
Turn to your needful rests, and settled peace,
Fix'd in this root of steel, from whence it sprung,
In Heaven's great help and blessing: But, ere sleep
Bind in his sweet oblivion your dull senses,
The name and virtue of Heaven's king advance
For yours (in chief,) for my deliverance!

Citizens. Heaven and his king save our most pious sovereign! [*Exeunt Citizens.*

Rollo. Thanks, my good people.—Mother, and kind sister,
And you, my noble kinsman, things borne thus
Shall make ye all command whatever I
Enjoy in this my absolute empery.
Take in the body of my princely brother,
For whose death, since his fate no other way
Would give my eldest birth his supreme right,
We'll mourn the cruel influence it bears,
And wash his sepulchre with kindly tears!

Aub. If this game end thus, Heaven's will rule the set!
What we have yielded to, we could not let.[4]
[*Exeunt all but* Latorch *and* Edith.

Lat. Good lady, rise; and raise your spirits withal,
More high than they are humbled: You have cause,
As much as ever honour'd happiest lady;
And when your ears are freer to take in
Your most amendful and unmatched fortunes,
I'll make you drown an hundred helpless deaths

[4] *Let.*] i. e. Prevent.—Ed. 1778.

In sea of one life pour'd into your bosom;
With which shall flow into your arms the riches,
The pleasures, honours, and the rules of princes:
Which, though death stop your ears, methinks should
ope 'em.
Assay to forget death.
Edith. Oh, slaughter'd father!
Lat. Cast off what cannot be redress'd, and bless
The fate that yet you curse so; since, for that
You spake so movingly, and your sweet eyes
With so much grace fill'd, that you set on fire
The duke's affection, whom you now may rule
As he rules all his dukedom: Is't not sweet?
Does it not shine away your sorrows' clouds?
Sweet lady, take wise heart, and hear, and tell me.
Edith. I hear no word you speak.
Lat. Prepare to hear then,
And be not barr'd up from yourself, nor add
To your ill fortune with your far worse judgment.
Make me your servant,[5] to attend with all joys
Your sad estate, till they both bless and speak it;
See how they'll bow to you; make me wait, com-
mand me
To watch out every minute. For the stay[6]

[5] *Make me your servant to* attend *with* all *joys*
Your sad estate, till they both bless *and speak it.*] These lines are properly and simply explained by the last editors, "Let me attend your melancholy with amusements, till they both remove your sorrows, and make it manifest that they do so." But Seward considered them as shockingly corrupt, and, after long deliberation, produced the following modest amendments:

Make me your servant, *make the courtiers all*
Your servants, studious to AMEND with joys
Your sad estate, till YOU ARE BLEST;—and speak it,
See how they'll bow to you, &c.

[6] —*for the* stay
Your modest sorrow fancies, &c.] By the stay, Latorch means

Your modest sorrow fancies, raise your graces,
And do my hopes the honour of your motion
To all the offer'd heights that now attend you.
Oh, how your touches ravish! how the duke
Is slain already, with your flames embraced!
I will both serve and visit you, and often.
Edith. I am not fit, sir.
Lat. Time will make you, lady. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Street.

Enter Guard, three or four Boys, then the Sheriff, Cook, Yeoman of the Cellar, Butler, and Pantler, to Execution.

1 *Guard.* Come, bring these fellows on; away with 'em!
2 *Guard.* Make room afore there! room there for the prisoners!
1 *Boy.* Let's run afore, boys; we shall get no places else.
2 *Boy.* Are these the youths?
Cook. These are the youths you look for:
And pray, my honest friends, be not so hasty;
There will be nothing done till we come, I assure you.

the delay which the recent death of her father rendered decent and natural, and accordingly he says to Rollo in the next act,

My lord, expect a while;
As yet her griefs are green and fresh.

3 Boy. Here's a wise hanging! Are there no more?
But. Do you hear, sir?
You may come in for your share, if you please.
Cook. My friend, if you be unprovided of a hanging,
(You look like a good-fellow) I can afford you
A reasonable pennyworth.
2 Boy. Afore, afore, boys!
Here's enough to make us sport.
Yeo. Pox take you,
Do you call this sport? are these your recreations?
Must we be hang'd to make you mirth?
Cook. Do you hear, sir?
You custard-pate! we go to't for high-treason,
An honourable fault; thy foolish father
Was hang'd for stealing sheep.
Boys. Away, away, boys!
Cook. Do you see how that sneaking rogue looks now?
You chip pantler, you peaching rogue, that provided us
These necklaces! you poor rogue, you costive rogue you!
Pant. Pray, pray, fellows!
Cook. Pray for thy crusty soul? Where's your reward now,
Good goodman manchet, for your fine discovery?
I do beseech you, sir, where are your dollars?
Draw with your fellows, and be hang'd!
Yeo. He must now;
For now he shall be hang'd first, that's his comfort:
A place too good for thee, thou meal-mouth'd rascal!
Cook. Hang handsomely, for shame! Come, leave your praying,
You peaching knave, and die like a good courtier!
Die honestly, and like a man. No preaching,

With "I beseech you, take example by me;
I lived a lewd man,[7] good people!" Pox on't,
Die me as thou hadst dined; say grace, and God
be wi' you!

Guard. Come, will you forward?

Cook. Good master sheriff, your leave too;
This hasty work was ne'er done well: Give's so much
time
As but to sing our own ballads, for we'll trust no
man,
Nor no tune but our own; 'twas done in ale too,
And therefore cannot be refused in justice.
Your penny-pot poets are such pelting[8] thieves,
They ever hang men twice; we have it here, sir,
And so must every merchant of our voyage;
He'll make a sweet return else of his credit!

Yeo. One fit of our own mirth, then we are for
you.

Guard. Make haste then, and dispatch.

Yeo. There's day enough, sir.

Cook. Come, boys, sing chearfully; we shall ne'er
sing younger.
We have chose a loud tune too, because it should
like well.

SONG.

Yeo. *Come, Fortune's a whore, I care not who tell
her,*
Would offer to strangle a page of the cellar,
That should by his oath, to any man's thinking,
And place, have had a defence for his drinking;

[7] *I lived a* lewd *man.*] *Lewd* has not here its present signification, but stands, as in many other instances, for *wicked.*

[8] *Pelting.*] i. e. Grovelling, low, despicable.

But thus she does still when she pleases to palter,
Instead of his wages, she gives him a halter.
Chorus. *Three merry boys,*[9] *and three merry boys,*
And three merry boys are we,
As ever did sing in a hempen string
Under the gallows tree!
But. *But I that was so lusty,*
And ever kept my bottles,

[9] *Three merry boys, &c.*] In Shakspeare's Twelfth Night, act ii. scene iii. Sir Toby, repeating the names and some scraps of old songs, mentions, "*Three merry men we be,*" which Mr Steevens asserts to be a fragment of some old song, which he found repeated in Westward Hoe, by Decker and Webster, 1607:

"Three merry men,
And three merry men,
And three merry men we be."

And Sir John Hawkins, in the Appendix, produces the following passage, but without noticing from whence it is taken:

"The wise men were but seaven, ne'er more shall be for me;
The muses were but nine, the worthies three times three;
And three merry boyes, and three merry boyes, and three merry boyes are wee.
The vertues they were seaven, and three the greater bee;
The Cæsars they were twelve, and fatall sisters three;
And three merry girles, and three merry girles, and three merry girles are wee.

To these proofs we shall add another, taken from Ram-Alley, or Merry Tricks:

"Did I not bring you off, you arrant drub,
Without a counterbuff? looke who comes here,
And three merry men, and three merry men,
And three merry men be wee." *Reed.*

Sir John Hawkins observes, that "there are ale-houses in some of the villages of the kingdom that have the sign of the *Three Merry Boys,*" and that there was one at Highgate in his memory.

In the second quarto the latter part of the chorus stands thus:

As ever did sing three parts in a string all under the *triple* tree.

That neither they were musty,
And seldom less than pottles;
For me to be thus stopt now,
With hemp instead of cork, sir,
And from the gallows lopt now,
Shews that there is a fork, sir,
In death, and this the token;
Man may be two ways killed,
Or like the bottle broken,
Or like the wine be spilled.
Chorus. *Three merry boys, &c.*

Cook. *Oh, yet but look*
On the master cook,
The glory of the kitchen,
In sowing whose fate,
At so lofty a rate,
No tailor e'er had stitching;
For though he makes the man,
The cook yet makes the dishes,
The which no tailor can,
Wherein I have my wishes,
That I who at so many a feast,
Have pleased so many tasters,
Should now myself come to be drest,
A dish for you, my masters.
Chorus. *Three merry boys, &c.*

Pant. *Oh, man or beast,*[1]
Or you at least,
That wears or brow or antler,
Prick up your ears
Unto the tears
Of me, poor Paul the Pantler,

[1] In the first quarto and the folio, the Pantler's stave is placed at the end of the act, after the speeches of the Cook and the Butler.

That thus am clipt,
Because I chipt
The cursed crust of treason
With loyal knife.
Oh, doleful strife,
To hang thus without reason!
Chorus. *Three merry boys, &c.*

Cook. There's a few copies for you. Now, farewell, friends;
And, good master sheriff, let me not be printed
With a brass pot on my head.

But. March fair, march fair! afore, good captain Pantler! [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Room in the Palace.

Enter Aubrey *and* Latorch.

Aub. Latorch, I have waited here to speak with you,
And you must hearken.—Set not forth your legs
Of haste, nor put your face of business on;
An honester affair than this I urge to,
You will not easily think on; and 'twill be

Reward to entertain it; 'tis your fortune
To have our master's ear above the rest
Of us that follow him, but that no man envies—[2]
For I have well consider'd, truth sometimes
May be conveyed in by the same conduits
That falsehood is. These courses that he takes
Cannot but end in ruin; empire got
By blood and violence must so be held;
And how unsafe that is, he first will prove,
That, toiling still to remove enemies,
Makes himself more. It is not now a brother,
A faithful counsellor of state or two,
That are his danger; they are fair[3] dispatch'd:
It is a multitude that begin to fear,
And think what began there must end in them,
For all the fine oration that was made 'em;
And they are not an easy monster quell'd.
Princes may pick their suffering nobles out,
And one by one employ 'em to the block;
But when they once grow formidable to
Their clowns, and coblers, 'ware then! guard themselves.[4]

[2] ——— *but that no man envies:*
For *I have well considered, &c.*] From the word *hearken* in the second line [of this speech] to the particle *for* in the ninth, seems to be only a collection of different parentheses, and that particle to be genuine: "Latorch, I have waited here to speak with *you*, and *you* must hearken—— (pretend not haste) (the business is honest, and reward attends it) (you are in possession of the king's ear, and without envy)——FOR I have well considered, truth sometimes," &c. Ed. 1778.—Seward reads—*and* I have well considered.

[3] *They are* fair *dispatch'd.*] The oldest quarto has it—*far.*

[4] ——— *ware then,* guard *themselves.*] The omission of a letter in the quarto has made the subsequent editions turn a noble sentiment into a very poor one. The quarto has no comma between *then* and *guard;* undoubtedly, therefore, instead of closing Aubrey's fine speech with "Then is their danger, ware then, let them then guard themselves," we should read —— *ware then*

If thou durst tell him this, Latorch, the service
Would not discredit the good name you hold
With men, besides the profit to your master,
And to the public.
Lat. I conceive not so, sir:
They are airy fears; and why should I object them
Unto his fancy? wound what is yet sound?
Your counsels colour not with reason of state,
Where all that's necessary still is just.
The actions of the prince, while they succeed,
Should be made good and glorified, not question'd.
Men do but shew their ill affections,
That——
Aub. What? Speak out!
Lat. Do murmur 'gainst their masters.
Aub. Is this to me?
Lat. It is to whomsoever
Mislikes of the duke's courses.
Aub. Ay! is't so?
At your state-ward, sir?[5]
Lat. I am sworn to hear
Nothing may prejudice the prince.

guards *themselves*; i. e. when a prince is hated by all his subjects, his very guards will become his enemies, and be the first to destroy him. The histories of almost all tyrants in the world confirm this observation. And it is a sort of prophecy of Rollo's fate, a hint of which Aubrey in the next scene gives Rollo himself, when he tells him,

You make your guards *your terrors by these acts.—Seward.*

This amendment is a very ingenious one, but it does not sound like the language of Fletcher; and the text may simply mean—Let princes then beware and guard themselves. Nothing had been said of any mutinous tendency among the guards. Moreover, the comma occurs in the first quarto, though not in the second.

[5] *At your* state-ward, *sir.*] That is, your ward of state. *Mason.* The phrase seems to be taken from fencing.

Aub. Why, do you?
Or have you, ha?
Lat. I cannot tell; men's hearts
Shew in their words sometimes.
Aub. I ever thought thee
Knave of the chamber; art thou the spy too?
Lat. A watchman for the state, and one that's known,
Sir, to be rightly affected.
Aub. Bawd of the state,
No less than of thy master's lusts! I now
See nothing can redeem thee. Dar'st thou mention
Affection, or a heart, that ne'er hadst any?
Know'st not to love or hate, but by the state,[6]
As thy prince does't before thee? That dost never
Wear thy own face, but putt'st on his, and gather'st
Baits for his ears; liv'st wholly at his beck,
And ere thou darest utter a thought's thine own,
Must expect his; creep'st forth and wad'st into him
As if thou wert to pass a ford, there proving
Yet if thy tongue may step on safely or no;
Then ring'st his virtue asleep,[7] and stay'st the wheel
Both of his reason and judgment, that they move not;
White'st over all his vices; and at last
Dost draw a cloud of words before his eyes,
Till he can neither see thee nor himself?

[6] —— *by the* state.] This is the oldest and the true reading. The second quarto and the modern editions read—*by the* scale.

[7] *Then* bring'st *his virtue asleep.*] That *bring'st* is a corruption seems evident, but I was doubtful whether I should read *ring'st* or *sing'st;* the former is nearer the trace of the letters, the latter the more obvious metaphor. Mr Sympson sending me the latter as his conjecture too, determined me to give it the preference.—*Seward.*

I have preferred Seward's rejected emendation, as the one more likely to be corrupted into—*bring'st.*

Wretch, I dare give him honest counsels, I,
And love him while I tell him truth! Old Aubrey
Dares go the straightest way, which still's the
shortest,
Walk on the thorns thou scatter'st, parasite,
And tread 'em into nothing; and if thou
Then let'st a look fall, of the least dislike,
I'll rip thy crown up with my sword at height,
And pluck thy skin over thy face, in sight
Of him thou flatter'st! Unto thee I speak it,
Slave, against whom all laws should now conspire,
And every creature that hath sense be arm'd,
As 'gainst the common enemy of mankind;
That creep'st within thy master's ear,[8] and whis-
per'st
'Tis better for him to be fear'd than loved;
Bidd'st him trust no man's friendship, spare no blood
That may secure him; " 'tis no cruelty
That hath a specious end; for sovereignty
Break all the laws of kind; if it succeed,
An honest, noble, and praiseworthy deed."
While he that takes thy poisons in, shall feel
Their virulent workings in a point of time
When no repentance can bring aid, but all
His spirits shall melt, with what his conscience
burn'd,
And dying in a flatterer's arms, shall fall unmourn'd.
There's matter for you now.

Lat. My lord, this makes not

[8] *That* sleep'st *within thy master's ear.*] Mr Seward, in his postscript, says, " The tale-bearer, whisperer, and sycophant, cannot be said to *sleep* within their master's ear, since they are generally vigilant and eager to instil their poisonous counsel. I read therefore,

That creep'st *within thy master's ear.*"

For loving of my master.[9]
Aub. Loving? no;
They hate ill princes most that make them so.

Enter Rollo, Hamond, *and* Allan *guarded.*

Rollo. I'll hear no more!
Ham. Alas, 'tis for my brother
I beseech your highness.
Rollo. How! a brother?
Had not I one myself? did title move me
When it was fit that he should die? Away!
Allan. Brother, lose no word more; leave my good cause
To upbraid the tyrant: I am glad I'm fallen
Now in those times, that will'd some great example
To assure men we can die for honesty.
Rollo. Sir, you are brave; 'pray that you hold your neck
As bravely forth anon unto your headsman.
Allan. 'Would he would strike as bravely, and thou by!
Rollo, 'twould make thee quake to see me die.
Aub. What's his offence?
Ham. For giving Gisbert burial,
Who was sometime his master.
Allan. Yes, lord Aubrey,

[9] *My lord, this makes not*
For loving of my master.] This means simply—This shews not that I do not love my master. *For* is used almost in every play for—to prevent, and Mason produces instances of it from the Spanish Curate, the Pilgrim, and the Captain. One from the latter may suffice:

Wilt have a bib *for* spoiling of your doublet?

Seward and the last editors, both completely ignorant of old language, propose different amendments.

My gratitude and humanity are my crimes.
Rollo. Why bear you him not hence?
Aub. My lord—Stay, soldiers!—
I do beseech your highness, do not lose
Such men for so slight causes. This is one
Hath still been faithful to you; a tried soul
In all your father's battles; I have seen him
Bestride a friend against a score of foes:
And look, he looks as he would kill his hundred
For you, sir, were you in some danger.
Allan. Till he kill'd
His brother, his chancellor, then his master;
To which he can add nought to equal Nero,
But killing of his mother.
Aub. Peace, brave fool,
Thou valiant ass!—Here is his brother too, sir,
A captain of your guard, hath served you long,
With the most noble witness of his truth
Mark'd in his face, and every part about him;
That turns not from an enemy. But view him;
Oh, do not grieve him, sir, if you do mean
That he shall hold his place: It is not safe
To tempt such spirits, and let them wear their swords;
You'll make your guards your terrors by these acts,
And throw more hearts off from you than you hold.
And I must tell you, sir, (with my old freedom,
And my old faith to boot) you have not lived so
But that your state will need such men, such hands,
Of which here's one, shall in an hour of trial
Do you more certain service, with a stroke,
Than the whole bundle of your flatterers,
With all the unsavoury unction of their tongues.
Rollo. Peace, talker!
Aub. One that loves you yet, my lord,
And would not see you pull on your own ruins.
Mercy becomes a prince, and guards him best;

Awe and affrights are never ties of love;
And when men begin to fear the prince, they hate him.
Rollo. Am I the prince, or you?
Aub. My lord, I hope
I have not utter'd aught should urge that question.
Rollo. Then practise your obedience.—See him dead!
Aub. My lord!
Rollo. I'll hear no word more!
Aub. I am sorry then.
There is no small despair, sir, of their safety,
Whose ears are blocked up against truth.—Come, captain.
Ham. I thank you, sir.
Aub. For what?
For seeing thy brother die a man, and honest?
Live thou so, captain; I will, I assure thee,
Although I die for't too. Come.
[*Exeunt all but* ROLLO *and* LATORCH.
Rollo. Now, Latorch,
What do you think?
Lat. That Aubrey's speech and manners
Sound somewhat of the boldest.
Rollo. 'Tis his custom.
Lat. It may be so, and yet be worth a fear.
Rollo. If we thought so, it should be worth his life,
And quickly too.
Lat. I dare not, sir, be author
Of what I would be, 'tis so dangerous:
But, with your highness' favour and your licence—
Rollo. He talks, 'tis true; and he is licensed: Leave him.—
We now are duke alone, Latorch, secured;
Nothing left standing to obscure our prospect;
We look right forth, beside, and round about us,
And see it ours with pleasure: Only one

Wish'd joy there wants to make us so possess it,
And that is Edith, Edith, she that got me
In blood and tears, in such an opposite minute,
As had I not at once felt all the flames
And shafts of love shot in me, his whole armoury,
I should have thought him as far off as death.

Lat. My lord, expect a while, your happiness
Is nearer than you think it; yet her griefs
Are green and fresh; your vigilant Latorch
Hath not been idle; I have leave already
To visit her, and send to her.

Rollo. My life!

Lat. And if I find not out as speedy ways,
And proper instruments, to work and bring her
To your fruition, that she be not watch'd
Tame to your highness' wish,[1] say you have no servant
Is capable of such a trust about you,
Or worthy to be secretary of your pleasure.[2]

Rollo. Oh, my Latorch, what shall I render thee
For all thy travails, care, and love?

Lat. Sir, one suit, [*Kneeling.*
Which I will ever importune, till you grant me.

Rollo. About your mathematicians?

Lat. Yes, to have
The scheme of your nativity judged by them;

[1] *Tame to your* highness, *say, &c.*] So the second quarto. The text is from the first.

[2] *Or worthy to be* secretary *of your* pleasure.] This is the reading of the first quarto, and not "only the conjectural reading of the late editions," as Seward says. The second quarto reads,

Or worthy to be ——— of your delight.

Seward proposes to fill up the hiatus with bawd, pimp, or groom; upon the latter of which words he fixed. The last editors suppose some coarse word to have been omitted; but in the MS. from which the Oxford quarto was printed, the line was probably illegible.

I have 't already erected. Oh, my lord,
You do not know the labour of my fears;
My doubts for you are such as cannot hope
Any security but from the stars;
Who, being rightly ask'd, can tell man more
Than all pow'r else, there being no pow'r beyond them.

Rollo. All thy petitions still are care of us;
Ask for thyself.

Lat. What more can concern me
Than this?

Rollo. Well, rise, true honest man, and go then;
We'll study ourselves a means how to reward thee.

Lat. Your grace is now inspired; now, now your highness
Begins to live! from this hour count your joys!
But, sir, I must have warrants, with blanks figured,
To put in names, such as I like.

Rollo. You shall.

Lat. They dare not else, sir, offer at your figure.
Oh, I shall bring you wonders! there's a friar,
Rusee, an admirable man; another,
A gentleman; and then la Fiske,
The mirror of his time; 'twas he that set it.
But there's one Norbret (him I never saw)
Has made a mirror, a mere looking-glass,
In show you would think it no other; the form oval,
As I am given to understand by letter,
Which renders you such shapes, and those so differing,
And some that will be question'd, and give answers;
Then has he set it in a frame, that wrought
Unto the revolutions of the stars,
And so compact by due proportions
Unto their harmony, doth move alone
A true automaton; thus Dædalus' statues,
Or Vulcan's tools——

Rollo. Dost thou believe this?
Lat. Sir?
Why, what should stay my faith, or turn my sense?
He has been about it above twenty years,
Three sevens, the powerful, and the perfect numbers;
And art and time, sir, can produce such things.
What do I read there of Hiarbas' banquet,
(The great gymnosophist) that had his butlers
And carvers of pure gold waiting at table?
The images of Mercury, too, that spoke?
The wooden dove that flew? a snake of brass
That hiss'd? and birds of silver that did sing?
All these were done, sir, by the mathematics,
Without which there's no science, nor no truth.
Rollo. You are in your own sphere, Latorch; and rather
Than I'll contend with you for't, I'll believe it:
You have won upon me that I wish to see
My fate before me now, whate'er it be.
Lat. And I'll endeavour, you shall know't with speed;
For which I should have one of trust go with me
(If you please, Hamond) that I may by him
Send you my first dispatches; after, I
Shall bring you more,[3] and as they come still more,
And accurate forth from them.
Rollo. Take your way,
Chuse your own means, and be it prosperous to us!
[*Exeunt.*

[3] *Shall bring you more, as they come more,*
And accurate forth from them.] So the quarto of 1640; that of 1639,

Shall bring you more, and *as they come* still *more,*

and omits the last line.

SCENE II.

Rouen. A mean Room in the Astrologer's House, which is furnished with Astrological Instruments, &c.

Enter Rusee, de Bube, la Fiske, Norbret, *and* Pippeau, *the Boy.*

Rusee. Come, bear up, sirs; we shall have better days,
My almanack tells me.
Bube. What is that? your rump?
Rusee. It never itch'd in vain yet. 'Slid, la Fiske,
Throw off thy sluggish face; I can't abide
To see thee look like a poor jade i' th' pound,
That saw no meat these three days.
Fiske. 'Slight, to me
It seems thirteen days since I saw any.
Rusee. How!
Fiske. I can't remember that I ever saw
Or meat, or money; you may talk of both
To open a man's stomach or his purse,
But feed 'em still with air.
Bube. Friar, I fear
You do not say your office well a-days;
I cannot hear your beads knack.
Norb. Pox, he feeds
With lechery, and lives upon th' exchange
Of his two eggs and pudding with the market-women!
Rusee. And what do you, sir, with the advocate's wife,
Whom you persuade, upon your doctoral bed,

To take the mathematical trance so often?
Fiske. Come, we are stark naught all; bad's the best of us:
Four of the seven deadly spots we are:
Besides our lechery, we are envious,
And most, most gluttonous when we have it thus,
Most covetous now we want it;[4] then our boy,
He is a fifth spot, sloth, and he undoes us.
Bube. 'Tis true the child was wont to be industrious,
And now and then sent in a merchant's wife
Sick of the husband, or a swearing butler
That miss'd one of his bowls, a crying maid
Had lost a silver spoon; the curry-comb
Sometimes was wanting; there was something gotten;
But now——
Pip. What now? Did I not yester-morning
Bring you in a cardecu[5] there from the peasant
Whose ass I had driven aside, and hid, that you
Might conjure for him? and then, last night,
Six sous from the cook's wife you shared among you,
To set a figure for the pestle I stole;
It is not at home yet. These things, my masters,
In a hard time, they would be thought on: You
Talk of your lands and castles in the air,
Of your twelve houses there; but it is I

[4] *Besides our lechery, we are envious,*
And most, most gluttonous when *we have it thus,*
Most covetous now *we want it.*] Mason says this will appear nonsense as it stands to every attentive reader, and wishes to transpose the words in Roman character; by which he would entirely subvert the intended meaning, for *it* refers to *lechery* in the first line, which passion they were not able to gratify for want of money, and that want made them more covetous of lechery; on the contrary, when their purses were in a prosperous state, they were gluttonous of it.

[5] *Cardecu.*] A corruption of *quart d'ecu,* the quarter part of a crown piece.—Ed. 1778.

That bring you in your rents for 'em, 'tis Pippeau
That is your bird-call.
Norb. 'Faith, he does well,
And cuts through th' elements for us, I must needs say,
In a fine dextrous line.
Fiske. But not as he did
At first; then he would sail with any wind,
Into every creek and corner.
Pip. I was light then,
New built and rigg'd, when I came to you, gentlemen;
But now, with often and far venturing for you,
Here be leaks sprung, and whole planks wanting, see you.
If you'll new-sheathe me again, yet I am for you
To any bay or streights,[6] where-e'er you'll send me;
For as I am, where can this ragged bark

[6] ——— *yet I am for you*
To any bog *or* sleights.] Mr Theobald proposed reading *bog* or *sloughs;* Mr Seward introduced *gulf* for *bog;* and he and Mr Sympson concurred in altering *sleights* to *streights*, and quote the following passage from Jonson's Underwoods, (Ed. 1716, V. 159,) as a confirmation of its propriety:

——— "their very trade
Is borrowing; that but stopt, they do invade
All as their prize, turn pirates here at land.
Have their Bermudas and their *streights* i' th' Strand,
Man out their boats to th' Temple, and not shift
Now but command"———Ed. 1778.

This quotation is not at all apposite to the text, as it refers to the privileged asylums in Ram-Alley, near the Temple, and the Savoy in the Strand, where debtors fortified themselves against the magistracy, and from whence they could easily take boat and escape. See on this subject, Powell's Mystery of Lending and Borrowing, *passim*. The text has no allusion whatever to these sanctuaries.—It seems however necessary to alter the words *bog* and *sleights*. I have preferred a conjecture of Mason's, as being nearer the trace of the letters in the old word than Seward's.

Put in for any service, 'less it be
O' th' isle of rogues, and there turn pirate for you?
Norb. 'Faith, he says reason, friar; you must leave
Your neat crisp claret, and fall to your cyder
A while; and you, la Fiske, your larded capons
And turkies for a time, and take a good
Clean tripe in your way; de Bube too must content him
With wholesome two-soused pettitoes;[7] no more
Crown ordinaries,[8] till we have clothed our infant.
Bube. So you'll keep
Your own good motions, doctor, your dear self.
Fiske. Yes, for we all know the latitude
Of your concupiscence.
Rusee. Here about your belly.
Bube. You'll pick a bottle open, or a whimsey,
As soon as the best of us.
Fiske. And dip your wrist-bands
(For cuffs you have none) as comely in the sauce
As any courtier.—[*Bell rings.*] Hark! the bell! who's there?
Rusee. Good luck, I do conjure thee! Boy, look out. [*Exit* PIPPEAU *and enter again.*
Pip. They are gallants, courtiers; one of 'em is
Of the duke's bed-chamber.
Rusee. Latorch.—Down!

[7] *With wholsome* two-souzed *petitoes.*] [So the first quarto.] Mr Theobald reads, from the old quarto [of 1640,] *two-soused;* the idea which he would affix, is, I suppose, *twice pickled,* or *twice salted:* But *solz, soulz,* or *sous,* the French coin, making a more natural expression, and a stronger antithesis to the crown ordinaries, I think that the true one.—*Seward.*

Theobald's interpretation is probably right; though Seward's also is very plausible.

[8] *Crown ordinaries*] From Stafford's Letters, it appears that there was an ordinary kept in Spring-Garden at six shillings a meal. And in the Wild-goose Chace a ten-crown ordinary is mentioned. The price at others seems to have descended to two-pence.

On with your gown! [*To* NORBRET.] there's a new suit arrived.
Did I not tell you, sons of hunger? Crowns,
Crowns, are coming toward you; wine and wenches
You shall have once again, and fiddlers!
Into your studies close; each lay his ear
To his door, and as you hear me to prepare you,
So come, and put me on that vizard only.
[*Exeunt all but* RUSEE *and* PIPPEAU.

Enter LATORCH *and* HAMOND.

Lat. You'll not be far hence, captain. When the business
Is done, you shall receive present dispatch.
Ham. I'll walk, sir, in the cloister. [*Exit.*
Rusee. Monsieur Latorch? my son,
The stars are happy still that guide you hither.
Lat. I am glad to hear their secretary say so,
My learned father Rusee. Where's la Fiske?
Monsieur de Bube? how do they?
Rusee. At their studies;
They are the secretaries of the stars, sir,
Still at their books, they will not be pull'd off,
They stick like cupping-glasses. If ever men
Spoke with the tongue of destiny, 'tis they.
Lat. For love's sake, let's salute 'em.
Rusee. Boy, go see;
Tell them who's here; say, that their friends do challenge
Some portion of their time; this is our minute,
Pray 'em they'll spare it.—They are the sun and moon [*Exit* PIPPEAU.
Of knowledge; pity two such noble lights
Should live obscured here in an university,
Whose beams were fit to illumine any court
Of Christendom!

Enter LA FISKE, DE BUBE, *and* PIPPEAU.

Lat. The duke will shortly know 'em.
Fiske. Well, look upon the astrolabe; you'll find it
Four *almucanturies*[9] at least.
Bube. It is so.
Rusee. Still of their learned stuff; they care for nothing,
But how to know; as negligent of their bodies
In diet, or else, especially in their clothes,
As if they had no change.
Pip. They have so little [*Aside.*
As well may free them from the name of shifters.
Fiske. Monsieur Latorch!
Lat. How is it, learned gentlemen,
With both your virtues?
Bube. A most happy hour,
When we see you, sir.
Lat. When you hear me then,
It will be happier: The duke greets you both
Thus; and though you may touch no money, father,
Yet you may take it. [*Giving money.*
Rusee. 'Tis his highness' bounty;
But yet to me, and these that have put off
The world, superfluous.
Fiske. We have heard of late
His highness' good success.
Bube. And gratulate it.
Lat. Indeed he hath 'scaped a strange conspiracy,
Thanks to his stars; which stars he prays by me,
You would again consult, and make a judgment
On what you lately erected for my love.

[9] Almucanturies.] *Almacantors*, *Almicanterahs*, or *Almicanterahs*, circles of altitude parallel to the horizon, the common pole of which is in the zenith.—*Bailey.*

Rusee. Oh, sir, we dare not!
Fiske. For our lives!
Bube. It is
The prince's scheme!
Lat. To encounter with that fear,
Here's, to assure you, his signet; write your names,
And be secured all three.
Bube. We must entreat some time, sir.
Lat. I must then
Entreat, it be as present as you can.
Fiske. Have you the scheme here?
Lat. Yes.
Rusee. I would you had, sir,
Another warrant!
Lat. What would that do?
Rusee. Marry,
We have a doctor, sir, that in this business
Would not perform the second part.
Lat. Not him
That you writ to me of?
Rusee. The very same.
Lat. I should have made it, sir, my suit to see him.
Here is a warrant, father. I conceived
That he had solely applied himself to magic.
Rusee. And to these studies too, sir; in this field
He was initiated. But we shall hardly draw
Him from his chair.
Lat. Tell him he shall have gold——
Fiske. Oh, such a syllable would make him to forswear
Ever to breathe in your sight.
Lat. How then?
Fiske. Sir, he, if you do please to give him any thing,
Must have it convey'd under a paper.
Rusee. Or left behind some book in his study.

Bube. Or in some old wall.
Fiske. Where his familiars
May tell him of it, and that pleases him, sir.
Bube. Or else, I'll go and assay him.
Lat. Take gold with you.
Rusee. That will not be amiss. Give it the boy, sir;
He knows his holes, and how to bait his spirits.
Pip. We must lay in several places, sir.
Rusee. That's true; that if one come not, the other may hit.
[*Exeunt* RUSEE *and* PIPPEAU.
Lat. Well, go then. Is he so learned, gentlemen?
Fiske. The very top of our profession, mouth of the fates!
Pray Heaven his spirits be in good humour to take,
They'll fling the gold about the house else!
Bube. Ay,
And beat the friar, if he go not well
Furnish'd with holy water.
Fiske. Sir, you must observe him.
Bube. Not cross him in a word; for then he's gone.
Fiske. If he do come, which is a hazard, yet——
'Mass, he is here! this is speed!

Enter NORBRET, RUSEE, *and* PIPPEAU.

Norb. Where's your scheme?
Let's see; dispatch; nay, fumbling now? Who's this?
Rusee. Chief gentleman of the duke's chamber, doctor.
Norb. Oh, let him be; good even to him! he's a courtier;
I'll spare his compliment, tell him. What's here?
The geniture nocturnal, longitude

At twenty-one degrees,[1] the latitude
At forty-nine and ten minutes? How are the *Car-*
dines?
Fiske. *Libra* in twenty-four, forty-four minutes;
And *Capricorn*——
Norb. I see it; see the planets,
Where, how they are disposed; the sun and *Mercury*,
Mars with the *Dragon's tail* in the third house,
And *pars Fortunæ* in the *Imo Cæli*,
Then *Jupiter* in the twelfth, the *Cacodemon.*
Bube. And *Venus* in the second *Inferna Porta.*
Norb. I see it; peace! then *Saturn* in the fifth,
Luna i' th' seventh, and much of *Scorpio*,
Then *Mars* his *Gaudium*, rising in th' Ascendent,
And join'd with *Libra* too, the house of *Venus*,
And *Imum Cæli*, *Mars* his exaltation
In the seventh house, *Aries* being his natural house
And where he is now seated, and all these shew him
To be the *Almuten.*[2]
Rusee. Yes, he's lord of the geniture,
Whether you examine it by *Ptolomy's* way,
Or *Messahalah's*,[3] *Lael*, or *Alkindus.*
Fiske. No other planet hath so many dignities,
Either by himself, or in regard of the *cuspes.*[4]
Norb. Why, hold your tongue then, if you know
it; *Venus*

[1] *At twenty-one degrees, the latitude.*] This line is not in the first quarto.

[2] *Almuten.*] *Almuten*, in astrology, is the lord of a figure, the most powerful star at a nativity.

[3] *Or* Messethales.] The [second] quarto reads, *Nassahales.* The right name is *Messahalah;* he was a Jew famous for judicial astrology, and lived in the times of the chalifs Almansor and Almamon. Vide *Salmasium de annis Climactericis*, p. 309.—*Sympson.*

[4] *Cuspes.*] The points or horns of the moon, or of any other luminary.

The lady of the horoscope, being *Libra*,
The other part, *Mars* rules: So that the geniture,
Being nocturnal, *Luna* is the highest,
None else being in sufficient dignity,
She being in *Aries* in the seventh house,
Where *Sol* exalted, is the *Alchoroden.*[5]
Bube. Yes, for you see he hath his *termine*
In the degrees where she is, and enjoys
By that six dignities.
Fiske. Which are clearly more
Than any else that view her in the scheme.
Norb. Why, I saw this, and could have told you too,
That he beholds her with a trine aspèct
Here out of *Sagittary*, almost quartile,[6]
And how that *Mars* out of the self-same house,
(But another sign) here by a *platique* aspect[7]
Looks at the *hyleg*,[8] with a quartile ruling
The house where the sun is; all this could I
Have told you, but that you'll out-run me; and more,

[5] *Alchoroden.*] Or Alchochoden, *i. e.* the planet which rules in the principal parts of an astrological figure, at the nativity of any person, and which regulates the number of years he has to live.

[6] —— *almost* partile.] The [second] quarto reads, almost *partly*; *quartile* is undoubtedly the true word. It is difficult to us at present to relish the jargon of a science so long exploded, but it is certainly a very just banter upon the ridiculous credulity of our author's age.—*Seward.*

A *quartile aspect* in astrology, is when the planets are three signs, or ninety degrees, distant from each other. An aspect is said to be *trine*, when the planets are placed in a trigon. This was considered as a remarkably benign aspect.

[7] Platique *aspect.*] This, Bailey says, is a ray cast from one planet to another, not exactly, but within the orbit of its own light.

[8] *Hyleg.*] This term, Lilly the astrologer explains—prorogator of life.

That this same quartile aspect to the lady of life,
Here in the seventh, promises some danger,
Cauda Draconis being so near *Mars*,
And *Caput Algol* in the house of death.

Lat. How, sir? I pray you clear that.

Norb. What is the question first?

Rusee. Of the duke's life; what dangers threaten him?

Norb. Apparent, and those sudden, when the *hyleg*
Or *Alchoroden* by direction come
To a quartile opposition of the place
Where *Mars* is in the geniture, (which is now at hand)
Or else oppose to *Mars* himself; expect it.

Lat. But they may be prevented?

Norb. Wisdom only
That rules the stars, may do it; for *Mars* being
Lord of the geniture in *Capricorn*,
Is, if you mark it, now a *Sextile*[9] here,
With *Venus* lady of the horoscope.
So she being in her *exilium*, which is *Scorpio*,
And *Mars* his *gaudium*, is o'er-ruled by him,
And clear debilitated five degrees
Beneath her ordinary power, so
That, at the most, she can but mitigate.

Lat. You cannot name the persons bring this danger?

Norb. No, that the stars tell us not; they name no man;
That is a work, sir, of another place.

Rusee. Tell him whom you suspect, and he'll guess shrewdly.

Lat. Sir, we do fear one Aubrey; if 'twere he,
I should be glad; for we should soon prevent him.

[9] *Sextile.*] Is an aspect when two planets are two signs, or 60 degrees, distant from each other.

Fiske. [*Aside to* NORBRET.] I know him; the duke's kinsman; a tall man.
Lay hold of't, Norbret.

Norb. Let me pause a little:
Is he not near of kin unto the duke?

Lat. Yes, reverend sir.

Norb. Fart for your reverence!
Keep it till then.—And somewhat high of stature?

Lat. He is so.

Norb. How old is he? [*Aside to* FISKE.

Fiske. About seven-and-fifty.—

Norb. His head and beard inclining to be grey.

Lat. Right, sir.

Fiske. And fat. [*Aside to* NORBRET.

Norb. He's somewhat corpulent, is he not?

Lat. You speak the man, sir.

Norb. Well, look to him! Farewell! [*Exit.*

Lat. Oh, it is Aubrey.—Gentlemen, I pray ye,
Let me receive this under all your hands.

Rusee. Why, he will shew you him in his magic glass,
If you entreat him, and but gratify
A spirit or two more.

Lat. He shall eat gold,
If he will have it; so shall you all. There's that
Amongst you first. [*Giving money.*] Let me have this to send
The duke in the mean time; and then what sights
You please to shew. I'll have you so rewarded
As never artists were; you shall to court
Along with me, and there wait not your fortunes.[1]
[*Exit.*

Bube. We have a pretty part of 't in our pockets.
Boy, we will all be new; you shall along too.
[*Exeunt.*

[1] ——— *there wait your fortunes.*] So the first quarto. The text is from the second.

SCENE III.

Caen. A Room in the Palace.

Enter SOPHIA, MATILDA, *and* EDITH.

Mat. Good madam, hear the suit that Edith urges,
With such submiss beseeches; nor remain
So strictly bound to sorrow for your son,
That nothing else, though never so befitting,
Obtains your ears or observation.
Soph. What would she say? I hear.
Edith. My suit is, madam,
That you would please to think as well of justice
Due to your son's revenge, as of more wrong added
To both yourselves for it, in only grieving.
Th' undaunted power of princes should not be
Confined in deedless cold calamity;
Anger, the twin of Sorrow, in your wrongs
Should not be smother'd, when his right of birth
Claims th' air as well, and force of coming forth.
Soph. Sorrow is due already;[2] Anger never
Should be conceived, but where it may be born

[2] *Sorrow is due already.*] Thus read the old books; and who *can* read with Seward, HAS's *due*, without the organs of a serpent? Edith desires them

——— *to think as well of justice*
Due *to her son's revenge, as of more wrong*
Added to both themselves, in only grieving.

And further says, that "Anger is the twin of Sorrow." Sophia replies, that Sorrow is due already, but that Anger, unless it could be brought forth with effect, "had better not be conceived;" by

In some fact fit to employ his active flame,
That else consumes who bears it, and abides
Like a false star that quenches as it glides.
Edith. I have such means to employ it, as your wish
Can think no better, easier, or securer;
And such as, but for the honours I intend
To your partakings, I alone could end.
But your parts in all dues to crying blood
For vengeance in the shedder, are much greater,
And therefore should work your hands to his slaughter;
For your consent to which, 'twere infinite wrong
To your severe and most impartial justice,
To move you to forget so false a son
As with a mother's duty made you curse him.
Mat. Edith, he is forgot for any son
Born of my mother, or to me a brother;
For, should we still perform our rights to him,
We should partake his wrongs, and as foul be
In blood and damned parricide as he:
And therefore tell the happy means that Heaven
Puts in thy hand, for all our long'd-for freedom
From so abhorr'd and impious a monster.
Soph. Tell what she will, I'll lend nor hand nor ear
To whatsoever Heaven puts in her power. [*Exit.*
Mat. How strange she is to what she chiefly wishes!
Sweet Edith, be not any thought the more
Discouraged in thy purpose, but assured
Her heart and prayers are thine; and that we two
Shall be enough to all we wish to do.
Edith. Madam, myself alone, I make no doubt,

which answer she both replies to Edith's argument and her metaphor: At least, the reading is intelligible, and Mr Seward's variation illegible. We have therefore followed the old books.—Ed. 1778.

Shall be afforded power enough from Heaven
To end the murderer. All I wish of you,
Is but some richer ornaments and jewels
Than I am able to provide myself,
To help out the defects of my poor beauty,
That yet hath been enough, as now it is,
To make his fancy mad with my desire.
But you know, madam, women never can
Be too fair to torment an amorous man;
And this man's torments I would heighten still,
Till at their highest he be fit to kill.

Mat. Thou shalt have all my jewels and my mother's;
And thou shalt paint too, that his blood's desire
May make him perish in a painted fire.
Hast thou been with him yet?

Edith. Been with him? no;
I set that hour back to haste more his longing:
But I have promised to his instruments,
The admittance of a visit at our house;
Where yet I would receive him with all lustre
My sorrow would give leave to, to remove
Suspicion of my purpose.

Mat. Thou shalt have
All I can add, sweet wench, in jewels, tires;
I'll be myself thy dresser. Nor may I
Serve my own love with a contracted husband
More sweetly, nor more amply, than may'st thou
Thy forward will with his bewitch'd affections!
Affect'st thou any personal aid of mine,
My noblest Edith?

Edith. Nought but your kind prayer,
For full effect and speed of my affair.

Mat. They are thine, my Edith, as for me my own:
For thou well know'st, if blood shed of the best
Should cool and be forgotten, who would fear

To shed blood still? or where, alas, were then
The endless love we owe to worthy men?

Edith. Love of the worthiest ever bless your highness! [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Another in the same.

Enter ROLLO (*with a glass,*) AUBREY, *and Servants.*

Rollo. I never studied my glass till now;
It is exceeding well; now leave me. Cousin,
How takes your eye the object?

Aub. I have learn'd
So much, sir, of the courtier, as to say
Your person does become your habit; but,
Being call'd unto it by a noble war,
Would grace an armour better.

Rollo. You are still
For that great art of which you are the master:
Yet I must tell you, that to the encounters
We oft attempt, arm'd only thus, we bring
As troubled blood, fears mix'd with flatt'ring hopes,
The danger in the service too as great,
As when we are to charge quite through and through
The body of an army.

Aub. I'll not argue
How you may rank the dangers, but will die in't,
The ends which they arrive at are as distant
In every circumstance, as far as honour
Is from shame and repentance.
Rollo. You are sour.
Aub. I would speak my free thoughts, yet not appear so;
Nor am I so ambitious of the title
Of one that dares task any thing that runs
Against the torrent of his own opinion,[3]
That I affect to speak aught may offend you:
And therefore, gracious sir, be pleased to think
My manners of discretion have inform'd me,
That I was born, in all good ends, to serve you,
And not to check at what concerns me not:
I look not with sore eyes on your rich outside,
Nor rack my thoughts to find out to what purpose
'Tis now employ'd; I wish it may be good,
And that, I hope, offends not. For a subject
Towards his prince, in things indifferent,

[3] ——— *dares* TALK *any thing that* was
Against the torrent of his own *opinion.*] So the first quarto. The text, excepting *ta k*, is from the second. Seward very injudiciously omits the words *his own*, and the last editors still more injudiciously read *balk* for *talk*. Mason with more judgment proposes to read—

Of one that dares *task* any thing that *wars*, &c.

The latter alteration is unnecessary, as the text of 1640 is just as good. The former is a very ingenious one, and seems indispensably necessary to render Aubrey's speech intelligible. "Task," as Mason observes, "is invariably used in these plays, in the sense of to *tax*, or censure. So in the Pilgrim, Pedro says to Roderigo,

I would not *task* those sins to me committed.

And in the Wild Goose Chace, Rosalura says to Belleur,

——— Teach yourselves manners,
Truth and sobriety, and live so clearly,
That our lives may shine in you, and then *task* us."

To use th' austereness of a censuring Cato
Is arrogance, not freedom.
Rollo. I commend
This temper in you, and will cherish it.

Enter HAMOND, *with Letters.*

They come from Roan? Latorch employ'd you?
Ham. True, sir.
Rollo. I must not now be troubled with a thought
Of any new design. Good Aubrey, read 'em;
And as they shall direct you, use my power,
Or to reply or execute.
Aub. I will, sir.
Rollo. And, captain, bring a squadron of our guard
To the house that late was Baldwin's, and there wait me.
Ham. I shall.
Rollo. Some two hours hence.
Ham. With my best care.
Rollo. Inspire me, Love, and be thy deity
Or scorn'd or fear'd, as now thou favour'st me! [*Exit.*
Ham. My stay to do my duty, may-be, wrongs
Your lordship's privacy.
Aub. Captain, your love
Is ever welcome. I entreat your patience
While I peruse these.
Ham. I attend your pleasure.
Aub. [*Reads.*] How's this? a plot on me?
Ham. What is contain'd [*Aside.*
I' th' letters that I brought, that thus transports him?
Aub. To be wrought on by rogues, and have my head
Brought to the axe by knaves that cheat for bread?
The creatures of a parasite, a slave?
I find you here, Latorch, nor wonder at it;

But that this honest captain should be made
His instrument, afflicts me: I'll make trial
Whether his will or weakness made him do it.—
Captain, you saw the duke, when he commanded
I should do what these letters did direct me;
And I presume you think I'll not neglect,
For fear or favour, to remove all dangers,
How near soe'er that man can be to me
From whom they should have birth.

Ham. It is confirm'd.

Aub. Nor would you, captain, I believe, refuse,
Or for respect of thankfulness, or hopes,
To use your sword with fullest confidence
Where he shall bid you strike.

Ham. I never have done.

Aub. Nor will, I think.

Ham. I hope it is not question'd.

Aub. The means to have it so is now proposed you.
Draw; so, 'tis well; and next, cut off my head!

Ham. What means your lordship?

Aub. 'Tis, sir, the duke's pleasure;
My innocence hath made me dangerous,
And I must be removed, and you the man
Must act his will.

Ham. I'll be a traitor first,
Before I serve it thus!

Aub. It must be done;
And, that you may not doubt it, there's your warrant.
But as you read, remember, Hamond, that
I never wrong'd one of your brave profession;
And, though it be not manly, I must grieve
That man of whose love I was most ambitious
Could find no object of his hate but me.

Ham. It is no time to talk now. Honour'd sir,
Be pleased to hear thy servant: I am wrong'd,
And cannot, being now to serve the duke,
Stay to express the manner how; but if

I do not suddenly give you strong proofs
Your life is dearer to me than my own,
May I live base, and die so! Sir, your pardon. [*Exit.*

Aub. I am both ways ruin'd, both ways mark'd for slaughter!
On every side, about, behind, before me,
My certain fate is fix'd! Were I a knave now,
I could avoid this; had my actions
But mere relations to their own ends, I could 'scape now.
Oh, Honesty! thou elder child of Virtue,
Thou seed of Heaven, why, to acquire thy goodness,
Should malice and distrust stick thorns before us,
And make us swim unto thee, hung with hazards?
But Heaven is got by suffering, not disputing!
Say he knew this before-hand, where am I then?
Or say he do not know it, where's my loyalty?
I know his nature, troubled as the sea,
And as the sea devouring when he's vex'd,
And I know princes are their own expounders.
Am I afraid of death? of dying nobly?
Of dying in mine innocence uprightly?
Have I met death in all his forms, and fears,
Now on the points of swords, now pitched on lances,
In fires, in storms of arrows, battles, breaches,
And shall I now shrink from him, when he courts me,
Smiling and full of sanctity? I'll meet him;
My loyal hand and heart shall give this to him,
And, though it bear beyond what poets feign
A punishment, duty shall meet that pain;
And my most constant heart, to do him good,
Shall check at neither pale affright nor blood.

Enter Messenger.

Mes. The duchess presently would crave your presence.

Aub. I come; and Aubrey, now resolve to keep
Thy honour living, though thy body sleep! [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

A Room in the House of Baldwin.

Enter EDITH *and a Boy; a Banquet set out.*

Edith. Now for thy father's murder, and the ruin
All chastity shall suffer if he reign! [*Kneels.*
Thou blessed soul, look down, and steel thy daughter,
Look on the sacrifice she comes to send thee,
And through the bloody clouds behold my piety!
Take from my cold heart fear, from my sex pity,
And as I wipe these tears off, shed for thee,
So all remembrance may I lose of mercy!
Give me a woman's anger bent to blood,
The wildness of the winds to drown his prayers!
Storm-like may my destruction fall upon him,
My rage, like roving billows as they rise,
Pour'd on his soul to sink it! Give me flattery,
(For yet my constant soul ne'er knew dissembling)
Flattery the food of fools, that I may rock him
And lull him in the down of his desires;
That in the height of all his hopes and wishes,
His Heaven forgot, and all his lusts upon him,
My hand, like thunder from a cloud, may seize
him!— [*Rises.*
I hear him come;[4] go, boy, and entertain him.

[4] *I hear him come.*] The following scene is evidently writ in emulation of the famous courtship of Richard the Third to Lady Ann, and though it may fall somewhat short, every reader of

SONG by the Boy.[5]

Take, oh, take those lips away,
That so sweetly were forsworn,
And those eyes, like break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn;
But my kisses bring again,
Seals of love, though seal'd in vain.

Hide, oh, hide those hills of snow,
Which thy frozen bosom bears,
On whose tops the pinks that grow
Are of those that April wears;
But first set my poor heart free,
Bound in those icy chains by thee.

taste will be charmed with so noble a resemblance of that consummate master of dramatic poetry. Rollo is certainly an inferior character to Richard, but Edith much excels Lady Ann, and indeed almost any female character that Shakspeare has drawn. So does Juliana in the Double Marriage, and Lucina in Valentinian. I forgot to mention in the former scenes of this play what were taken from Seneca's Thebais; but it is chiefly Sophia's speeches in the first act, which are almost literal translations.—*Seward.*

"The famous courtship of Richard to Lady Ann" is not one of the happiest scenes of Shakspeare; and if we should allow that "Edith much excels Lady Ann," we could not by any means add, with Mr Seward, that she also excels "almost any female character that Shakspeare has drawn." Editors are not bound to be partial—Ed. 1778.

[5] *Song.*] The first stanza of this *Song* is to be found in Shakspeare's Measure for Measure; and the whole of it is printed, as the production of that author, in the edition of his poems published by Sewel and Gildon. But Dr Percy observes, these gentlemen have inserted therein many pieces not written by our great bard, and the present is not in Jaggard's old edition of Shakspeare's sonnets: We cannot, therefore, with certainty ascribe it to him.—*Reed.*

Some of Shakspeare's editors have attributed the whole song

Enter ROLLO.

Rollo. What bright star, taking Beauty's form upon her,
In all the happy lustre of Heaven's glory,
Has dropp'd down from the sky to comfort me?
Wonder of nature, let it not prophane thee
My rude hand touch thy beauty; nor this kiss,
The gentle sacrifice of love and service,
Be offer'd to the honour of thy sweetness.
Edith. My gracious lord, no deity dwells here,
Nor nothing of that virtue, but obedience;
The servant to your will affects no flattery.
Rollo. Can it be flattery to swear those eyes
Are Love's eternal lamps he fires all hearts with?
That tongue the smart string to his bow? those sighs
The deadly shafts he sends into our souls?
Oh, look upon me with thy spring of beauty!
Edith. Your grace is full of game.
Rollo. By Heaven, my Edith,
Thy mother fed on roses when she bred thee.
Edith. And thine on brambles, that have prick'd her heart out! [*Aside.*
Rollo. The sweetness of the Arabian wind, still blowing
Upon the treasures of perfumes and spices,
In all their pride and pleasures, call thee mistress!
Edith. Will't please you sit, sir?
Rollo. So you please sit by me. [*They sit.*
Fair gentle maid, there is no speaking to thee;

to that poet; others believe it to have been written by another, and merely quoted both by him as well as Fletcher. None of them seem ever to have suspected, which to me appears the most probable supposition, that the first stanza was Shakspeare's, and that Fletcher added the second to suit his own purposes.

The excellency that appears upon thee
Ties up my tongue! Pray speak to me.

Edith. Of what, sir?

Rollo. Of any thing, any thing is excellent.[6]
Will you take my directions? Speak of love then;
Speak of thy fair self, Edith; and while thou speak'st,
Let me, thus languishing, give up myself, wench.

Edith. He has a strange cunning tongue. [*Aside.*]
—Why do you sigh, sir?—
How masterly he turns himself to catch me!

Rollo. The way to Paradise, my gentle maid,
Is hard and crooked, scarce repentance finding,
With all her holy helps, the door to enter.
Give me thy hand: What dost thou feel?

Edith. Your tears, sir;
You weep extremely.—Strengthen me now, justice!— [*Aside.*
Why are these sorrows, sir?

Rollo. Thou wilt never love me
If I should tell thee; yet there's no way left
Ever to purchase this bless'd Paradise,
But swimming thither in these tears.

Edith. I stagger!

Rollo. Are they not drops of blood?

Edith. No.

Rollo. They are for blood then,
For guiltless blood! and they must drop, my Edith,
They must thus drop, till I have drown'd my mischiefs.

Edith. If this be true, I have no strength to touch him. [*Aside.*

Rollo. I pr'ythee look upon me; turn not from me!

[6] *Of any thing, any thing is excellent.*] That is, what you utter. The second quarto unnecessarily introduces the conjunctive particle at the cæsura of the line.

Alas, I do confess I'm made of mischief,
Begot with all men's miseries upon me;
But see my sorrows, maid, and do not thou,
Whose only sweetest sacrifice is softness,
Whose true condition tenderness of nature–

Edith. My anger melts; oh, I shall lose my justice! [*Aside.*

Rollo. Do not thou learn to kill with cruelty,
As I have done; to murder with thy eyes,
Those blessed eyes, as I have done with malice.
When thou hast wounded me to death with scorn,
(As I deserve it, lady) for my true love,
When thou hast loaden me with earth for ever,
Take heed my sorrows, and the stings I suffer,
Take heed my nightly dreams of death and horror,
Pursue thee not; no time shall tell thy griefs then,
Nor shall an hour of joy add to thy beauties.
Look not upon me as I kill'd thy father;
As I was smear'd in blood, do thou not hate me;
But thus, in whiteness of my wash'd repentance,
In my heart's tears and truth of love to Edith,
In my fair life hereafter——

Edith. He will fool me! [*Aside.*

Rollo. Oh, with thine angel-eyes behold and bless me!
Of Heaven we call for mercy, and obtain it;
To Justice for our right on earth, and have it;
Of thee I beg for love; save me, and give it!

Edith. Now, Heaven, thy help, or I am gone for ever;
His tongue has turn'd me into melting pity! [*Aside.*

Enter HAMOND *and Guard.*

Ham. Keep the doors safe; and, upon pain of death,
Let no man enter till I give the word.

Guard. We shall, sir. [*Exeunt.*
Ham. Here he is, in all his pleasure:
I have my wish.
Rollo. How now? why dost thou stare so?
Edith. A help, I hope!
Rollo. What dost thou here? who sent thee?
Ham. My brother, and the base malicious office
Thou mad'st me do to Aubrey. Pray!
Rollo. Pray?
Ham. Pray!
Pray, if thou canst pray; I shall kill thy soul else!
Pray suddenly!
Rollo. Thou canst not be so traitorous!
Ham. It is a justice.—Stay, lady!
For I perceive your end: a woman's hand
Must not rob me of vengeance.
Edith. 'Tis my glory!
Ham. 'Tis mine; stay, and share with me.—By the gods, Rollo,
There is no way to save thy life!
Rollo. No?
Ham. No:
It is so monstrous, no repentance cures it!
Rollo. Why then, thou shalt kill her first; and what this blood [*Seizes* EDITH.
Will cast upon thy cursed head——
Ham. Poor guard, sir!
Edith. Spare not, brave captain!
Rollo. Fear, or the devil have thee!
Ham. Such fear, sir, as you gave your honour'd mother,
When your most virtuous brother shield-like held her,
Such I'll give you. Put her away.
Rollo. I will not;
I will not die so tamely.
Ham. Murderous villain,

Wilt thou draw seas of blood upon thee?

Edith. Fear not;
Kill him, good captain! any way dispatch him!
My body's honour'd with that sword that through me
Sends his black soul to hell! Oh, but for one hand!

Ham. Shake him off bravely.

Edith. He is too strong. Strike him!

Ham. [*They struggle,* ROLLO *seizes* EDITH'S *dagger.*] Oh, am I with you, sir? Now keep you from him!
What, has he got a knife?[7]

Edith. Look to him, captain;
For now he will be mischievous.

Ham. Do you smile, sir?
Does it so tickle you? Have at you once more!

Edith. Oh, bravely thrust! Take heed he come not in, sir.
To him again; you give him too much respite.

Rollo. Yet wilt thou save my life? and I'll forgive thee,
And give thee all, all honours, all advancements,
Call thee my friend!

Edith. Strike, strike, and hear him not!
His tongue will tempt a saint.

Rollo. Oh, for my soul sake!

Edith. Save nothing of him!

Ham. Now for your farewell!
Are you so wary? take you that! [*Stabs him.*

Rollo. Thou that too! [*Stabs him.*
Oh, thou hast kill'd me basely, basely, basely!
[*Dies.*

Edith. The just reward of murder falls upon thee!
How do you, sir? has he not hurt you?

Ham. No;
I feel not any thing.

[7] *A* knife.] i. e. A *dagger.*—Ed. 1778.

Aub. [*Within.*] I charge you let us pass!
Guard. [*Within.*] You cannot yet, sir.
Aub. I'll make way then.
Guard. We are sworn to our captain;
And, till he give the word——
Ham. Now let them in there.

Enter SOPHIA, MATILDA, AUBREY, *Lords, and Attendants.*

Soph. Oh, there he lies! Sorrow on sorrow seeks me!
Oh, in his blood he lies!
Aub. Had you spoke sooner,
This might have been prevented. Take the duchess,
And lead her off; this is no sight for her eyes.
[SOPHIA *led out.*
Mat. Oh, bravely done, wench!
Edith. There stands the noble doer.
Mat. May honour ever seek thee for thy justice!
Oh, 'twas a deed of high and brave adventure,
A justice even for Heaven to envy at!
Farewell, my sorrows, and my tears take truce,
My wishes are come round! Oh, bloody brother,
Till this hour never beauteous; till thy life,
Like a full sacrifice for all thy mischiefs,
Flow'd from thee in these rivers, never righteous!
Oh, how my eyes are quarried[8] with their joys now!
My longing heart even leaping out for lightness!
But, die thy black sins with thee; I forgive thee!
Aub. Who did this deed?

[8] *Quarried.*] This is an allusion to falconry. Latham, who wrote in the time of James I. explains the word *quarrie* "to be taken for the fowle which is flowne at and slaine at any time, especially when young hawks are flowne thereunto."—*Reed.*

Ham. I, and I'll answer it! [*Dies.*

Edith. He faints! Oh, that same cursed knife has kill'd him!

Aub. How?

Edith. He snatch'd it from my hand for whom I bore it;
And, as they grappled——

Aub. Justice is ever equal!
Had it not been on him, thou hadst died too honest.
Did you know of his death?

Edith. Yes, and rejoice in't.

Aub. I am sorry for your youth then, for though the strictness
Of law shall not fall on you, that of life
Must presently. Go, to a cloister carry her;
And there for ever lead your life in penitence.

Edith. Best father to my soul, I give you thanks, sir!
And now my fair revenges have their ends,
My vows shall be my kin, my prayers my friends!
[*Exit.*

Enter LATORCH *and the Jugglers at the door.*

Lat. Stay there; I'll step in, and prepare the duke.

Norb. We shall have brave rewards!

Fiske. That's without question.

Lat. By this time, where's my huffing friend, lord Aubrey?
Where's that good gentleman? Oh, I could laugh now,
And burst myself with mere imagination:
A wise man, and a valiant man, a just man,
Should suffer himself to be juggled out o' th' world,

By a number of poor gipsies! Farewell, swash buckler;[9]
For I know thy mouth is cold enough by this time.
A hundred of ye I can shave as neatly,
And ne'er draw blood in show. Now shall my honour,
My power, and virtue, walk alone; my pleasure
Observed by all; all knees bend to my worship;
All suits to me, as saint of all their fortunes,
Preferr'd and crowded to. What full place of credit,
And what style now?[1] your lordship? no, 'tis common;
But that I'll think to-morrow on.—Now for my business. [*Comes forward.*

Aub. Who's there?

Lat. Ha! dead? my master dead? Aubrey alive too?

Guard. Latorch, sir.

Aub. Seize his body!

Lat. Oh, my fortune!
My master dead? [*He is seized.*

Aub. And you, within this half-hour,
Prepare yourself, good devil! you must to it;
Millions of gold shall not redeem thy mischiefs.
Behold the justice of thy practice,[2] villain;
The mass of murders thou hast drawn upon us;
Behold thy doctrine! You look now for reward, sir,
To be advanced, I am sure, for all your labours;

[9] *Swash-buckler.*] This is equivalent to roaring, blustering fellow. Barret explains *swash*, to make a noise with swords against targets.

[1] *what full* place *of credit,*
And what place *now?*] The second *place* seems to have been accidentally repeated, instead of some word that implies *title, honour*, or *dignity*. *Style* seems to bid fairest of any monosyllable that occurs.—*Seward.*

[2] *Practice.*] That is, insidious stratagem, or design.

And you shall have it.—Make his gallows higher
By ten foot at the least, and then advance him.
Lat. Mercy, mercy!
Aub. It is too late, fool!
Such as you meant for me.—Away with him!—
[*He is led out.*
What gaping knaves are those? Bring 'em in, fellows.— [*They are brought forward.*
Now, what are you?
Norb. Mathematicians,
If 't please your lordship.
Aub. And ye drew a figure?
Fiske. We have drawn many.
Aub. For the duke, I mean, sir.
Latorch's knaves you are!
Norb. We know the gentleman.
Aub. What did he promise you?
Norb. We are paid already.
Aub. But I will see you better paid: Go, whip them!
Norb. We do beseech your lordship! we were hired.
Aub. I know you were, and you shall have your hire:
Whip 'em extremely; whip that doctor there,
Till he record himself a rogue.
Norb. I am one, sir.
Aub. Whip him for being one; and when they are whipt,
Lead 'em to the gallows to see their patron hang'd.
Away with them!
Norb. Ah, good my lord! [*They are led out.*
Aub. Now to mine own right, gentlemen.
1 *Lord.* You have the next indeed; we all confess it,
And here stand ready to invest you with it.
2 *Lord.* Which to make stronger to you, and the surer

Than blood or mischiefs dare infringe again,
Behold this lady, sir, this noble lady,
Full of the blood as you are, of that nearness;
How blessed would it be——

Aub. I apprehend you;
And, so the fair Matilda dare accept me,
Her ever constant servant——

Mat. In all pureness,
In all humility of heart and services,
To the most noble Aubrey I submit me.

Aub. Then this is our first tie. Now to our business!

1 *Lord.* We are ready all to put the honour on you, sir.

Aub. These sad rites must be done first: Take up the bodies;
This, as he was a prince, so princely funeral
Shall wait upon him; on this honest captain,
The decency of arms; a tear for him too.
So, sadly on, and, as we view his blood,
May his example in our rule raise good!

[*Exeunt with the bodies.*

THE

PROPHETESS.

BY

JOHN FLETCHER.

THE

PROPHETESS.

This "Tragical History," as it is called (with little propriety, for it is rather a tragi-comedy,) in the folio of 1647, where it first appeared, was the work of Fletcher alone, and was licensed for the stage May 14, 1622. It seems to have had some share of popularity, as Sir Henry Herbert, the Master of the Revels, chose it for his benefit-night, during the summer of 1629, when the net produce of the house was 6l. 7s. The celebrated tragedian, Betterton,[1] stimulated probably by the opportunity which the drama presents for the display of magnificent scenery, transformed it into an opera, which was represented at the Queen's Theatre, and printed in 1690. A great variety of dances and music was introduced, the former composed by Priest, the latter by the celebrated Henry Purcell. A prologue was written for the occasion by Dryden, in which the great expences of getting up the piece are set forth, and the metropolis called upon to remunerate the company.[2] During the management of Rich, in the eighteenth century, it was revived at Covent-Garden Theatre; but since that time it appears to have been neglected.

[1] Langbaine attributes the alterations to Dryden, but is set right by Oldys in his MS. notes, and by Downes the prompter, in his *Roscius Anglicanus.*

[2] That this alteration was performed a considerable time after the first representation, though with diminished popularity, appears from Addison's Inventory of the Play-house, in No. 42 of the Tatler, (July 16, 1709,) where the two following articles are advertised: "A coach very finely gilt and little used, with a pair of dragons, to be sold cheap ---- A wild boar, killed by Mrs Tofts and Dioclesian."

The play, which is founded on actual history, is far from being a very pleasing one. Fletcher forgot his own power when he attempted to tread in the steps of Shakspeare. The talent of displaying supernatural agency seems to have been exclusively confined to the latter, and our poet fails whenever he ventures to introduce it. In the present drama he has thrown away an abundance of beautiful poetry upon a plot at best injudicious; it is, perhaps, not too harsh to call it disagreeable. He had succeeded in his Roman tragedies of Valentinian and the False One, which proves that he was not unequal to the task. But the Prophetess is infinitely inferior to either of these tragedies. Setting aside the unskilfully-contrived machinery, the plot takes too wide a range, and the obsolete use of the chorus, which, even in the hands of Shakspeare, proves but a clumsy imitation of the ancients, was a great proof of want of judgment. But Fletcher seemed to be determined in this play to imitate the incoherency of Shakspeare's plots, without being able to conciliate the critic by the display of those powers which counterbalance all want of regularity in his great predecessor: his choruses "waft us o'er the seas;" the scene wanders from Rome to Persia, from thence it returns and visits Lombardy, where the play is somewhat abruptly concluded. —The delineation of the characters is certainly more fortunate; but still it is less determinate than in Bonduca, and the two tragedies mentioned above, where the Romans are painted with great national precision. Maximinian bears no comparison to Valentinian; nor can Niger pretend to any competition with Aëcius, or Sceva. The revolutions in the mind of Dioclesian, however, are very skilfully pourtrayed. He is very judiciously not made a perfect character; and his aspiring thoughts at the outset, corrected by his subsequent conviction of the vanity of greatness, afford a fine lesson of morality. Nor should we pass over without notice the jester Geta. Whatever objections have been or may be raised against the medley of farce with tragedy, every one who wishes to enjoy the productions of our elder dramatists must content himself with suffering the practice, and the question cannot be, why the poets have adopted it against the monitions of Aristotle, and some of their own contemporaries, but whether the low scenes introduced by them possess real humour or not. Taking the subject in this light, it may be safely asserted, that the mock-dignity of a clown raised suddenly to power has seldom been better delineated than in the scenes of this play, where Geta appears, and assumes authority little fitted for the capacity of his mind.—Upon the female characters in this play Fletcher seems to have bestowed little attention. Aurelia is like other wavering and yet ambitious women; and Drusilla never rises above the level of a common mind, amiable, unassuming, and of a strong attachment.

The poetry of this play rises far above the merit of the general construction. The versification is very harmonious; there is great eloquence, and even majesty, in some of the speeches, and great tenderness in others. The last scene, with the exception of Delphia's unfortunate conjurations, is highly picturesque, and reminds us of a beautiful scene in the Pilgrim, and many exquisite pictures of still life in the Faithful Shepherdess.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Charinus, *emperor of Rome.*
Cosroe, *king of Persia.*
Diocles, *of a private soldier elected co-emperor, afterward called Dioclesian.*
Maximinian,[1] *nephew to Diocles, and emperor by his donation.*
Volutius Aper, *murderer of Numerianus, the late emperor.*
Niger, *a noble soldier, servant to the emperor.*
Camurius, *a captain, and creature of Aper.*
Geta, *a jester, servant to Diocles, a merry knave.*
Persian Lords.
Senators.
Soldiers.
Guard.
Suitors.
Ambassadors.
Lictors.
Flamen.
Countrymen.
Shepherds.
Attendants.
Spirits.
Chorus.

Aurelia, *sister to Charinus.*
Cassana, *sister to Cosroe, a captive, waiting on Aurelia.*
Delphia, *a Prophetess.*
Drusilla, *niece to Delphia, in love with Diocles.*
A She-devil.

SCENE,—Rome, and other parts of the Empire; in part of the Fourth Act, Persia.[2]

[1] *Maximinian.*] Mason contends that we should read *Maximian*, and produces two passages where the metre might be mended; but fifty might be produced where it would be ruined by such an alteration.

[2] The principal actors were, John Lowin, Robert Benfield, John Shanke, Richard Sharpe, Joseph Taylor, Nicholas Toolie, George Birch, Thomas Holcombe.—Fol. 1679.

THE

PROPHETESS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Rome. An Apartment in the Palace.

Enter CHARINUS, AURELIA, *and* NIGER.

Char. You buz into my head strange likelihoods,
And fill me full of doubts: But what proofs, Niger,
What certainties, that my most noble brother
Came to his end by murder? Tell me that;
Assure me by some circumstance.
Niger. I will, sir;
And as I tell you truth, so the gods prosper me!
I have often named this Aper.
Char. True, you have done;
And in mysterious senses I have heard you
Break out o' th' sudden, and abruptly.

Niger. True, sir;
Fear of your unbelief, and the time's giddiness,
Made me I durst not then go further. So your grace please,
Out of your wonted goodness, to give credit,
I shall unfold the wonder.
Aur. Do it boldly:
You shall have both our hearty loves and hearings.
Niger. This Aper then, this too-much-honour'd villain,
(For he deserves no mention of a good man)—
Great sir, give ear—this most ungrateful, spiteful,
Above the memory of mankind mischievous,
With his own bloody hands——
Char. Take heed!
Niger. I am in, sir;
And, if I make not good my story——
Aur. Forward!
I see a truth would break out: Be not fearful.
Niger. I say, this Aper, and his damn'd ambition,
Cut off your brother's hopes, his life, and fortunes:
The honour'd Numerianus fell by him,
Fell basely, most untimely, and most treacherously;
For, in his litter, as he bore him company,
Most privately and cunningly he kill'd him.
Yet still he fills the faithful soldiers' ears
With stories of his weakness; of his life;
That he dare not venture to appear in open,
And shew his warlike face among the soldiers,
The tenderness and weakness of his eyes,
Being not able to endure the sun yet:
Slave that he is, he gives out this infirmity
(Because he would dispatch his honour too)
To arise from wantonness, and love of women;
And thus he juggles still.
Aur. Oh, most pernicious,
Most bloody, and most base! Alas, dear brother,

Art thou accused, and after death thy memory
Loaden with shames and lies? those pious tears
Thou daily shower'dst upon my father's monument,
(When in the Persian expedition
He fell unfortunately by a stroke of thunder)
Made thy defame[1] and sins? those wept-out eyes,
The fair examples of a noble nature,
Those holy drops of love, turn'd by depravers
(Malicious poison'd tongues) to thy abuses?
We must not suffer this.

Char. It shews a truth now:
And sure this Aper is not right nor honest,
He will not now come near me.

Niger. No; he dare not:
He has an inmate here, that's call'd a conscience,
Bids him keep off.

Char. My brother honour'd him,
Made him, first, captain of his guard, his next friend;
Then to my mother (to assure him nearer)
He made him husband.[2]

Niger. And withal ambitious;
For when he trod so nigh, his false feet itch'd, sir,

[1] *Defame.*] i. e. Defamation, dishonour. The word is now obsolete.

[2] *My brother honoured him,*
Made him first *captain of his guard, his* next friend;
Then to my mother (to assure him nearer)
He made him husband.] The second line should run thus:

Made him, first, captain of the guard, his *friend next;*
Then to my mother, &c.

Charinus is describing the several gradations of Aper's favour: that his brother made him, first, captain of his guard, then his friend, and lastly his step-father.—*Mason.*

This is a very plausible note, and the first proposition (placing *first* between commas) seems absolutely requisite; but the transposition of the words, *next friend*, savours a little of over-refinement.

To step into the state.[3]
Aur. If you believe, brother,
Aper a bloody knave, as 'tis apparent,
Let's leave disputing, and do something noble.
Char. Sister, be ruled. I am not yet so powerful
To meet him in the field: He has under him
The flower of all the empire, and the strength,
The Britain and the German cohorts; pray you be patient.—
Niger, how stands the soldier to him?
Niger. In fear more, sir,
Than love or honour: He has lost their fair affections,
By his most covetous and greedy griping.
Are you desirous to do something on him,
That all the world may know you loved your brother?
And do it safely too, without an army?
Char. Most willingly.
Niger. Then send out a proscription,
Send suddenly; and to that man that executes it,
(I mean that brings his head) add a fair payment,
No common sum: Then you shall see, I fear not,
Even from his own camp, from those men that follow him,
Follow and flatter him, we shall find one,
And, if he miss, one hundred, that will venture it.
Aur. For his reward, (it shall be so, dear brother,
So far I'll honour him that kills the villain;
For so far runs my love to my dead brother)
Let him be what he will, base, old, or crooked,

[3] *To step into the* state.] The *state* was probably, as Mr Gifford observes, "a raised platform on which was placed a chair, with a canopy over it." It was, however, frequently used for the throne itself, as in the present passage, and sometimes for the canopy over the throne. So in the sequel of this tragedy,

—— a brow arched like the *state* of Heaven.

He shall have me: Nay, which is more, I'll love him.
I will not be denied.

Char. You shall not, sister:
But you shall know, my love shall go along too.—
See a proscription drawn; and for his recompense,
My sister, and half partner in the empire;
And I will keep my word.

Aur. Now you do bravely.

Niger. And, though it cost my life, I'll see it publish'd.

Char. Away then, for the business.

Niger. I am gone, sir:
You shall have all dispatch'd to-night.

Char. Be prosperous.

Aur. And let the villain fall.

Niger. Fear nothing, madam. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Room in the House of the Prophetess.

Enter DELPHIA *and* DRUSILLA.

Drus. 'Tis true, that Diocles is courteous,
And of a pleasant nature, sweet and temperate;
His cousin Maximinian, proud and bloody.

Delp. Yes, and mistrustful too, my girl: Take heed;
Although he seem to love thee, and affect,
Like the more courtier, curious compliment,
Yet have a care.

Drus. You know all my affection,

And all my heart-desires, are set on Diocles:
But, aunt, how coldly he requites this courtesy,
How dull and heavily he looks upon me!
Although I woo him sometimes beyond modesty,
Beyond a virgin's care, how still he slights me!
And puts me still off with your prophecy,
And the performance of your late prediction,
That when he is emperor, then he will marry me!
Alas, what hope of that?
Delp. Peace, and be patient;
For though he be now a man most miserable,
Of no rank, nor no badge of honour on him,
Bred low and poor, no eye of favour shining;
And though my sure prediction of his rising,
Which can no more fail than the day or night does,
Nay, let him be asleep, will overtake him,
Have found some rubs and stops, yet (hear me, niece,
And hear me with a faith,) it shall come to him.
I'll tell thee the occasion.
Drus. Do, good aunt;
For yet I am ignorant.
Delp. Chiding him one day,[4]
For being too near and sparing for a soldier,
Too griping, and too greedy, he made answer,
"When I am Cæsar, then I will be liberal:"
I presently, inspired with holy fire,
And my prophetic spirit burning in me,
Gave answer from the gods; and this it was:
Imperator eris Romæ; cum Aprum grandem interfeceris:[5]

[4] This whole speech is almost a translation from Vopiscus.—*Sympson.*

[5] I could wish this *splendidus pannus*, this Latin piece of patchwork, was not to be found in the oldest edition: It might very well have been spared, and the author's learning have suffered no detriment.—*Sympson.*

Never was a more injudicious censure than this of Mr Symp-

" Thou shalt be emperor, oh, Diocles,
When thou hast kill'd a mighty boar." From that time,
As giving credit to my words, he has employ'd
Much of his life in hunting: Many boars,
Hideous and fierce, with his own hands he has kill'd too,
But yet not lighted on the fatal one,
Should raise him to the empire. Be not sad, niece;
Ere long he shall. Come; let's go entertain him:
For by this time, I guess, he comes from hunting:
And, by my art, I find this very instant
Some great design's a-foot.
Drus. The gods give good, aunt! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The Street before the same.

Enter DIOCLES, MAXIMINIAN, *and* GETA *carrying a Boar.*

Dio. Lay down the boar.
Geta. With all my heart; I am weary on't:

son upon the above Latin line; it being absolutely necessary, to preserve the pun (for so it must be called) upon the name of *Aper*, for the prediction to be delivered in that language: But perhaps Mr Sympson would have had the traitor's name Anglicised, and have called him *Volutius* BOAR.—Ed. 1778.

It must be confessed, that the Roman priestess, thinking it requisite to translate the Latin line to her Roman niece into English, is rather ludicrous.

I shall turn Jew, if I carry many such burdens.
Do you think, master, to be emperor
With killing swine? You may be an honest butcher,
Or allied to a seemly family of souse-wives.
Can you be such an ass, my reverend master,
To think these springs of pork[6] will shoot up Cæsars?

Maxi. The fool says true.

Dio. Come, leave your fooling, sirrah,
And think of what thou shalt be when I am emperor.

Geta. 'Would it would come with thinking! for then o' my conscience
I should be at least a senator.

Maxi. A sowter;[7]
For that's a place more fitted to thy nature,
If there could be such an expectation.
Or, say the devil could perform this wonder,
Can such a rascal as thou art hope for honour?
Such a log-carrying lout?

Geta. Yes; and bear it too,
And bear it swimmingly. I am not the first ass, sir,
Has borne good office, and perform'd it reverendly.

Dio. Thou being the son of a tiler, canst thou hope
To be a senator?

Geta. Thou being the son of a tanner, canst thou hope
To be an emperor?

Dio. Thou say'st true, Geta; there's a stop indeed:
But yet the bold and virtuous——

[6] *These* springs of pork.] Gayton, in his Festivous Notes on Don Quixote, (p. 96,) will explain this phrase, where, telling a story of a hungry scholar invited to a feast, and dreaming the night before of his next day's entertainment, cried out in his sleep, "Sir, sir, pray hand the *spring of pork* to me, pray advance the rump of beef this way," &c.—*Sympson.*

[7] *A sowter.*] That is, a cobler. The word is now confined to Scotland and the north of England.

Geta. You are right, master,
Right as a gun! For we, the virtuous,
Though we be kennel-rakers, scabs, and scoundrels,
We, the discreet and bold—And yet, now I remember it,
We tilers may deserve to be senators,
(And there we step before you thick-skin'd tanners)
For we are born three stories high; no base ones,
None of your groundlings, master.
Dio. I like thee well;
Thou hast a good mind, as I have, to this honour.
Geta. As good a mind, sir, of a simple plaisterer:
And, when I come to execute my office,
Then you shall see——
Maxi. What?
Geta. An officer in fury,
An officer as he ought to be. Do you laugh at it?
Is a senator, in hope, worth no more reverence?
By these hands, I'll clap you by the heels the first hour of it!
Maxi. O' my conscience, the fellow believes!
Dio. Ay, do, do, Geta;
For if I once be emperor——
Geta. Then will I
(For wise men must be had to prop the republic)
Not bate you a single ace of a sound senator.
Dio. But what shall we do the whilst?
Geta. Kill swine, and souse 'em,
And eat 'em when we have bread.
Maxi. Why didst thou run away
When the boar made toward thee? art thou not valiant?
Geta. No, indeed am I not; and 'tis for mine honour too:
I took a tree, 'tis true, gave way to the monster;
Hark what Discretion says: "Let fury pass;

From the tooth of a mad beast, and the tongue of a slanderer,[8]
Preserve thine honour."
Dio. He talks like a full senator.
Go, take it up, and carry it in. 'Tis a huge one;
We never kill'd so large a swine; so fierce too,
I never met with yet.
Maxi. Take heed! it stirs again.—
How nimbly the rogue runs up! he climbs like a squirrel.
Dio. Come down, you dunce! Is it not dead?
Geta. I know not.
Dio. His throat is cut, and his bowels out.
Geta. That's all one.
I am sure his teeth are in; and, for any thing I know,
He may have pigs of his own nature in's belly.
Dio. Come, take him up, I say, and see him dress'd;
He is fat, and will be lusty meat; away with him,
And get some of him ready for our dinner.
Geta. Shall he be roasted whole,
And served up in a souse-tub? a portly service!
I'll run i' th' wheel myself.[9]
Maxi. Sirrah, leave your prating,
And get some piece of him ready presently;

[8] *Thine honour.*] Seward proposed this strange amendment, which Sympson did not choose to adopt.

From the tooth of a mad beast, and the tongue of
A slanderer preserve thee (or thyself) and honour.

Honour, as Mason observes, does not mean here reputation, but the title given to persons of distinction, which Geta bestows upon himself, and accordingly Diocles tells him that he talks like a full senator. No versification was intended, as the penultimate line and the last hemistich are evidently a somewhat inappropriate parody on the Litany.

[9] *I'll run i' th' wheel myself.*] That is, perform the office of a turnspit.

We are weary both, and hungry.
Geta. I'll about it.
What an inundation of brewis[1] shall I swim in!
[*Exit into the house with the boar.*
Dio. Thou art ever dull and melancholy, cousin,
Distrustful of my hopes.
Maxi. Why, can you blame me?
Do men give credit to a juggler?
Dio. Thou know'st she is a prophetess.
Maxi. A small one,
And as small profit to be hoped for by her.
Dio. Thou art the strangest man!—How does thy hurt?
The boar came near you, sir.
Maxi. A scratch, a scratch.
Dio. It aches and troubles thee, and that makes thee angry.
Maxi. Not at the pain, but at the practice, uncle,
The butcherly base custom of our lives now:
Had a brave enemy's sword drawn so much from me,
Or danger met me in the head o' th' army,
To have blush'd thus in my blood had been mine honour;
But to live base, like swine-herds, and believe too!
To be fool'd out with tales, and old wives' dreams,
Dreams when they are drunk!
Dio. Certain, you much mistake her.
Maxi. Mistake her? hang her! To be made her purveyors,
To feed her old chaps, to provide her daily,
And bring in feasts, whilst she sits farting at us,
And blowing out her prophecies at both ends!
Dio. Pr'ythee be wise: Dost thou think, Maximinian,

[1] *Brewis.*] This word has already occurred in the same sense, viz. *broth*.

So great a reverence, and so staid a knowledge-
Maxi. Sur-reverence, you would say! What truth? what knowledge?
What any thing, but eating, is good in her?
'Twould make a fool prophesy, to be fed continually.
What do you get? Your labour and your danger,
Whilst she sits bathing in her larded fury.
Inspired with full deep cups, who cannot prophesy?
A tinker, out of ale, will give predictions;
But who believes?
Dio. She is a holy druid,
A woman noted for that faith, that piety,
Beloved of Heaven.
Maxi. Heaven knows, I do not believe it.
Indeed, I must confess, they are excellent jugglers;
Their age upon some fools too flings a confidence:
But what grounds have they, what elements to work on?
Shew me but that! the sieve and sheers? a learned one.
I have no patience to dispute this question,
'Tis so ridiculous! I think the devil does help 'em;
Or rather, mark me well, abuse 'em, uncle:
For they are as fit to deal with him, these old women,
They are as jump[a] and squared out to his nature——
Dio. Thou hast a perfect malice.
Maxi. So I would have
Against these purblind prophets; for, look ye, sir,
Old women will lie monstrously, so will the devil,
Or else he has had much wrong; upon my knowledge
Old women are malicious, so is he;
They are proud, and covetous, revengeful, lecherous,
All which are excellent attributes o' th' devil:

[a] *Jump.*] That is, exactly agreeing with. The word occurs frequently in old plays.

They would at least seem holy, so would he;
And, to veil o'er these villainies, they would prophesy;
He gives them leave now and then to use their cunnings,
Which is to kill a cow, or blast a harvest,
Make young pigs pipe themselves to death, choke poultry,
And chafe a dairy-wench into a fever
With pumping for her butter:
But when he makes these agents to raise emperors,
When he disposes fortune as his servant,
And ties her to old wives' tails——

Dio. Go thy ways;
Thou art a learned scholar, against credit.
You hear the prophecy.

Maxi. Yes; and I laugh at it,
And so will any man can tell but twenty,
That is not blind as you are, blind and ignorant.
Do you think she knows your fortune?

Dio. I do think it.

Maxi. I know she has the name of a rare soothsayer;
But do you in your conscience believe her holy?
Inspired with such prophetic fire?

Dio. Yes, in my conscience.

Maxi. And that you must, upon necessity,
From her words, be a Cæsar?

Dio. If I live——

Maxi. There's one stop yet.

Dio. And follow her directions.

Maxi. But do not juggle with me.

Dio. In faith, cousin,
So full a truth hangs ever on her prophecies,
That how I should think otherwise——

Maxi. Very well, sir;
You then believe (for methinks 'tis most necessary)
She knows her own fate?

Dio. I believe it certain.

Maxi. Dare you but be so wise to let me try it?
For I stand doubtful.

Dio. How?

Maxi. Come nearer to me,
Because her cunning devil shall not prevent me;
Close, close, and hear.—If she can turn this destiny,
I'll be of your faith too. [*Whispers* DIOCLES.

Dio. Forward, I fear not;
For if she knows not this, sure she knows nothing.

Enter DELPHIA.

I am so confident——

Maxi. 'Faith, so am I too,
That I shall make her devil's sides hum.

Dio. She comes here;
Go take your stand.

Maxi. Now holy,[3] or you howl for't! [*Retires.*

Dio. 'Tis pity this young man should be so stubborn:
Valiant he is, and to his valour temperate,
Only distrustful of delays in fortune;
I love him dearly well.

Delp. Now, my son Diocles,
Are you not weary of your game to-day?
And are you well?

Dio. Yes, mother, well and lusty;
Only you make me hunt for empty shadows.

Delp. You must have patience: Rome was not built in one day;
And he that hopes, must give his hopes their currents.
You have kill'd a mighty boar.

Dio. But I'm no emperor.

[3] *Now* holy, &c.] Seward would read, *Now* hallow *you*, that is, show yourself holy; but the text means the same.

Why do you fool me thus, and make me follow
Your flattering expectation hour by hour?
Rise early, and sleep late? to feed your appetites,
Forget my trade, my arms? forsake mine honour?
Labour and sweat to arrive at a base memory?
Oppose myself to hazards of all sorts,
Only to win the barbarous name of butcher?

Delp. Son, you are wise.

Dio. But you are cunning, mother;
And with that cunning,[4] and the faith I give you,
You lead me blindly to no end, no honour.
You find you are daily fed, you take no labour,
Your family at ease, they know no market;
And therefore, to maintain this, you speak darkly,
As darkly still you nourish it; whilst I
(Being a credulous and obsequious coxcomb)
Hunt daily, and sweat hourly; to find out,
To clear your mystery, kill boar on boar,
And make your spits and pots bow with my bounties:
Yet I still poorer, further still——

Delp. Be provident,
And tempt not the gods' dooms; stop not the glory
They are ready to fix on you; you are a fool then:
Chearful and grateful takers the gods love,
And such as wait their pleasures with full hopes;
The doubtful and distrustful man Heaven frowns at.
What I have told you by my inspiration,
I tell you once again, must and shall find you.

Dio. But when? or how?

Delp. *Cum Aprum interfeceris.*

Dio. I have kill'd many.

Delp. Not the boar they point you;
Nor must I reveal further, till you clear it:
The lots of glorious men are wrapt in mysteries,

[4] *And with that* cannon.] The amendment in the text was made by Betterton, but is claimed by Sympson.

And so deliver'd; common and slight creatures,
That have their ends as open as their actions,
Easy and open fortunes follow.

Maxi. [*Coming silently forward with his bow bent.*] I shall try
How deep your inspiration lies hid in you,
And whether your brave spirit have a buckler
To keep this arrow off; I'll make you smoke else.

Dio. Knowing my fortune so precisely, punctually,
And that it must fall without contradiction,
Being a stranger, of no tie unto you,
Methinks you should be studied in your own;
In your own destiny, methinks, most perfect:
And every hour, and every minute, mother,
(So great a care should Heaven have of her ministers)
Methinks your fortunes both ways should appear to you,
Both to avoid, and take. Can the stars now,
And all those influences you receive into you,
Or secret inspirations you make show of,
If an hard fortune hung, and were now ready
To pour itself upon your life, deliver you?
Can they now say, "Take heed?"

Delp. Ha? Pray you come hither.

Maxi. I would know that: I fear your devil will cozen you; [*Apart.*
And, stand as close as you can, I shall be with you.

Delp. I find a present ill.

Dio. How?

Delp. But I scorn it.

Maxi. Do you so? do you so? [*Apart.*

Delp. Yes, and laugh at it, Diocles.
Is it not strange, these wild and foolish men
Should dare to oppose the power of destiny?
That power the gods shake at? Look yonder, son.

Maxi. Have you spied me? then have at you.

Delp. Do; shoot boldly!
Hit me, and spare not, if thou canst.
Dio. Shoot, cousin.
Maxi. I cannot; mine arm's dead; I have no feeling!
Or, if I could shoot, so strong is her arm'd virtue,
She would catch the arrow flying.
Delp. Poor doubtful people!
I pity your weak faiths.
Dio. Your mercy, mother!
And, from this hour, a deity I crown you.
Delp. No more of that.
Maxi. Oh, let my prayers prevail too!
Here, like a tree I dwell else: Free me, mother,
And, greater than great Fortune, I'll adore thee!
Delp. Be free again, and have more pure thoughts in you.
Dio. Now I believe your words most constantly;
And when I have that power you have promised to me—
Delp. Remember then your vow: My niece Drusilla,
I mean, to marry her, and then you prosper.
Dio. I shall forget my life else.
Delp. I am a poor weak woman; to me no worship.

Enter NIGER, GETA, *and Soldiers.*

Geta. And shall he have as you say, that kills this Aper—
Delp. Now mark, and understand.
Niger. The proscription's up,
I' th' market-place 'tis up; there you may read it:
He shall have half the empire.
Geta. A pretty farm, i' faith.
Niger. And the emperor's sister, bright Aurelia,

Her to his wife.
Geta. You say well, friend: But, hark you;
Who shall do this?
Niger. You, if you dare.
Geta. I think so:
Yet, I could poison him in a pot of perry;
He loves that vengeancely. But when I have done this,
May I lie with the gentlewoman?
Niger. Lie with her?
What else, man?
Geta. Yes, man; I have known
A man married that never lay with his wife:
Those dancing-days are done.
Niger. These are old soldiers,
And poor, it seems. I'll try their appetites.—
'Save ye, brave soldiers!
Maxi. Sir, you talk'd of proscriptions?
Niger. 'Tis true; there is one set up from the emperor,
Against Volutius Aper.
Dio. Aper?
Delp. Now!
Now have you found the boar?
Dio. I have the meaning;
And, blessed mother——
Niger. He has scorn'd his master,
And bloodily cut off by treachery
The noble brother to him.
Dio. He lives here, sir,
Sickly and weak.
Niger. Did you see him?
Maxi. No.
Niger. He is murder'd;
So you shall find it mention'd from the emperor,
And, honest faithful soldiers, but believe it;
For, by the gods, you'll find it so; he's murder'd!

The manner how, read in the large proscription.
Delp. It is most true, son, and he cozens you;
Aper's a villain false.
Dio. I thank you, mother,
And dare believe you.—Hark you, sir! the recompense
As you related——
Niger. Is as firm as faith, sir,
Bring him alive or dead.
Maxi. You took a fit time,
The general being out o' th' town; for though we love him not,
Yet, had he known this first, you had paid for't dearly.
Dio. 'Tis Niger; now I know him; honest Niger,
A true sound man; and I believe him constantly.
Your business may be done, make no great hurry
For your own safety.
Niger. No; I am gone, I thank you. [*Exit.*
Dio. Pray, Maximinian, pray.
Maxi. I'll pray and work too.
Dio. I'll to the market-place, and read the offer;
And, now I have found the boar——
Delp. Find your own faith too,
And remember what you have vow'd.
Dio. Oh, mother!——
Delp. Prosper.
Geta. If my master and I do do this, there's two emperors,[5]
And what a show will that make! how we shall bounce it! [*Exeunt.*

[5] *If my master and I* do do *this, &c.*] The second folio and the modern editions omit the second *do.* I incline to retain it, as not uncharacteristic of Geta.

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Room in the House of the Prophetess.

Enter Drusilla *and* Delphia.

Drus. Leave us, and not vouchsafe a parting kiss
To her, that in his hopes of greatness lives,
And goes along with him in all his dangers?
Delp. I grant 'twas most inhuman.
Drus. Oh, you give it
Too mild a name! 'twas more than barbarous!
And you a partner in it.
Delp. I, Drusilla?
Drus. Yes; you have blown his swoln pride to that vastness,
As he believes the earth is in his fathom;
This makes him quite forget his humble being:
And can I hope that he, that only fed
With the imagined food of future empire,
Disdains even those that gave him means, and life,
To nourish such desires, when he's possess'd
Of his ambitious ends (which must fall on him,
Or your predictions are false) will ever
Descend to look on me?
Delp. Were his intents
Perfidious as the seas or winds; his heart
Composed of falsehood; yet the benefit,
The greatness of the good he has from you,
(For what I have conferr'd is thine, Drusilla)

Must make him firm and thankful: But if all
Remembrance of the debts he stands engaged for,
Find a quick grave in his ingratitude,
My powerful art, that guides him to this height,
Shall make him curse the hour he e'er was raised,
Or sink him to the centre.
Drus. I had rather
Your art could force him to return that ardour
To me, I bear to him; or give me power
To moderate my passions: Yet I know not;
I should repent your grant, though you had sign'd it
(So well I find he's worthy of all service.)
But to believe that any check to him
In his main hopes, could yield content to me,
Were treason to true love, that knows no pleasure,
The object that it dotes on ill affected!
Delp. Pretty simplicity! I love thee for't,
And will not sit an idle looker-on,
And see it cozen'd. Dry thy innocent eyes,
And cast off jealous fears, (yet promises
Are but lip-comforts) and but fancy aught
That's possible in nature, or in art,
That may advance thy comfort, and be bold
To tell thy soul 'tis thine; therefore speak freely.
Drus. You new-create me! To conceal from you
My virgin fondness, were to hide my sickness
From my physician. Oh, dear aunt, I languish
For want of Diocles' sight: He is the sun
That keeps my blood in a perpetual spring;
But, in his absence, cold benumbing winter
Seizes on all my faculties. Would you bind me
(That am your slave already) in more fetters,
And, in the place of service, to adore you?
Oh, bear me then (but 'tis impossible,
I fear, to be effected) where I may
See how my Diocles breaks through his dangers,

And in what heaps his honours flow upon him,
That I may meet him in the height and pride
Of all his glories, and there (as your gift)
Challenge him as mine own.

Delp. Enjoy thy wishes:
This is an easy boon, which, at thy years,
I could have given to any; but now grown
Perfect in all the hidden mysteries
Of that inimitable art, which makes us
Equal even to the gods, and nature's wonders,
It shall be done as fits my skill and glory:
To break through bolts and locks, a scholar's prize
For thieves and pick-locks! to pass through an army,
Cover'd with night, or some disguise, the practice
Of poor and needy spies! No, my Drusilla,
From Ceres I will force her winged dragons,
And in the air hang over the tribunal,
The music of the spheres attending on us.
There, as his good star, thou shalt shine upon him,
If he prove true, and as his angel guard him:
But if he dare be false, I, in a moment,
Will put that glorious light out, with such horror
As if the eternal night had seized the sun,
Or all things were return'd to the first chaos,
And then appear like furies.

Drus. I will do
Whate'er you shall command.

Delp. Rest then assured,
I am the mistress of my art, and fear not.

[*Soft music. Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Camp of Aper.

Enter APER, CAMURIUS, *Guard, with a Litter covered.*

Aper. Your care of your sick emperor, fellow-soldiers,
In colours to the life doth shew your love,
And zealous duty: Oh, continue in it!
And though I know you long to see and hear him,
Impute it not to pride or melancholy,
That keeps you from your wishes; such state-vices
(Too, too familiar with great princes) are
Strangers to all the actions of the life
Of good Numerianus. Let your patience
Be the physician to his wounded eyes,
(Wounded with pious sorrow for his father)
Which time and your strong patience will recover,
Provided it prove constant. [*Goes to the litter.*
1 *Guard.* If he counterfeit,
[*Apart to the other Guards.*
I will hereafter trust a prodigal heir,
When he weeps at his father's funeral.
2 *Guard.* Or a young widow, following a bed-rid husband
(After a three-years' groaning) to the fire.
3 *Guard.* Note his humility, and with what soft murmurs
He does inquire his pleasures.
1 *Guard.* And how soon
He is instructed.

2 Guard. How he bows again too.
Aper. All your commands, dread Cæsar, I'll impart
To your most ready soldier, to obey them;
So take your rest in peace. [*Turning from the litter to the Guards.*]—It is the pleasure
Of mighty Cæsar (his thanks still remember'd
For your long patience, which a donative,
Fitting his state to give, shall quickly follow)
That you continue a strict guard upon
His sacred person, and admit no stranger
Of any other legion to come near him;
You being most trusted by him. I receive
Your answer in your silence.—Now, Camurius,
[*Apart to him.*
Speak without flattery: Hath thy Aper acted
This passion to the life?
Cam. I would applaud him,
Were he saluted Cæsar: But I fear
These long-protracted counsels will undo us;
And 'tis beyond my reason, he being dead,
You should conceal yourself, or hope it can
Continue undiscovered.
Aper. That I have kill'd him,
Yet feed these ignorant fools with hopes he lives,
Has a main end in't. The Pannonian cohorts
(That are my own, and sure) are not come up;
The German legions waver; and Charinus,
Brother to this dead dog, (hell's plagues on Niger!)
Is jealous of the murder, and, I hear,
Is marching up against me. 'Tis not safe,
Till I have power to justify the act,
To shew myself the author: Be therefore careful
For an hour or two (till I have fully sounded
How the tribunes and centurions stand affected)
That none come near the litter. If I find them
Firm on my part, I dare profess myself;

And then, live Aper's equal!
Cam. Does not the body
Begin to putrify?
Aper. That exacts my haste:
When, but even now, I feign'd obedience to it,
As I had some great business to impart,
The scent had almost choak'd me; be therefore curious,[6]
All keep at distance.
Cam. I am taught my parts;
Haste you, to perfect yours. [*Exit* APER.
1 *Guard.* I had rather meet
An enemy i' th' field, than stand thus nodding
Like to a rug-gown'd watchman.

Enter DIOCLES, MAXIMINIAN, *and* GETA.

Maxi. The watch at noon?[7]
This is a new device.
Cam. Stand!
Dio. I am arm'd
Against all danger.
Maxi. If I fear to follow,
A coward's name pursue me!
Dio. Now, my fate,
Guide and direct me!
Cam. You are rude and saucy,
With your forbidden feet to touch this ground,
Sacred to Cæsar only, and to these
That do attend his person! Speak, what are you?

[6] *Curious.*] i. e. Cautious.—*Sympson.*
Curious does not merely signify cautious, but cautious to a degree of minuteness and precision.—*Mason.*

[7] Geta. *The watch at noon?*] The old books give this speech to *Geta,* whom we thought the most unlikely person on the stage to make the remark, before we consulted Betterton's edition, which we have followed, in giving it to *Maximinian.*—Ed. 1778.

Dio. What thou, nor any of thy faction are,
Nor ever were; soldiers, and honest men.
Cam. So blunt?
Geta. Nay, you shall find he's good at the sharp
too.
Dio. No instruments of craft, engines of murder,
That serve the emperor only with oil'd tongues,
Sooth and applaud his vices, play the bawds
To all his appetites; and when you have wrought
So far upon his weakness, that he's grown
Odious to the subject and himself,
And can no further help your wicked ends,
You rid him out o' th' way.
Cam. Treason!
Dio. 'Tis truth,
And I will make it good.
Cam. Lay hands upon 'em;
Or kill them suddenly!
Geta. I am out at that;
I do not like the sport.
Dio. What's he that is
Owner of any virtue worth a Roman,
Or does retain the memory of the oath
He made to Cæsar, that dares lift his sword
Against the man that (careless of his life)
Comes to discover such a horrid treason,
As, when you hear't, and understand how long
You have been abused, will run you mad with fury?
I am no stranger, but (like you) a soldier,
Train'd up one from my youth: And there are some
With whom I have served, and (not to praise myself)
Must needs confess they have seen Diocles,
In the late Britain wars, both dare and do
Beyond a common man.
1 *Guard.* Diocles?
2 *Guard.* I know him;
The bravest soldier of the empire.

Cam. Stand!
If thou advance an inch, thou art dead.
Dio. Die thou, [*Kills* CAMURIUS.
That durst oppose thyself against a truth
That will break out, though mountains cover it!
Geta. I fear this is a sucking pig, no boar,
He falls so easy.
Dio. Hear me, fellow soldiers;
And if I make it not apparent to you
This is an act of justice, and no murder,
Cut me in pieces. I'll disperse the cloud
That hath so long obscured a bloody act
Ne'er equall'd yet. You all know with what favours
The good Numerianus ever graced
The provost Aper?
Guard. True.
Dio. And that those bounties
Should have contain'd him (if he e'er had learn'd
The elements of honesty and truth)
In loyal duty: But Ambition never
Looks backward on Desert, but with blind haste
Boldly runs on: But I lose time. You are here
Commanded by this Aper to attend
The emperor's person, to admit no stranger
To have access to him, or come near his litter,
Under pretence, forsooth, his eyes are sore,
And his mind troubled: No, my friends, you are
cozen'd;
The good Numerianus now is past
The sense of wrong or injury.
[*Opens the litter, and discovers the dead body of* NUMERIANUS.
Guard. How! dead?
Dio. Let your own eyes inform you.
Geta. An emperor's cabinet?
Fough! I have known a charnel-house smell sweeter.

If emperor's flesh have this savour, what will mine do
When I am rotten?

1 *Guard.* Most unheard-of villainy!

2 *Guard.* And with all cruelty to be revenged.

3 *Guard.* Who is the murderer? Name him, that we may
Punish it in his family.

Dio. Who but Aper?
The barbarous and most ingrateful Aper?
His desperate poniard printed on his breast
This deadly wound. Hate to vow'd enemies
Finds a full satisfaction in death,
And tyrants seek no further: He, a subject,
And bound by all the ties of love and duty,
Ended not so; but does deny his prince
(Whose ghost, forbade a passage to his rest,
Mourns by the Stygian shore) his funeral-rites.
Nay, weep not; let your loves speak in your anger;
And, to confirm you gave no suffrage to
The damned plot, lend me your helping hands
To wreak the parricide; and if you find
That there is worth in Diocles to deserve it,
Make him your leader.

Guard. A Diocles, a Diocles!

Dio. We'll force him from his guards.—And now, my stars,
If you have any good for me in store,
Shew it, when I have slain this fatal Boar! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Rome. Before the Capitol.

Enter on a Cloud, DELPHIA *and* DRUSILLA, *in a Throne, drawn by Dragons.*

Delp. Fix here, and rest awhile your sail-stretched wings,[8]
That have out-stript the winds. The eye of Heaven
Durst not behold your speed, but hid itself
Behind the grossest clouds; and the pale moon
Pluck'd in her silver horns, trembling for fear
That my strong spells should force her from her sphere:
Such is the power of art.
Drus. Good aunt, where are we?
Delp. Look down, Drusilla, on these lofty towers,

[8] *Sail-stretched wings.*] I cannot forbear transcribing a stanza out of our inimitable Spenser, which whether our poets had in their eye or no here, the reader must judge. B. i. C. xi. Stan. 10.

"His flaggy wings when forth he did display,
Were like two sails, in which the hollow wind
Is gathered full, and worketh speedy way:
And eke the pens that did his pinions bind,
Were like main-yards, with flying canvas lined;
With which, when as him list the air to beat,
And there by force unwonted passage find,
The clouds before him fled for terror great,
And all the heavens stood full amazed with his threat."
Sympson.

The same beautiful epithet occurs in Massinger's Unnatural Combat, and, as Mr Gifford observes, in Jonson's Every Man out of his Humour, as well as in Milton.

These spacious streets, where every private house
Appears a palace to receive a king:
The site, the wealth, the beauty of the place,
Will soon inform thee 'tis imperious Rome,
Rome, the great mistress of the conquer'd world.
Drus. But, without Diocles, it is to me
Like any wilderness we have pass'd o'er:
Shall I not see him?
Delp. Yes, and in full glory,
And glut thy greedy eyes with looking on
His prosperous success. Contain thyself;
For though all things beneath us are transparent,
The sharpest-sighted (were he eagle-eyed)
Cannot discover us. Nor will we hang
Idle spectators to behold his triumph;
But, when occasion shall present itself,
Do something to add to it.

Enter DIOCLES, MAXIMINIAN, GETA, APER *guarded, Senators, Officers, with the litter.*

See, he comes.
Drus. How god-like he appears! With such a grace,
The giants that attempted to scale Heaven,
When they lay dead on the Phlegrean plain,
Mars did appear to Jove.
Delp. Forbear.
Dio. Look on this,
And when with horror thou hast view'd thy deed,
Thy most accursed deed, be thine own judge,
And see (thy guilt consider'd) if thou canst
Persuade thyself, whom thou standst bound to hate,
To hope or plead for mercy.
Aper. I confess
My life's a burden to me.
Dio. Thou art like thy name,

A cruel Boar, whose snout hath rooted up
The fruitful vineyard of the commonwealth.
I long have hunted for thee; and since now
Thou art in the toil, it is in vain to hope
Thou ever shalt break out. Thou dost deserve
The hangman's hook, or to be punished
More majorum, whipt with rods to death,
Or any way that were more terrible:
Yet, since my future fate depends upon thee,
Thus to fulfil great Delphia's prophecy,
Aper (thou fatal Boar) receive the honour
To fall by Diocles' hand!—[*Kills* APER.] Shine
clear, my stars,
That usher'd me to taste this common air,
In my entrance to the world, and give applause
To this great work!
Delp. Strike music from the spheres! [*Music.*
Drus. Oh, now you honour me!
Dio. Ha! in the air?
All. Miraculous!
Maxi. This shews the gods approve
The person and the act. Then if the senate
(For in their eyes I read the soldiers' love)
Think Diocles worthy to supply the place
Of dead Numerianus, as he stands
His heir in his revenge, with one consent
Salute him emperor.
Sen. Long live Diocles!
Augustus, *Pater Patriæ*, and all titles
That are peculiar only to the Cæsars,
We gladly throw upon him.
Guard. We confirm it,
And will defend his honour with our swords
Against the world. Raise him to the tribunal.
1 *Sen.* Fetch the imperial robes; and, as a sign
We give him absolute power of life and death,
Bind this sword to his side.

2 Sen. Omit no ceremony
That may be for his honour. [*Song.*
Maxi. Still the gods
Express that they are pleased with this election.
Geta. My master is an emperor, and I feel
A senator's itch upon me: 'Would I could hire
These fine invisible fiddlers to play to me
At my instalment.
Dio. I embrace your loves,
And hope the honours that you heap upon me
Shall be with strength supported: It shall be
My study to appear another Atlas,
To stand firm underneath this heaven of empire,
And bear it boldly. I desire no titles,
But as I shall deserve 'em. I will keep
The name I had, being a private man,
Only with some small difference; I will add
To Diocles but two short syllables,
And be call'd Dioclesianus.[9]
Geta. That is fine!
I'll follow the fashion; and, when I am a senator,
I will be no more plain Geta, but be call'd

[9] *Dioclesianus.*] Sympson is greatly puzzled and shocked that Diocles should break his word, and add three syllables instead of two, as he had declared his resolution to do. But then that unlucky jester, Geta, in imitation of his master, makes exactly the same addition to his own name. However, Mason, admiring the lucubrations of Sympson, steps in, defends his alteration of Dioclesianus to Dioclesian, and helps him out of the difficulty by observing, that Getianus does not imitate his sovereign by using the same termination, but that he follows the fashion by the addition of two syllables to his name!—Surely these speculations are as idle as they are ludicrous. Were it necessary to offer any refutation of their arguments, one question would suffice: Could not Dioclesianus be pronounced by the very usual contraction of two vowels, as a word of five or rather four syllables? If Mason and Sympson make two syllables of their proposed addition, they will find a most uncouth line produced—" And be called Di-o-cle-si-an. That is fine!"

Lord Getianus.

Drus. He ne'er thinks of me,
Nor of your favour.

Enter NIGER.

Delp. If he dares prove false,
These glories shall be to him as a dream,
Or an enchanted banquet.

Niger. From Charinus,
From great Charinus, who with joy hath heard
Of your proceedings, and confirms your honours:
He, with his beauteous sister, fair Aurelia,
Are come in person, like themselves attended,
To gratulate your fortune. [*Loud music.*

Dio. For thy news,
Be thou in France pro-consul.

Enter CHARINUS, AURELIA, *and Attendants.*

Let us meet
The emperor with all honour, and embrace him.

Drus. Oh, aunt, I fear this princess doth eclipse
The opinion of my beauty, though I were
Myself to be the judge!

Delp. Rely on me.

Char. 'Tis virtue, and not birth, that makes us noble:
Great actions speak great minds, and such should govern;
And you are graced with both. Thus, as a brother,
A fellow, and co-partner in the empire,
I do embrace you. May we live so far
From difference, or emulous competition,
That all the world may say, although two bodies,

We have one mind!
Aur. When I look on the trunk
Of dear Numerianus, I should wash
His wounds with tears, and pay a sister's sorrow
To his sad fate; but since he lives again
In your most brave revenge, I bow to you,
As to a power that gave him second life,
And will make good my promise. If you find
That there is worth in me that may deserve you,
And that in being your wife, I shall not bring
Disquiet and dishonour to your bed,
(Although my youth and fortune should require
Both to be sued and sought to) here I yield
Myself at your devotion.
Dio. Oh, you gods,
Teach me how to be thankful! You have pour'd
All blessings on me, that ambitious man
Could ever fancy: Till this happy minute
I ne'er saw beauty, or believed there could be
Perfection in a woman! I shall live
To serve and honour you. Upon my knees
I thus receive you; and, so you vouchsafe it,
This day I am doubly married, to the empire,
And your best self.
Delp. False and perfidious villain!
Drus. Let me fall headlong on him! Oh, my stars!
This I foresaw and fear'd.
Char. Call forth a flamen.
This knot shall now be tied.
Delp. But I will loose it,
If art or hell have any strength.
[*Thunder and lightning.*

Enter a Flamen.

Char. Prodigious!
Maxi. How soon the day's o'ercast!
Flamen. The signs are fatal;
Juno smiles not upon this match, and shews too
She has her thunder.
Dio. Can there be a stop
In my full fortune?
Char. We are too violent,
And I repent the haste: We first should pay
Our latest duty to the dead, and then
Proceed discreetly. Let's take up the body;
And when we have placed his ashes in his urn,
We'll try the gods again; for, wise men say,
Marriage and obsequies do not suit one day.
[*Exeunt all but* DELPHIA *and* DRUSILLA.
Delp. So; 'tis deferr'd yet, in despite of falsehood.
Comfort, Drusilla; for he shall be thine,
Or wish, in vain, he were not.[1] I will punish
His perjury to the height.—Mount up, my birds.[2]

[1] *Or wish in vain he were* not. *I will punish.*] The meaning of the text obviously is, "He shall be thine, or wish he had no *existence;* which I will prevent his putting a period to."

This obvious explanation was extorted from the last editors by most needless difficulties started, and alterations proposed, by Seward and Sympson.

[2] *Mount up, my birds.*] She means *dragons.* Thus what has, or is supposed to have, wings, as the dragons here, is by our poets called a *bird.* Shakspeare takes much the same kind of liberty in his Anthony and Cleopatra, when he calls his aspics *worms of Nile;* and Milton, in imitation of his great master, gives the serpent in Paradise Lost the same name, as coming, I suppose, under the denomination of reptiles.—*Sympson.*

Delphia speaks metaphorically, but Shakspeare, as well as Milton, took no kind of liberty, for anciently the term *worms* was applied to serpents of every description.

Some rites I am to perform to Hecatè,
To perfect my designs; which, once perform'd,
He shall be made obedient to thy call,
Or in his ruin I will bury all. [*Ascend in the throne.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Before the Palace.

Enter MAXIMINIAN.

Maxi. What powerful star shined at this man's nativity,
And bless'd his homely cradle with full glory?
What throngs of people press and buz about him,
And with their humming flatteries sing him Cæsar?
Sing him aloud, and grow hoarse with saluting him?
How the fierce-minded soldier steals in to him,
Adores and courts his honour? at his devotion
Their lives, their virtues, and their fortunes laying?
Charinus sues, the emperor entreats him,
And, as a brighter flame, takes his beams from him;
The bless'd and bright Aurelia, she dotes on him,
And, as the god of love, burns incense to him;
All eyes live on him: Yet I am still Maximinian,
Still the same poor and wretched thing, his servant.
What have I got by this? where lies my glory?

How am I raised and honour'd? I have gone as far
To woo this purblind honour, and have pass'd
As many dangerous expeditions,
As noble, and as high; nay, in his destiny,
Whilst 'twas unknown, have run as many hazards,
And done as much, sweat through as many perils;
Only the hangman of Volutius Aper,
Which I mistook, has made him emperor,
And me his slave.

Enter DELPHIA *and* DRUSILLA.

Delp. Stand still! he cannot see us,
'Till I please. Mark him well; this discontentment
I have forced into him, for thy cause, Drusilla.
Maxi. Can the gods see this,
See it with justice, and confer their blessings
On him, that never flung one grain of incense
Upon their altars? never bow'd his knee yet?
And I that have march'd foot by foot, struck equally,
And, whilst he was a-gleaning, have been praying,
Contemning his base, covetous——
Delp. Now we'll be open. [*They come forward.*
Maxi. Bless me! and with all reverence——
[*Kneels.*
Delp. Stand up, son,
And wonder not at thy ungrateful uncle:
I know thy thoughts, and I appear to ease 'em.
Maxi. Oh, mother, did I stand the tenth part to you
Engaged and fetter'd, as mine uncle does,
How would I serve, how would I fall before you!
The poorer powers we worship——
Delp. Peace, and flatter not;
Necessity and anger draw this from you,
Of both which I will quit you. For your uncle
I spoke this honour, and it fell upon him,

Fell to his full content: He has forgot me,
For all my care, forgot me, and his vow too;
As if a dream had vanish'd, so he has lost me,
And I him; let him now stand fast! Come hither;
My care is now on you.
Maxi. Oh, blessed mother!
Delp. Stand still, and let me work.—So!—Now, Maximinian,
Go, and appear in court, and eye Aurelia;
Believe what I have done concerns you highly.
Stand in her view, make your addresses to her;
She is the stair of honour. I'll say no more,
But Fortune is your servant: Go.
Maxi. With reverence,
All this as holy truths—— [*Exit.*
Delp. Believe, and prosper.
Drus. Yet all this cures not me! But as much credit,
As much belief from Dioclesian——
Delp. Be not dejected; I have warn'd you often,
The proudest thoughts he has I'll humble.—Who's this?

Enter Geta, *Lictors, and Suitors, with petitions.*

Oh, 'tis the fool and knave grown a grave officer.
Here's hot and high preferment.
Geta. What's your bill?
For gravel for the Appian way, and pills?
Is the way rheumatic?
1 Suit. 'Tis piles, an't please you.
Geta. Remove me those piles to Port Esquiline,[3]

[3] *Port* Esquiline.] So our great Spenser, from whom this passage seems to have been taken. B. ii. C. ix. Stan. 32.

"But all the liquor, which was foul and waste,
Not good nor serviceable else for ought,

Fitter the place, my friend: You shall be paid.
1 *Suit.* I thank your worship.
Geta. Thank me when you have it,
Thank me another way, you are an ass else:
I know my office. You are for the streets, sir.
Lord, how ye throng! That knave has eaten gar-
lick;
Whip him, and bring him back.
3 *Suit.* I beseech your worship;
Here's an old reckoning for the dung and dirt, sir.
Geta. It stinks like thee; away! Yet let him tarry;
His bill shall quit his breath. Give your petitions
In seemly sort, and keep your hats off, decently.
[*Reads.*
"For scouring the water-courses through the cities;"
A fine periphrasis of a kennel-raker!
Did you scour all, my friend? You had some bu-
siness;
Who shall scour you? You are to be paid I take it,
When surgeons swear you have perform'd your of-
fice.
4 *Suit.* Your worship's merry.
Geta. We must be sometimes witty,
To knick a knave; 'tis as useful as our gravity.
I'll take no more petitions; I am pester'd!
Give me some rest.
4 *Suit.* I have brought the gold, an't please you,
About the place you promised.

They in another great round vessel placed,
Till by a conduit-pipe it thence were brought:
And all the rest, that noyous was and nought,
By secret ways that none might it espy,
Was close convey'd, and to the back gate brought,
That cleped was *Port Esquiline*, whereby
It was avoided quite, and thrown out privily."—*Sympson.*

The reader will probably find no marks of imitation in the text from this stanza of Spenser.

Geta. See him enter'd.
How does your daughter?

4 Suit. Better your worship thinks of her.

Geta. This is with the least. But let me see your daughter:
'Tis a good forward maid; I'll join her with you.—
I do beseech ye leave me!

Lict. Ye see the edile's busy.

Geta. And look to your places, or I'll make ye smoke else!—
Sirrah, I drank a cup of wine at your house yesterday,
A good smart wine.

Lict. Send him the piece; he likes it.

Geta. And eat the best wild boar at that same farmer's.

2 Suit. I have half left yet; your worship shall command it.

Geta. A bit will serve. Give me some rest! Gods help me,
How shall I labour when I am a senator!

Delp. 'Tis a fit place indeed.—'Save your mastership!
Do you know us, sir?

Geta. These women are still troublesome.
There be houses providing for such wretched women,
And some small rents to set ye a-spinning.

Drus. Sir,
We are no spinsters; nor, if you look upon us,
So wretched as you take us.

Delp. Does your mightiness,
That is a great destroyer of your memory,
Yet understand our faces?

Geta. Pr'ythee keep off, woman!
It is not fit I should know every creature.
Although I have been familiar with thee heretofore,
I must not know thee now; my place neglects thee.

Yet, because I deign a glimpse of your remembrances,
Give me your suits, and wait me a month hence.

Delp. Our suits are, sir, to see the emperor,
The emperor Dioclesian, to speak to him,
And not to wait on you. We have told you all, sir.

Geta. I laugh at your simplicity, poor women.
See the emperor? Why, you are deceived; now
The emperor appears but once in seven years,
And then he shines not on such weeds as you are.—
Forward, and keep your state; and keep beggars from me.

Drus. Here is a pretty youth.

[*Exeunt* GETA, *Lictors, and Suitors.*

Delp. He shall be pretty,
Or I will want my will. Since you are so high, sir,
I'll raise you higher, or my art shall fail me.—

Enter DIOCLESIAN.

Stand close; he comes.

Dio. How am I cross'd and tortured!
My most-wish'd happiness, my lovely mistress,
That must make good my hopes, and link my greatness,
Yet severed from mine arms! Tell me, high Heaven,
How have I sinn'd, that you should speak in thunder,
In horrid thunder, when my heart was ready
To leap into her breast? the priest was ready?
The joyful virgins and the young men ready?
When Hymen stood, with all his flames about him,
Blessing the bed? the house with full joy sweating?
And Expectation, like the Roman eagle,
Took stand, and call'd all eyes? It was your honour;
And, ere you give it full, do you destroy it?
Or was there some dire star, some devil, that did it?

Some sad malignant angel to mine honour?
With you I dare not rage.

Delp. With me thou canst not,
Though it was I. Nay, look not pale and frighted;
I'll fright thee more: With me thou canst not quarrel.
I raised the thunder to rebuke thy falsehood,
(Look here) to her thy falsehood. Now be angry,
And be as great in evil as in empire.

Dio. Bless me, ye powers!

Delp. Thou hast full need of blessing.
'Twas I that, at thy great inauguration,
Hung in the air unseen; 'twas I that honour'd thee
With various musics, and sweet-sounding airs;
'Twas I inspired the soldier's heart with wonder,
And made him throw himself with love and duty,
Low at thy feet; 'twas I that fix'd him to thee.
But why did I all this? To keep thy honesty,
Thy vow, and faith: That once forgot and slighted,
Aurelia in regard, the marriage ready,
The priest and all the ceremonies present,
'Twas I that thunder'd loud, 'twas I that threaten'd,
'Twas I that cast a dark face over Heaven,
And smote ye all with terror.

Drus. Yet consider,
As you are noble, as I have deserved you;
For yet you are free: If neither faith nor promise,
The deeds of elder times, may be remember'd,
Let these new-dropping tears, (for I still love you)
These hands held up to Heaven——

Dio. I must not pity you;
'Tis not wise in me.

Delp. How! not wise?

Dio. Nor honourable.
A princess is my love, and dotes upon me;
A fair and lovely princess is my mistress:
I am an emperor. Consider, Prophetess,

Now my embraces are for queens and princesses,
For ladies of high mark, for divine beauties:
To look so low as this cheap common sweetness
Would speak me base, my names and glories nothing.
I grant I made a vow; what was I then?
As she is now, of no sort, (hope made me promise)
But [as] now I am,[4] to keep this vow were monstrous,
A madness, and a low inglorious fondness.

Delp. Take heed, proud man!

Drus. Princes may love with titles,
But I with truth.

Delp. Take heed! Here stands thy destiny;
Thy fate here follows.

Dio. Thou doting sorceress,
Wouldst have me love this thing, that is not worthy
To kneel unto my saint, to kiss her shadow?
Great princes are her slaves; selected beauties
Bow at her beck; the mighty Persian's daughter
(Bright as the breaking East, as mid-day glorious)
Waits her commands, and grows proud in her pleasures.
I'll see her honour'd; some match I shall think of,
That shall advance ye both; mean time, I'll favour ye. [*Exit.*

Delp. Meantime, I'll haunt thee!—Cry not, wench; be confident,
Ere long, thou shalt more pity him (observe me)
And pity him in truth, than now thou seek'st him:
My art and I are yet companions. Come, girl.
[*Exeunt.*

[4] *But now I am.*] It seems absolutely necessary to intr[illegible] the word in brackets. Seward and Sympson more [illegible] read—*But as I'm now.*

SCENE II.

The Court of the Edile.

GETA *discovered in his chair; Lictors and Suitors about him.*

Geta. I am too merciful, I find it, friends,
Of too soft a nature, to be an officer;
I bear too much remorse.[5]
1 *Lict.* 'Tis your own fault, sir;
For, look you, one so newly warm in office
Should lay about him blindfold, like true justice:
Hit where it will, the more you whip and hang, sir,
(Though without cause; let that declare itself afterward)
The more you are admired.
Geta. I think I shall be.
2 *Lict.* Your worship is a man of a spare body,
And prone to anger.
Geta. Nay, I will be angry;
And the best is, I need not shew my reason.
2 *Lict.* You need not, sir; your place is without reason;
And what you want in growth and full proportion,
Make up in rule and rigour.
Geta. A rare counsellor!

[5] *Remorse.*] This word was continually used by old writers for *pity*. For instance in the Tempest,

——————" Flesh and blood,
You brother mine, that entertain'd ambition,
Expell'd *remorse* and nature."

Instruct me further. Is it fit, my friends,
The emperor, my master Dioclesian,
Should now remember or the times or manners
That call'd him plain down Diocles?
  1 *Lict.* He must not;
It stands not with his royalty.
  Geta. I grant ye.
I being then the edile Getianus,
A man of place, and judge, is it held requisite
I should commit to my consideration
Those rascals of removed and ragged hours,
That with unreverend mouths call'd me slave Geta?
  2 *Lict.* You must forget their names; your honour bids you.
  Geta. I do forget; but I will hang their natures.
I will ascend my place, which is of justice;
And, Mercy, I forget thee.
  Suit. A rare magistrate!
Another Solon sure.
  Geta. Bring out the offenders.
  1 *Lict.* There are none yet, sir; but no doubt there will be.
But if you please touch some things of those natures—
  Geta. And am I ready, and mine anger too,
The melancholy of a magistrate upon me,
And no offenders to execute my fury?
Ha! no offenders, knaves?
  1 *Lict.* There are knaves indeed, sir;
But we hope shortly to have 'em for your worship.
  Geta. No men to hang or whip? Are ye good officers,
That provide no fuel for a judge's fury?
In this place something must be done; this chair, I tell ye,
When I sit down, must savour of severity:
Therefore, I warn ye all, bring me lewd people,

Or likely to be lewd, (twigs must be cropt too;)
Let me have evil persons in abundance,
Or make 'em evil; 'tis all one, do but say so,
That I may have fit matter for a magistrate,
And let me work. If I sit empty once more,
And lose my longing, as I am true Edile,
And as I hope to rectify my country,
You are those scabs I'll scratch off from the commonwealth,
You are those rascals of the state I treat of;[6]
And you shall find and feel——

2 Lict. You shall have many,
Many notorious people.

Geta. Let 'em be people,
And take ye notorious to yourselves. Mark me, my Lictors,
And you the rest of my officials;
If I be angry, (as my place will ask it)
And want fit matter to dispose my authority,
I'll hang a hundred of ye: I'll not stay longer,
Nor inquire no further into your offences;
It is sufficient that I find no criminals,
And therefore I must make some; if I cannot,
Suffer myself; for so runs my commission.

Suit. An admirable, zealous, and true justice!

1 Lict. I cannot hold! If there be any people,
Of what degree soever, or what quality,
That would behold the wonderful works of justice
In a new officer, a man conceal'd yet,
Let him repair, and see, and hear, and wonder
At the most wise and gracious Getianus!

[6] *I treat of.*] Seward thinks this reading flat, and therefore substitutes, *I'll tread on.* We cannot think any change necessary.
Betterton reads, *You are those rascals of the state* I'll punish.—Ed. 1778.

Enter DELPHIA *and* DRUSILLA.

Geta. This qualifies a little.—What are these?
Delp. You shall not mourn still: Times of recreation,
To allay this sadness, must be sought.—What's here?
A superstitious flock of senseless people
Worshipping a sign in office?
Geta. Lay hold on her, [*Guards seize her.*
And hold her fast,
She will slip through your fingers like an eel else;
I know her tricks. Hold her, I say, and bind her;
Or, hang her first, and then I'll tell her wherefore.
Delp. What have I done?
Geta. Thou hast done enough to undo thee;
Thou hast pressed to the emperor's presence without my warrant,
I being his key and image.
Delph. You are an image indeed,
And of the coarsest stuff, and the worst making,
That e'er I look'd on yet:
I'll make as good an image of an ass.
Geta. Besides, thou art a woman of a lewd life.
Delp. I am no whore, sir; nor no common fame
Has yet proclaim'd me to the people vicious.
Geta. Thou art to me a damnable lewd woman,
Which is as much as all the people swore it.
I know thou art a keeper of tame devils:
And whereas great and grave men of my place
Can by the laws be allow'd but one a-piece,
For their own services and recreations,
Thou, like a traiterous quean, keep'st twenty devils,
Twenty in ordinary!
Delp. Pray you, sir, be pacified:

If that be all, and if you want a servant,
You shall have one of mine shall serve for nothing,
Faithful, and diligent, and a wise devil too;
Think for what end.

Geta. Let her alone: 'Tis useful;

[*Guards release her.*

We men of business must use speedy servants.
Let me see your family.

Delp. Think but one, he is ready.

Geta. A devil for intelligence? No, no,
He'll lie beyond all travellers. A state-devil?
Neither; he will undo me at mine own weapon.
For execution? He will hang me too.
I would have a handsome, pleasant, and a fine she-devil,
To entertain the ladies that come to me;
A travell'd devil too, that speaks the tongues,
And a neat carving devil.

[*Music.* DELPHIA *conjures.*

Enter a She-devil.

Delp. Be not fearful.

Geta. A pretty brown devil, i'faith. May I not kiss her?

Delp. Yes, and embrace her too; she is your servant.
Fear not, her lips are cool enough.

Geta. She is marvellous well mounted. What's her name?

Delp. Lucifera.

Geta. Come hither, Lucifera, and kiss me.

Delp. Let her sit on your knee.

Geta. The chair turns! Hey, boys!
Pleasant, i'faith! and a fine facetious devil. [*Dance.*

Delp. She would whisper in your ear, and tell you wonders.

Geta. Come!—What's her name?
Delp. Lucifera.
Geta. Come, Lucie;
Come, speak thy mind.—I am certain burnt to ashes!
[*Exeunt all but* GETA.
I have a kind of glass-house in my cod-piece!
Are these the flames of state? I am roasted over,
Over, and over-roasted. Is this office?
The pleasure of authority? I'll no more on't;
Till I can punish devils too, I'll quit it.
Some other trade now, and some course less dangerous,
Or certainly I'll tile again for two-pence. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

An Apartment in the Palace.

Enter CHARINUS, AURELIA, CASSANA, *Ambassadors, and Attendants.*

Aur. Never dispute with me; you cannot have her.
Nor name the greatness of your king; I scorn him.
Your knees to me are nothing; should he bow too,
It were his duty, and my power to slight him.
Char. She is her woman, (never sue to me)
And in her power to render her or keep her;
And she, my sister, not to be compell'd,
Nor have her own snatch'd from her.
Amb. We desire not,
But for what ransom she shall please to think of;
Jewels, or towns, or provinces.

Aur. No ransom;
No, not your king's own head, his crown upon it,
And all the low subjections of his people.
Amb. Fair princes should have tender thoughts.
Aur. Is she too good
To wait upon the mighty emperor's sister?
What princess of that sweetness, or that excellence,
Sprung from the proudest and the mightiest monarchs,
But may be highly blest to be my servant?
Cas. 'Tis most true, mighty lady.
Aur. Has my fair usage
Made you so much despise me and your fortune,
That you grow weary of my entertainments?
Henceforward, as you are, I will command you,
And as you were ordain'd, my prisoner,
My slave, and one I may dispose of any way;
No more my fair companion. Tell your king so;
And if he had more sisters, I would have 'em,
And use 'em as I please. You have your answer.
Amb. We must take some other way: Force must compel it. [*Exeunt Ambassadors.*

Enter MAXIMINIAN.

Maxi. [*Apart.*] Now, if thou be'st a prophetess, and canst do
Things of that wonder that thy tongue delivers,
Canst raise me too, I shall be bound to speak thee:
I half believe; confirm the other to me,
And monuments to all succeeding ages,
Of thee, and of thy piety——Now she eyes me.
Now work, great power of art! She moves unto me:
How sweet, how fair, and lovely her aspècts are!
Her eyes, like bright Eoan flames, shoot through me.

Aur. Oh, my fair friend, where have you been?
Maxi. What am I?
What does she take me for? Work still, work strongly!
Aur. Where have you fled my loves and my embraces?
Maxi. I am beyond my wits!
Aur. Can one poor thunder,
Whose causes are as common as his noises,
Make you defer your lawful and free pleasures?
Strike terror to a soldier's heart, a monarch's?
Through all the fires of angry Heaven, through tempests
That sing of nothing but destruction,
Even underneath the bolt of Jove, then ready,
And aiming dreadfully, I would seek you,
And fly into your arms.
Maxi. I shall be mighty,
And (which I never knew yet) I am goodly;
For certain, a most handsome man.
Char. Fy, sister!
What a forgetful weakness is this in you!
What a light presence![7] These are words and offers
Due only to your husband, Dioclesian;
This free behaviour only his.
Aur. 'Tis strange,
That only empty names compel affections:
This man you see, give him what name or title,
Let it be ne'er so poor, ne'er so despised, brother,
This lovely man——
Maxi. Though I be hang'd, I'll forward!
For, certain, I am excellent, and knew not.

[7] *What a light* presence!] This word had very multifarious meanings. Here and in the following line of Romeo and Juliet, it evidently means conduct, behaviour:—

"Show a fair *presence*, and put off these frowns."

Aur. This rare and sweet young man—See how he looks, sir.

Maxi. I'll justle hard, dear uncle.

Aur. This thing, I say,
Let him be what he will, or bear what fortune,
This most unequall'd man, this spring of beauty,
Deserves the bed of Juno.

Char. You are not mad?

Maxi. I hope she be; I am sure I am little better.

Aur. Oh, fair, sweet man!

Char. For shame, refrain this impudence!

Maxi. 'Would I had her alone, that I might seal this blessing!
Sure, sure she should not beg. If this continue,
As I hope Heaven it will, uncle, I'll nick you,
I'll nick you, by this life! Some would fear killing
In the pursuit now of so rare a venture:
I am covetous to die for such a beauty.

Enter Dioclesian.

Mine uncle comes; now if she stand, I am happy.

Char. Be right again, for honour's sake!

Dio. Fair mistress——

Aur. What man is this? Away! what saucy fellow?
Dare any such base groom press to salute me?

Dio. Have you forgot me, fair? or do you jest with me?
I'll tell you what I am. Come, pray you look lovely.
Nothing but frowns and scorns?

Aur. Who is this fellow?

Dio. I'll tell you who I am; I am your husband.

Aur. Husband to me?

Dio. To you. I am Dioclesian.

Maxi. More of this sport, and I am made, old mother!

Effect but this thou hast begun——
Dio. I am he, lady,
Revenged your brother's death, slew cruel Aper;
I am he the soldier courts, the empire honours,
Your brother loves; am he, my lovely mistress,
Will make you empress of the world.
Maxi. Still excellent!
Now I see too, mine uncle may be cozen'd;
An emperor may suffer like another.
Well said, old mother! hold but up this miracle—
Aur. Thou liest! thou art not he; thou a brave fellow?
Char. Is there no shame, no modesty, in women?
Aur. Thou one of high and full mark?
Dio. Gods, what ails she?
Aur. Generous and noble? Fy! thou liest most basely.
Thy face, and all aspect upon thee, tells me
Thou art a poor Dalmatian slave, a low thing,
Not worth the name of Roman: Stand off further!
Dio. What may this mean?
Aur. Come hither, my Endymion;
Come, shew thyself, and all eyes be bless'd in thee!
Dio. Ha! what is this?
Aur. Thou, fair star that I live by,
Look lovely on me, break into full brightness!
Look; here's a face now of another making,
Another mould; here's a divine proportion;
Eyes fit for Phœbus' self, to gild the world with;
And there's a brow arch'd like the state[8] of Heaven:
Look how it bends, and with what radiance,
As if the synod of the gods sat under:
Look there, and wonder! Now behold that fellow,
That admirable thing, cut with an axe out.

8 —— *a brow arch'd like the state of Heaven.*] In this line *state* evidently signifies canopy. See before, p. 244.

Maxi. Old woman, though I cannot give thee recompence, [*Aside.*
Yet, certainly, I'll make thy name as glorious——

Dio. Is this in truth?

Char. She is mad, and you must pardon her.

Dio. She hangs upon him; see!

Char. Her fit is strong now.
Be not you passionate.

Dio. She kisses!

Char. Let her;
'Tis but the fondness of her fit.

Dio. I am fool'd!
And if I suffer this——

Char. Pray you, friend, be pacified;
This will be off anon. She goes in.

[*Exit* AURELIA.

Dio. Sirrah!

Maxi. What say you, sir?

Dio. How dare thy lips, thy base lips——

Maxi. I am your kinsman, sir, and no such base one.
I sought no kisses, nor I had no reason
To kick the princess from me; 'twas no manners:
I never yet compell'd her; of her courtesy
What she bestows, sir, I am thankful for.

Dio. Be gone, villain!

Maxi. I will, and I will go off with that glory,
And magnify my fate. [*Exit.*

Dio. Good brother, leave me:
I am to myself a trouble now.

Char. I am sorry for't.
You'll find it but a woman-fit to try you.

Dio. It may be so; I hope so.

Char. I am ashamed, and what I think I blush at.
[*Exit.*

Dio. What misery hath my great fortune bred me!
And how far must I suffer! Poor and low states,

Though they know wants and hungers, know not
these,
Know not these killing fates: Little contents them,
And with that little they live kings, commanding
And ordering both their ends and loves. Oh, Honour!
How greedily men seek thee, and, once purchased,
How many enemies to man's peace bring'st thou!
How many griefs and sorrows, that like sheers,
Like fatal sheers, are sheering off our lives still!
How many sad eclipses do we shine through!
When I presumed I was bless'd in this fair woman—

Enter DELPHIA *and* DRUSILLA *veiled, and stand apart.*

Delp. Behold him now, and tell me how thou likest him.
Dio. When all my hopes were up, and Fortune dealt me
Even for the greatest and the happiest monarch,
Then to be cozen'd, to be cheated basely!
By mine own kinsman cross'd! Oh, villain kinsman!
Curse of my blood! because a little younger,
A little smoother-faced! Oh, false, false woman,
False and forgetful of thy faith! I'll kill him.
But can I kill her hate too? No. He wooes not,
Nor worthy is of death; because she follows him,
Because she courts him, shall I kill an innocent?
Oh, Diocles! 'Would thou hadst never known this,
Nor surfeited upon this sweet ambition,
That now lies bitter at thy heart! Oh, Fortune,
That thou hast none to fool and blow like bubbles,
But kings, and their contents!
Delp. What think you now, girl?
Drus. Upon my life, I pity his misfortune.
See how he weeps! I cannot hold.

Delp. Away, fool!
He must weep bloody tears before thou hast him.—
How fare you now, brave Dioclesian?
[*Comes forward.*
What! lazy in your loves? Has too much pleasure
Dull'd your most mighty faculties?
Dio. Art thou there,
More to torment me? Dost thou come to mock me?
Delp. I do; and I do laugh at all thy sufferings:
I, that have wrought 'em, come to scorn thy wailings.
I told thee once, "This is thy fate, this woman;
And as thou usest her, so thou shalt prosper."
It is not in thy power to turn this destiny,
Nor stop the torrent of those miseries
(If thou neglect'st her still) shall fall upon thee.
Sigh that thou art dishonest, false of faith,
Proud, and dost think no power can cross thy pleasures;
Thou wilt find a fate above thee.
Drus. Good aunt, speak mildly:
See how he looks and suffers.
Dio. I find and feel, woman,
That I am miserable.
Delp. Thou art most miserable.
Dio. That as I am the most, I am most miserable.[9]
But didst thou work this?
Delp. Yes, and will pursue it.
Dio. Stay there, and have some pity. Fair Drusilla,
Let me persuade thy mercy, (thou hast loved me)
Although I know my suit will sound unjustly,
To make thy love the means to lose itself,
Have pity on me!

[9] *That as I am the* most.] That is, the greatest. So in the first part of Henry VI.

—— "always resolute in *most* extremes."

Drus. I will do.

Delp. Peace, niece!
Although this softness may become your love,
Your care must scorn it. Let him still contemn thee,
And still I'll work; the same affection
He ever shews to thee, be it sweet or bitter,
The same Aurelia shall shew him; no further:
Nor shall the wealth of all his empire free this.

Dio. I must speak fair.—Lovely young maid, forgive me,
Look gently on my sorrows! You that grieve too,[1]
I see it in your eyes, and thus I meet it.
[*Kisses her.*

Drus. Oh, aunt, I am bless'd!

Dio. Be not both young and cruel;
Again I beg it, thus.

Enter AURELIA.

Drus. Thus, sir, I grant it.
He's mine own now, aunt.

Delp. Not yet, girl; thou art cozen'd.

Aur. Oh, my dear lord, how have I wrong'd your patience!
How wander'd from the truth of my affections!
How, like a wanton fool, shunn'd that I loved most!
But you are full of goodness to forgive, sir,
As I of grief to beg, and shame to take it:
Sure I was not myself! some strange illusion,
Or what you please to pardon——

Dio. All, my dearest;
All, my delight! and with more pleasure take thee,

[1] *You that grieve too.*] *That* stands for *who*;—and the passage means, "Pity me! pity me, you that grieve! I see your grief in your eyes, and meet it with a kiss."—Ed. 1778.

Than if there had been no such dream; for, certain,
It was no more.

Aur. Now you have seal'd forgiveness,
I take my leave; and the gods keep your goodness!
[*Exit.*

Delp. You see how kindness prospers: Be but so kind
To marry her, and see then what new fortunes,
New joys, and pleasures, far beyond this lady,
Beyond her greatness too——

Dio. I'll die a dog first!
Now I am reconciled, I will enjoy her
In spite of all thy spirits, and thy witchcrafts.

Delp. Thou shalt not, fool!

Dio. I will, old doting devil!
And wert thou any thing but air and spirit,
My sword should tell thee——

Delp. I contemn thy threatenings;
And thou shalt know I hold a power above thee.—
We must remove Aurelia. Come.—Farewell, fool!
When thou shalt see me next, thou shalt bow to me.

Dio. Look thou appear no more to cross my pleasures! [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter CHORUS.

So full of matter is our history,
Yet mix'd, I hope, with sweet variety,
The accidents not vulgar too, but rare,
And fit to be presented, that there wants
Room in this narrow stage, and time, to express,
In action to the life, our Dioclesian
In his full lustre: Yet, as the statuary,
That by the large size of Alcides' foot,
Guess'd at his whole proportion; so we hope
Your apprehensive judgments will conceive
Out of the shadow we can only shew,
How fair the body was; and will be pleased,
Out of your wonted goodness, to behold,
As in a silent mirror, what we cannot,
With fit conveniency of time allow'd
For such presentments, clothe in vocal sounds.
Yet with such art the subject is convey'd,
That every scene and passage shall be clear,
Even to the grossest understander here.
[*Loud music.*

Dumb Show.

Enter, at one door, DELPHIA *and Ambassadors; they whisper together; they take an oath upon her hand; she circles them, kneeling, with her magic rod; they*

rise and draw their swords. Enter, at the other door, DIOCLESIAN, CHARINUS, MAXIMINIAN, NIGER, AURELIA, CASSANA, *and Guard;* CHARINUS *and* NIGER *persuading* AURELIA; *she offers to embrace* MAXIMINIAN; DIOCLESIAN *draws his sword, keeps off* MAXIMINIAN, *turns to* AURELIA, *kneels to her, lays his sword at her feet; she scornfully turns away;* DELPHIA *gives a sign; the Ambassadors and Soldiers rush upon them, seize on* AURELIA, CASSANA, CHARINUS, *and* MAXIMINIAN; DIOCLESIAN *and others offer to rescue them;* DELPHIA *raises a mist. Exeunt Ambassadors and Prisoners, and the rest discontented.*

The skilful Delphia finding, by sure proof,
The presence of Aurelia dimm'd the beauty
Of her Drusilla; and, in spite of charms,
The emperor her brother, great Charinus,
Still urged her to the love of Dioclesian,
Deals with the Persian Legates, that were bound
For the ransom of Cassana, to remove
Aurelia, Maximinian, and Charinus,
Out of the sight of Rome; but takes their oaths
(In lieu of her assistance) that they shall not,
On any terms, when they were in their power,
Presume to touch their lives: This yielded to,
They lie in ambush for 'em. Dioclesian,
Still mad for fair Aurelia, that doted
As much on Maximinian, twice had kill'd him,
But that her frown restrain'd him: He pursues her
With all humility, but she continues
Proud and disdainful. The sign given by Delphia,
The Persians break through, and seize upon
Charinus and his sister, with Maximinian,
And free Cassana. For their speedy rescue,
Enraged Dioclesian draws his sword,
And bids his guard assist him: Then too weak

Had been all opposition and resistance
The Persians could have made against their fury,
If Delphia by her cunning had not raised
A foggy mist, which as a cloud conceal'd them,
Deceiving their pursuers. Now be pleased,
That your imaginations may help you
To think them safe in Persia, and Dioclesian
For this disaster circled round with sorrow,
Yet mindful of the wrong. Their future fortunes
We will present in action; and are bold,
In that which follows, that the most shall say,
'Twas well begun, but the end crown'd the play.
[*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Before the Capitol.

Enter DIOCLESIAN, NIGER, *Senators, and Guard.*

Dio. Talk not of comfort! I have broke my faith,
And the gods fight against me: And proud man,
However magnified, is but as dust
Before the raging whirlwind of their justice.
What is it to be great, adored on earth,
When the immortal powers that are above us
Turn all our blessings into horrid curses,
And laugh at our resistance, or prevention,
Of what they purpose! Oh, the furies that
I feel within me! whipp'd on, by their angers,
For my tormentors! Could it else have been
In nature, that a few poor fugitive Persians,

Unfriended, and unarm'd too, could have robb'd me
(In Rome, the world's metropolis, and her glory;
In Rome, where I command, environ'd round
With such invincible troops that know no fear,
But want of noble enemies) of those jewels
I prized above my life, and I want power
To free them, if those gods I have provoked
Had not given spirit to the undertakers,
And in their deed protected 'em?

Niger. Great Cæsar,
Your safety does confirm you are their care;
And that, howe'er their practices reach others,
You stand above their malice.

1 *Sen.* Rome in us
Offers (as means to further your revenge)
The lives of her best citizens, and all
They stand possess'd of.

1 *Guard.* Do but lead us on
With that invincible and undaunted courage
Which waited bravely on you, when you appear'd
The minion of Conquest, married rather
To glorious Victory, and we will drag
(Though all the enemies of life conspire
Against our undertakings) the proud Persian
Out of his strongest hold.

2 *Guard.* Be but yourself,
And do not talk, but do.

3 *Guard.* You have hands and swords,
Limbs to make up a well-proportion'd army,
That only want in you an head to lead us.

Dio. The gods reward your goodness! and believe,
Howe'er (for some great sin) I am mark'd out
The object of their hate, though Jove stood ready
To dart his three-fold thunder on this head,
It could not fright me from a fierce pursuit
Of my revenge. I will redeem my friends,

And, with my friends, mine honour; at least, fall
Like to myself, a soldier.
Niger. Now we hear
Great Dioclesian speak.
Dio. Draw up our legions:
And let it be your care, my much loved Niger,
To hasten the remove. And, fellow-soldiers,
Your love to me will teach you to endure
Both long and tedious marches.
1 *Guard.* Die he accursed,
That thinks of rest or sleep before he sets
His foot on Persian earth!
Niger. We know our glory,
The dignity of Rome, and, what's above
All can be urged, the quiet of your mind,
Depends upon our haste.
Dio. Remove to-night;
Five days shall bring me to you.
All. Happiness
To Cæsar, and glorious victory! [*Exeunt:*
Dio. The chearfulness of my soldiers gives assurance
Of good success abroad, if first I make
My peace at home here. There is something chides me,
And sharply tells me, that my breach of faith
To Delphia and Drusilla is the ground
Of my misfortunes: And I must remember
While I was loved, and in great Delphia's grace,
She was as my good angel, and bound Fortune
To prosper my designs: I must appease her.
Let others pay their knees, their vows, their prayers,
To weak imagined powers; she is my all,
And thus I do invoke her.—Knowing Delphia, [*Kneels.*
Thou more than woman! and, though thou vouchsafest

To grace the earth with thy celestial steps,
And taste this grosser air, thy heavenly spirit
Hath free access to all the secret counsels
Which a full senate of the gods determine
When they consider man; the brass-leaved book
Of fate lies open to thee, where thou read'st,
And fashionest the destinies of men
At thy wish'd pleasure; look upon thy creature,
And, as thou twice hast pleased to appear
To reprehend my falsehood, now vouchsafe
To see my low submission!

DELPHIA *and* DRUSILLA *appear*

Delp. What's thy will?
False, and unthankful, (and in that deserving
All human sorrows) dar'st thou hope from me
Relief or comfort?
Dio. Penitence does appease
The incensed powers, and sacrifice takes off
Their heavy angers: Thus I tender both;
The master of great Rome, and, in that, lord
Of all the sun gives heat and being to,
Thus sues for mercy. Be but as thou wert,
The pilot to the bark of my good fortunes,
And once more steer my actions to the port
Of glorious Honour, and if I fall off
Hereafter from my faith to this sweet virgin,
Join with those powers that punish perjury
To make me an example, to deter
Others from being false!
Drus. Upon my soul,
You may believe him! Nor did he e'er purpose
To me but nobly; he made trial how
I could endure unkindness; I see truth
Triumphant in his sorrow. Dearest aunt,
Both credit him, and help him! and, on assurance

That what I plead for you cannot deny,
I raise him thus, and with this willing kiss
I seal his pardon.

Dio. Oh, that I e'er look'd
Beyond this abstract of all woman's goodness!

Delp. I am thine again; thus I confirm our league.
I know thy wishes, and how much thou suffer'st
In honour for thy friends; thou shalt repair all,
For to thy fleet I'll give a fore-right wind
To pass the Persian Gulf; remove all lets
That may molest thy soldiers in their march
That pass by land; and Destiny is false,
If thou prove not victorious. Yet remember,
When thou art raised up to the highest point
Of human happiness, such as move beyond it
Must of necessity descend. Think on't;
And use those blessings that the gods pour on you
With moderation!

Dio. As their oracle,
I hear you and obey you, and will follow
Your grave directions.

Delp. You will not repent it. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The Roman Camp.

Enter NIGER, GETA, *Guard, and Soldiers, with ensigns.*

Niger. How do you like your entrance to the war?
When the whole body of the army moves,

Shews it not gloriously?

Geta. 'Tis a fine May-game;
But eating and drinking, I think, are forbade in't;
(I mean, with leisure) we walk on, and feed
Like hungry boys that haste to school; or, as
We carried fish to the city, dare stay no where,
For fear our ware should stink.

1 *Guard.* That's the necessity
Of our speedy march.

Geta. Sir, I do love my ease,
And though I hate all seats of judicature,
I mean in the city, for conveniency,
I still will be a justice in the war,
And ride upon my foot-cloth.[2] I hope a captain
(And a gown'd captain too) may be dispensed with.
I tell you, (and do not mock me) when I was poor,
I could endure, like others, cold and hunger;
But since I grew rich, let but my finger ache,
Or feel but the least pain in my great toe,
Unless I have a doctor, mine own doctor,
That may assure me, I am gone.

Niger. Come, fear not;
You shall want nothing.

1 *Guard.* We will make you fight
As you were mad.

Geta. Not too much of fighting, friend;
It is thy trade, that art a common soldier;
We officers, by our place, may share the spoil,
And never sweat for't.

2 *Guard.* You shall kill, for practice,
But your dozen or two a-day.

Geta. Thou talk'st as if

[2] *Foot-cloth.*] It has been before observed, that this term originally denoted the trappings or covertures of a horse, but was subsequently applied to the horse itself.

Thou wert lousing thyself; but yet I will make danger;[3]
If I prove one o' th' worthies, so: However,
I'll have the fear of the gods before my eyes,
And do no hurt, I warrant you.

Niger. Come, march on,
And humour him for our mirth.

1 *Guard.* 'Tis a fine pea-goose.[4]

Niger. But one that fools to the emperor, and, in that,
A wise man, and a soldier.

1 *Guard.* True morality! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Persia. The Royal Court.

Enter COSROE, CASSANA, *Persians; and* CHARINUS, MAXIMINIAN, AURELIA, *bound, with Soldiers and Attendants.*

Cosroe. Now, by the Persian gods, most truly welcome!
Encompass'd thus with tributary kings,

[3] —— *I will make danger.*] That is, I will try. This is the fourth time that this wretched translation of *facere periculum* occurs in these plays.—*Mason.*
Though the phrase sounds disagreeable to Mason's ears, he should have recollected that it might not grate the ears of his ancestors also.

[4] *Pea goose.*] i. e. A silly creature.—*Sympson.*
The folios read, *peak-goose*, perhaps with propriety, as to *peak* meant to sneak, to make a mean figure.

I entertain you. Lend your helping hands
To seat her by me; and, thus raised, bow all,
To do her honour.—Oh, my best Cassana,
Sister, and partner of my life and empire,
We'll teach thee to forget, with present pleasures,
Thy late captivity; and this proud Roman,
That used thee as a slave, and did disdain
A princely ransom, shall, if she repine,
Be forced by various tortures to adore
What she of late contemn'd.

Cas. All greatness ever
Attend Cosroe! Though Persia be styled
The nurse of pomp and pride, we'll leave to Rome
Her native cruelty.—For know, Aurelia,
(A Roman princess, and a Cæsar's sister)
Though late, like thee, captived,[5] I can forget
Thy barbarous usage; and though thou to me,
When I was in thy power, didst shew thyself
A most insulting tyranness, I to thee
May prove a gentle mistress.

Aur. Oh, my stars!
A mistress? Can I live, and owe that name
To flesh and blood? I was born to command,
Train'd up in sovereignty; and I, in death,
Can quit the name of slave: She, that scorns life,
May mock captivity.

Char. Rome will be Rome
When we are nothing; and her power's the same,
Which you once quaked at.

Max. Dioclesian lives;
(Hear it, and tremble!) lives, thou king of Persia,
The master of his fortune, and his honour:
And though by devilish arts we were surprised,
And made the prey of magic and of theft,

[5] *Though now, like thee captived.*] So first folio; the text is from the second.

And not won nobly, we shall be redeem'd,
And by a Roman war; and every wrong
We suffer here, with interest be return'd
On the insulting doer!
1 Pers. Sure these Romans
Are more than men.
2 Pers. Their great hearts will not yield;
They cannot bend to any adverse fate,
Such is their confidence.
Cosroe. They then shall break!—
Why, you rebellious wretches, dare you still
Contend, when the least breath or nod of mine
Marks you out for the fire, or to be made
The prey of wolves or vultures? The vain name
Of Roman legions I slight thus, and scorn;
And for that boasted bugbear, Dioclesian,
Which you presume on, would he were the master
But of the spirit to meet me in the field!
He soon should find, that our immortal squadrons,[6]
That with full numbers ever are supplied,
(Could it be possible they should decay)
Dare front his boldest troops, and scatter 'em,
As an high-towering falcon on her stretches
Severs the fearful fowl. And, by the sun,
The moons, the winds, the nourishers of life,
And by this sword, the instrument of death,
Since that you fly not humbly to our mercy,
But yet dare hope your liberty by force,
If Dioclesian dare not attempt
To free you with his sword, all slavery
That cruelty can find out to make you wretched,
Falls heavy on you!

[6] *Immortal squadrons.*] These were a body of Persian soldiers, whose number, Herodotus says, was never more or less than ten thousand. The reason of the name, our authors give themselves:

That with full numbers ever are supply'd.—Sympson.

Maxi. If the sun keeps his course,
And the earth can bear his soldier's march, I fear
not.
Aur. Or liberty, or revenge!
Char. On that I build too. [*A trumpet.*
Aur. A Roman trumpet?
Maxi. 'Tis: Comes it not like
A pardon to a man condemn'd?

Enter Niger.

Cosroe. Admit him.—
The purpose of thy coming?
Niger. My great master,
The lord of Rome, (in that all power is spoken)
Hoping that thou wilt prove a noble enemy,
And (in thy bold resistance) worth his conquest,
Defies thee, Cosroe.
Maxi. There is fire in this.
Niger. And to encourage thy laborious powers
To tug for empire, dares thee to the field,
With this assurance; if thy sword can win him,
Or force his legions with thy barbed horse[7]
But to forsake their ground, that not alone
Wing'd Victory shall take stand on thy tent,
But all the provinces and kingdoms held
By the Roman garrisons in this eastern world,
Shall be deliver'd up, and he himself
Acknowledge thee his sovereign. In return
Of this large offer, he asks only this,
That till the doubtful die of war determine

[7] —— *thy* barbed *horse*] A *barbed*, *barded*, or *bar'd* horse, is one full caparisoned with trappings. So in the Four Prentices of London, by Heywood:

"Shall our *bar'd* horses climb yond mountain tops?"

Who has most power, and should command the
other,
Thou wouldst entreat thy prisoners like their births,
And not their present fortune; and to bring 'em
Guarded, into thy tent, with thy best strengths,
Thy ablest men of war, and thou thyself
Sworn to make good the place. And if he fail
(Maugre all opposition can be made)
In his own person to compel his way,
And fetch them safely off, the day is thine,
And he, like these, thy prisoner.
Cosroe. Though I receive this
But as a Roman brave, I do embrace it,
And love the sender. Tell him, I will bring
My prisoners to the field, and, without odds,
Against his single force, alone defend 'em;
Or else with equal numbers. [*Exit* NIGER.]—Courage, noble princes!
And let posterity record, that we
This memorable day restored to Persia
That empire of the world great Philip's son
Ravish'd from us, and Greece gave up to Rome.
This our strong comfort, that we cannot fall
Ingloriously, since we contend for all. [*Exeunt.*
[*Flourish, alarms.*

SCENE V.

The Field of Battle on the Persian Frontiers.

Enter GETA, *Guard, and Soldiers.*

Geta. I'll swear the peace against 'em! I am hurt:
Run for a surgeon, or I faint!
1 *Guard.* Bear up, man;
'Tis but a scratch.
Geta. Scoring a man o'er the coxcomb[8]
Is but a scratch with you. Pox o' your occupation,
Your scurvy scuffling trade! I was told before,
My face was bad enough; but now I look
Like Bloody-Bone, and Raw-Head, to fright children:
I am for no use else.
2 *Guard.* Thou shalt fright men.
1 *Guard.* You look so terrible now! But see your face
I' th' pummel of my sword.
Geta. I die! I am gone!
Oh, my sweet physiognomy!

Enter three Persians.

2 *Guard.* They come;
Now fight, or die indeed.

[8] *Coxcomb.*] That is, the head. In this sense the word was generally applied in derision, alluding (as we have before remarked) to the cock's comb on the cap of a professed fool.

Geta. I will 'scape this way.
I cannot hold my sword: What would you have
Of a maim'd man?
1 *Guard.* Nay, then I have a goad
To prick you forward, ox.
2 *Guard.* Fight like a man,
Or die like a dog.
Geta. Shall I, like Cæsar, fall
Among my friends? no mercy? *Et tu, Brute?*
You shall not have the honour of my death;
I'll fall by the enemy first. [*They fight.*
1 *Guard.* Oh, brave, brave Geta!
[*Persians driven off.*
He plays the devil now.

Enter NIGER.

Niger. Make up for honour!
The Persians shrink; the passage is laid open;
Great Dioclesian, like a second Mars,
(His strong arm govern'd by the fierce Bellona)
Performs more than a man: His shield struck full
Of Persian darts, which now are his defence
Against the enemies' swords, still leads the way.
Of all the Persian forces, one strong squadron,
[*Alarms continued.*
In which Cosroe in his own person fights,
Stands firm, and yet unrouted: Break through that,
The day and all is ours. [*Retreat sounded.*
All. Victory, victory! [*Exeunt. Flourish.*

SCENE VI.

Before the Tent of Dioclesian.

Enter (in triumph, with Roman ensigns) Guard, DIOCLESIAN, CHARINUS, AURELIA, MAXIMINIAN, NIGER, GETA; COSROE, CASSANA, *Persians, as Prisoners;* DELPHIA *and* DRUSILLA, *privately.*

Dio. I am rewarded in the act; your freedom
To me's ten thousand triumphs: You, sir, share
In all my glories. And, unkind Aurelia,
From being a captive, still command the victor.
Nephew, remember by whose gift you are free.
You I afford my pity; baser minds
Insult on the afflicted: You shall know,
Virtue and courage are admired and loved
In enemies; but more of that hereafter.—
Thanks to your valour; to your swords I owe
This wreath triumphant. Nor be thou forgot,
My first poor bondman! Geta, I am glad
Thou art turn'd a fighter.

Geta. 'Twas against my will;
But now I am content with't.

Char. But imagine
What honours can be done to you beyond these
Transcending all example; 'tis in you
To will, in us to serve it.

Niger. We will have
His statue of pure gold set in the Capitol,
And he that bows not to it as a god,
Makes forfeit of his head.

Maxi. I burst with envy! [*Apart.*
And yet these honours, which, conferr'd on me,
Would make me pace on air, seem not to move him.
Dio. Suppose this done, or were it possible
I could rise higher still, I am a man;
And all these glories, empires heap'd upon me,
Confirm'd by constant friends, and faithful guards,
Cannot defend me from a shaking fever,
Or bribe the uncorrupted dart of Death
To spare me one short minute. Thus adorn'd
In these triumphant robes, my body yields not
A greater shadow than it did when I
Lived both poor and obscure; a sword's sharp point
Enters my flesh as far; dreams break my sleep,
As when I was a private man; my passions
Are stronger tyrants on me; nor is greatness
A saving antidote[9] to keep me from
A traitor's poison. Shall I praise my fortune,
Or raise the building of my happiness
On her uncertain favour? or presume
She is my own, and sure, that yet was never
Constant to any? Should my reason fail me,
(As flattery oft corrupts it) here's an example
To speak, how far her smiles are to be trusted:
The rising sun, this morning, saw this man
The Persian monarch, and those subjects proud
That had the honour but to kiss his feet;
And yet, ere his diurnal progress ends,
He is the scorn of Fortune. But you'll say,
That she forsook him for his want of courage

[9] *A* saving *antidote to keep me, &c.*] Sympson would read thus—

A sovereign *antidote, &c.*

But, as the last editors observe, SAVING *antidote* very properly defines *a* PRESERVATIVE.

But never leaves the bold: Now, by my hopes
Of peace and quiet here, I never met
A braver enemy! And, to make it good,
Cosroe, Cassana, and the rest, be free,
And ransomless return!

Cos. To see this virtue
Is more to me than empire; and to be
O'ercome by you, a glorious victory.

Maxi. What a devil means he next! [*Apart.*

Dio. I know that glory
Is like Alcides' shirt, if it stay on us
Till pride hath mix'd it with our blood; nor can we
Part with it at pleasure; when we would uncase,
It brings along with it both flesh and sinews,
And leaves us living monsters.

Maxi. 'Would 'twere come [*Apart.*
To my turn to put it on! I'd run the hazard.

Dio. No; I will not be pluck'd out by the ears
Out of this glorious castle; uncompell'd,
I will surrender rather: Let it suffice,
I have touch'd the height of human happiness,
And here I fix *nil ultra.* Hitherto
I have lived a servant to ambitious thoughts,
And fading glories; what remains of life,
I dedicate to Virtue; and, to keep
My faith untainted, farewell, pride and pomp!
And circumstance of glorious majesty,
Farewell for ever!—Nephew, I have noted,
That you have long with sore eyes look'd upon
My flourishing fortune; you shall have possession
Of my felicity; I deliver up
My empire, and this gem I prized above it,
And all things else that made me worth your envy,
Freely unto you.—Gentle sir, your suffrage,
[*To* CHARINUS.
To strengthen this. The soldier's love I doubt not:

His valour, gentlemen, will deserve your favours,
Which let my prayers further. All is yours.—
But I have been too liberal, and given that
I must beg back again.

Maxi. What am I fallen from!

Dio. Nay, start not: It is only the poor grange,
The patrimony which my father left me,
I would be tenant to.

Maxi. Sir, I am yours:
I will attend you there.

Dio. No; keep the court;
Seek you in Rome for honour: I will labour
To find content elsewhere. Dissuade me not;
By Heaven, I am resolved!—And now, Drusilla,
Being as poor as when I vow'd to make thee
My wife, if thy love since hath felt no change,
I am ready to perform it.

Drus. I still loved
Your person, not your fortunes; in a cottage,
Being yours, I am an empress.

Delp. And I'll make
The change most happy.

Dio. Do me then the honour,
To see my vow perform'd. You but attend
My glories to the urn; where be it ashes,
Welcome my mean estate! and, as a due,
Wish rest to me, I honour unto you. [*Exeunt*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Chorus.

Chorus. The war with glory ended, and Cosroe,
Acknowledging his fealty to Charinus,
Dismiss'd in peace, returns to Persia:
The rest, arriving safely unto Rome,
Are entertain'd with triumphs: Maximinian
By the grace and intercession of his uncle
Saluted Cæsar: But good Dioclesian,
Weary of pomp and state, retires himself,
With a small train, to a most private grange
In Lombardy;[1] where the glad country strives
With rural sports to give him entertainment
With which delighted, he with ease forgets
All specious trifles and securely tastes
The certain pleasures of a private life.
But oh, Ambition, that eats into,
With venom'd teeth, true thankfulness and honour,
And, to support her greatness, fashions fears,
Doubts, and preventions to decline all dangers,
Which, in the place of safety, prove her ruin!
All which be pleased to see in Maximinian,
To whom his conferr'd sovereignty was like
A large sail fill'd full with a fore-right wind,

[1] *In* Lombardy.] *Dalmatia* was the real country to which Dioclesian retired; but *Lombardy* being a finer climate for a farmer, was, I suppose, the reason why our poets have chose to fix him there.—*Sympson.*

That drowns a smaller bark: And he once fall'n
Into ingratitude, makes no stop in mischief,
But violently runs on. Allow Maximinian all,
Honour, and empire, absolute command;
Yet, being ill, long great he cannot stand. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Rome. An Apartment in the Palace.

Enter MAXIMINIAN *and* AURELIA.

Aur. Why droops my lord, my love, my life, my Cæsar?
How ill this dulness doth comport with greatness!
Does not, with open arms, your fortune court you?
Rome know you for her master? I myself
Confess you for my husband? love and serve you?
If you contemn not these, and think them curses,
I know no blessings that ambitious flesh
Could wish to feel beyond 'em.
Maxi. Best Aurelia,
The parent and the nurse to all my glories,
'Tis not that, thus embracing you, I think
There is a heaven beyond it, that begets
These sad retirements; but the fear to lose
What it is hell to part with. Better to have lived
Poor and obscure, and never scaled the top
Of hilly empire, than to die with fear
To be thrown headlong down, almost as soon
As we have reach'd it!
Aur. These are panic terrors

You fashion to yourself. Is not my brother
(Your equal and co-partner in the empire)
Vow'd and confirm'd your friend? the soldier constant?
Hath not your uncle Dioclesian taken
His last farewell o' th' world? What then can shake you?

Maxi. The thought I may be shaken, and assurance
That what we do possess is not our own,
But has depending on another's favour:
For nothing's more uncertain, my Aurelia,
Than power that stands not on his proper basis,
But borrows his foundation. I'll make plain
My cause of doubts and fears; for what should I
Conceal from you, that are to be familiar
With my most private thoughts? Is not the empire
My uncle's gift? and may he not resume it
Upon the least distaste? Does not Charinus
Cross me in my designs? and what is majesty
When 'tis divided? Does not the insolent soldier
Call my command his donative? and what can take
More from our honour? No, my wise Aurelia,
If I to you am more than all the world,
As sure you are to me; as we desire
To be secure, we must be absolute,
And know no equal; when your brother borrows
The little splendour that he has from us,
And we are served for fear, not at entreaty,
We may live safe; but till then, we but walk
With heavy burthens on a sea of glass,
And our own weight will sink us.

Aur. Your mother brought you
Into the world an emperor; you persuade
But what I would have counsell'd. Nearness of blood,

Respect of piety, and thankfulness,
And all the holy dreams of virtuous fools,
Must vanish into nothing, when Ambition
(The maker of great minds, and nurse of honour)
Puts in for empire. On then, and forget
Your simple uncle; think he was the master
(In being once an emperor) of a jewel,
Whose worth and use he knew not. For Charinus,
(No more my brother) if he be a stop
To what you purpose, he to me's a stranger,
And so to be removed.
Maxi. Thou more than woman!
Thou masculine greatness, to whose soaring spirit
To touch the stars seems but an easy flight,
Oh, how I glory in thee! Those great women
Antiquity is proud of, thou but named,
Shall be no more remember'd. But persévер,[2]
And thou shalt shine among those lesser lights,
To all posterity, like another Phœbe,
And so adored as she is.

Enter CHARINUS, NIGER, *and Guard.*

Aur. Here's Charinus,
His brow furrow'd with anger.
Maxi. Let him storm!
And you shall hear me thunder.
Char. He dispose of
My provinces at his pleasure? and confer
Those honours, that are only mine to give,
Upon his creatures?
Niger. Mighty sir, ascribe it

[2] *Persévеr.*] The last editors, like Coxeter and Mason, in their editions of Massinger, ruin the metre of this line by substituting the modern word, *persevere.*

To his assurance of your love and favour,
And not to pride or malice.
Char. No, good Niger;
Courtesy shall not fool me; he shall know
I lent a hand to raise him, and defend him,
While he continues good; but the same strength,
If pride make him usurp upon my right,
Shall strike him to the centre.—You are well met, sir.
Maxi. As you make the encounter. Sir, I hear
That you repine, and hold yourself much grieved,
In that, without your good leave, I bestow'd
The Gallian proconsulship upon
A follower of mine.
Char. 'Tis true; and wonder
You durst attempt it.
Maxi. Durst, Charinus?
Char. Durst;
Again I speak it. Think you me so tame,
So leaden and unactive, to sit down
With such dishonour? But, recall your grant,
And speedily; or, by the Roman gods,[3]
Thou tripp'st thine own heels up, and hast no part
In Rome, or in the empire.
Maxi. Thou hast none,
But by permission. Alas, poor Charinus,
Thou shadow of an emperor, I scorn thee,
Thee, and thy foolish threats! The gods appoint him
The absolute disposer of the earth,
That has the sharpest sword: I am sure, Charinus,
Thou wear'st one without edge. When cruel Aper

3 ——— *by the Roman* ——] So squeamish were the licensers of the stage or the press, that they would not suffer the word *gods* to stand in either folio. And yet so inconsistent were they, that in the next speech they either overlooked the same word, or mitigated their persecution against it.

Had kill'd Numerianus, thy brother,
(An act that would have made a trembling coward
More daring than Alcides) thy base fear
Made thee wink at it; then rose up my uncle,
For the honour of the empire, and of Rome,
Against the traitor, and, among his guards,
Punish'd the treason. This bold daring act
Got him the soldiers' suffrages to be Cæsar.
And howsoever his too-gentle nature
Allow'd thee the name only, as his gift,
I challenge the succession.
Char. Thou art cozen'd.
When the receiver of a courtesy
Cannot sustain the weight it carries with it,
'Tis but a trial,[4] not a present act.
Thou hast in a few days of thy short reign,
In over-weening pride, riot, and lusts,
Shamed noble Dioclesian, and his gift;
Nor doubt I, when it shall arrive unto
His certain knowledge, how the empire groans
Under thy tyranny, but he will forsake
His private life, and once again resume
His laid-by majesty; or, at least, make choice
Of such an Atlas as may bear this burden,
Too heavy for thy shoulders.—To effect this,

[4] *'Tis but a trial.*] The sense designed is certainly, *not a present*, or *as yet an irrevocable act or deed.* If the words do not seem to the reader to convey this sense, a slight change will: He may read,

——— *not a perfect act;*

but I would not have the text disturbed.—*Seward.*
Betterton reads,

"'Tis but a trial, not a *confirm'd* act."

The word *present*, in the text, bears the same sense as *confirm'd* or *perfect*, in the variations of Seward and Betterton.—Ed. 1778.

Lend your assistance, gentlemen; and then doubt
not
But that this mushroom, sprung up in a night,
Shall as soon wither.—And for you, Aurelia,
If you esteem your honour more than tribute
Paid to your loathsome appetite, as a fury
Fly from his loose embraces. So, farewell!
Ere long you shall hear more. [*Exeunt.*

Aur. Are you struck dumb,
That you make no reply?

Maxi. Sweet, I will do,
And after talk: I will prevent their plots,
And turn them on their own accursed heads.
My uncle? good! I must not know the names
Of piety or pity. Steel my heart,
Desire of empire, and instruct me, that
The prince that over others would bear sway,
Checks at no let that stops him in his way!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Lombardy. Before the Farm of Dioclesian. *A Well in the back-ground.*

Enter three Shepherds and two Countrymen.

1 *Shep.* Do you think this great man will continue here?

2 *Shep.* Continue here? what else? he has bought the great farm;
A great man, with a great inheritance,

And all the ground about it, all the woods too,
And stock'd it like an emperor. Now, all our
sports again,
And all our merry gambols, our May-ladies,
Our evening dances on the green, our songs,
Our holiday good cheer, our bagpipes now, boys,
Shall make the wanton lasses skip again,
Our sheep-shearings, and all our knacks.

3 *Shep.* But hark you,
We must not call him emperor.

1 *Count.* That's all one;
He is the king of good fellows, that's no treason;
And so I'll call him still, though I be hang'd for't.
I grant you he has given his honour to another man,
He cannot give his humour; he's a brave fellow,
And will love us, and we'll love him. Come hither,
Ladon;
What new songs, and what geers?

3 *Shep.* Enough. I'll tell ye;
He comes abroad anon to view his grounds,
And with the help of Thirsis, and old Egon,
(If his whorson cold be gone) and Amaryllis,
And some few more o' th' wenches, we will meet him,
And strike him such new springs,[5] and such free
welcomes,
Shall make him scorn an empire, forget majesty,

[5] *Springs* here means tunes. So Bishop Douglas in his Translation of Virgil, book vi. p. 167:—

"Gif Orpheus mycht reduce agane I gess
From Hell his spouse's goist, with his sueit stringeis,
Playand on his harp of Trace sa pleasand *springis.*"

So Chaucer, in his House of Fame, book iii. line 143, &c.—

"There saw I eke famous old and young
Piperis of all the Duche tong,
To learne love daunces, *springs*,
Reyes and the straunge things."—*Sympson.*

And make him bless the hour he lived here happy.

2 *Count.* And we will second ye, we honest carters,
We lads o' th' lash, with some blunt entertainment;
Our teams to two-pence, we'll give him some content,
Or we'll bawl fearfully!

3 *Shep.* He cannot expect now
His courtly entertainments, and his rare musics,
And ladies to delight him with their voices;
Honest and cheerful toys from honest meanings,
And the best hearts they have. We must be neat all;
On goes my russet jerkin with blue buttons.

1 *Shep.* And my green slops I was married in; my bonnet,
With my carnation point with silver tags, boys;
You know where I won it.

1 *Count.* Thou wilt ne'er be old, Alexis.

1 *Shep.* And I shall find some toys that have been favours,
And nosegays, and such knacks; for there be wenches.

3 *Shep.* My mantle goes on too I play'd young Paris in,
And the new garters Amaryllis sent me.

1 *Count.* Yes, yes; we'll all be handsome, and wash our faces.
Neighbour, I see a remnant of March dust
That's hatch'd into your chaps: I pray you be careful,
And mundify your muzzle.

Enter Geta.

2 *Countr.* I'll to the barber's;
It shall cost me I know what.—Who's this?

3 *Shep.* Give room, neighbours!

A great man in our state. Gods bless your worship!
2 Countr. Increase your mastership!
Geta. Thanks, my good people.
Stand off, and know your duties!—As I take it,
You are the labouring people of this village,
And you that keep the sheep. Stand further off yet,
And mingle not with my authority;
I am too mighty for your company.
3 Shep. We know it, sir; and we desire your worship
To reckon us amongst your humble servants;
And that our country sports, sir——
Geta. For your sports, sir,
They may be seen, when I shall think convenient,
When, out of my discretion, I shall view 'em,
And hold 'em fit for license.—Ye look upon me,
And look upon me seriously, as you knew me:
'Tis true, I have been a rascal, as you are,
A fellow of no mention, nor no mark,
Just such another piece of dirt, so fashion'd;
But time, that purifies all things of merit,
Has set another stamp. Come nearer now,
And be not fearful (I take off my austerity;)
And know me for the great and mighty steward
Under this man of honour; know ye for my vassals,
And at my pleasure I can dispeople ye,
Can blow you and your cattle out o' th' country:
But fear me, and have favour. Come, go along with me,
And I will hear your songs, and perhaps like 'em.
3 Shep. I hope you will, sir.
Geta. 'Tis not a thing impossible.
Perhaps I'll sing myself, the more to grace ye;
And if I like your women——
3 Shep. We'll have the best, sir,
Handsome young girls.
Geta. The handsomer the better.

Enter DELPHIA.

'May bring your wives too; 'twill be all one charge to ye;
For I must know your families.
Delp. 'Tis well said,
'Tis well said, honest friends. I know ye are hatching
Some pleasurable sports for your great landlord;
Fill him with joy, and win him a friend to ye,
And make this little grange seem a large empire,
Set out[6] with home contents: I'll work his favour,
Which daily shall be on ye.
3 *Shep.* Then we'll sing daily,
And make him the best sports——
Delp. Instruct 'em, Geta,
And be a merry man again.
Geta. Will you lend me a devil,
That we may dance a while?
Delp. I'll lend thee two;
And bagpipes that shall blow alone.
Geta. I thank you;
But I'll know your devils of a cooler complexion first.
Come, follow, follow; I'll go sit and see ye.
Delp. Do; and be ready an hour hence, and bring 'em;
For in the grove you'll find him. [*Exeunt.*

Enter DIOCLESIAN *and* DRUSILLA.

Dio. Come, Drusilla,

[6] Let *out.*] Probably we should read, SET *out.*—Ed. 1778.
Without the alteration, which is a very obvious one, there is not a shadow of sense in the text.

The partner of my best contents! I hope now
You dare believe me.

Drus. Yes, and dare say to you,
I think you now most happy.

Dio. You say true, sweet;
For, by my soul, I find now by experience,
Content was never courtier.

Drus. I pray you walk on, sir;
The cool shades of the grove invite you.

Dio. Oh, my dearest!
When man has cast off his ambitious greatness,
And sunk into the sweetness of himself;
Built his foundation upon honest thoughts;
Not great, but good, desires his daily servants;
How quietly he sleeps! How joyfully
He wakes again, and looks on his possessions,
And from his willing labours feeds with pleasure!
Here hang no comets in the shapes of crowns
To shake our sweet contents; nor here, Drusilla,
Cares, like eclipses, darken our endeavours:
We love here without rivals, kiss with innocence:
Our thoughts as gentle as our lips, our children
The double heirs both of our forms and faiths.

Drus. I am glad ye make this right use of this sweetness,
This sweet retiredness.

Dio. 'Tis sweet indeed, love,
And every circumstance about it shews it.
How liberal is the spring in every place here!
The artificial court shews but a shadow,
A painted imitation of this glory.
Smell to this flower; here Nature has her excellence;
Let all the perfumes of the empire pass this,
The carefull'st lady's cheek shew such a colour;
They are gilded and adulterate vanities.

And here in poverty dwells noble nature.
What pains we take to cool our wines, to allay us,
And bury quick the fuming god to quench us.
Methinks this crystal well——[*Music below.*] Ha!
what strange music?
'Tis underneath, sure!—How it stirs and joys me!
How all the birds set on! the fields redouble
Their odoriferous sweets! Hark how the echoes—

Enter DELPHIA.

Drus. See, sir, those flowers
From out the well, spring to your entertainment.

A Spirit rises from the Well.

Dio. Bless me!
Drus. Be not afraid; 'tis some good angel
That's come to welcome you.
Delp. Go near, and hear, son. [*Song.*
Dio. Oh, mother, thank you, thank you! this was
your will.
Delp. You shall not want delights to bless your
presence.
Now you are honest, all the stars shall honour you.

Enter Shepherds and Dancers.

Stay; here are country shepherds; here's some sport
too,
And you must grace it, sir; 'twas meant to welcome
you.
A king shall never feel your joy: Sit down, son.

A Dance of Shepherds and Shepherdesses; one disguised as Pan leading the men, another as Ceres, the maids.

Hold, hold! my messenger appears. Leave off, friends,
Leave off a while, and breathe.
Dio. What news? You are pale, mother.
Delp. No; I am careful of thy safety, son.
Be not affrighted, but sit still; I am with thee.

Enter MAXIMINIAN, AURELIA, *and Soldiers.*

And now, dance out your dance.—Do you know that person?
Be not amazed, but let him shew his dreadfullest.
Maxi. How confident he sits amongst his pleasures,
And what a cheerful colour shews in's face!
And yet he sees me too, the soldiers with me.
Aur. Be speedy in your work, (you will be stopt else)
And then you are an emperor!
Maxi. I'll about it.
Dio. My royal cousin, how I joy to see you,
You and your royal empress!
Maxi. You are too kind, sir.
I come not to eat with you, and to surfeit
In these poor clownish pleasures; but to tell you,
I look upon you like my winding-sheet,
The coffin of my greatness, nay, my grave:
For whilst you are alive——
Dio. Alive, my cousin?
Maxi. I say, alive—I am no emperor;
I am nothing but my own disquiet.
Dio. Stay, sir!

Mari. I cannot stay. The soldiers dote upon you.
I would fain spare you; but mine own security
Compels me to forget you are my uncle,
Compels me to forget you made me Cæsar;
For, whilst you are remember'd, I am buried.
Dio. Did not I make you emperor, dear cousin?
The free gift from my special grace?
Delp. Fear nothing.
Dio. Did not I chuse this poverty, to raise you?
That royal woman gave into your arms too?
Bless'd you with her bright beauty? Gave the soldier,
The soldier that hung to me, fix'd him on you?
Gave you the world's command?
Mari. This cannot help you.
Dio. Yet this shall ease me. Can you be so base, cousin,
So far from nobleness, so far from nature,
As to forget all this? to tread this tie out?
Raise to yourself so foul a monument
That every common foot shall kick asunder?
Must my blood glue you to your peace?
Mari. It must, uncle;
I stand too loose else, and my foot too feeble:
You gone once, and their love retired, I am rooted.
Dio. And cannot this removed poor state obscure me?
I do not seek for yours, nor inquire ambitiously
After your growing fortunes. Take heed, my kinsman!
Ungratefulness and blood mingled together,
Will, like two furious tides——
Mari. I must sail through 'em;
Let 'em be tides of death, sir, I must stem up.
Dio. Hear but this last, and wisely yet consider!
Place round about my grange a garrison,
That if I offer to exceed my limits,

Or ever in my common talk name emperor,
Ever converse with any greedy soldier,
Or look for adoration, nay, for courtesy,
Above the day's salute——Think who has fed you,
Think, cousin, who I am. Do you slight my misery?
Nay, then I charge thee! Nay, I meet thy cruelty.
[*Draws.*

Maxi. This cannot serve; prepare. Now fall on, soldiers,
And all the treasure that I have——
[*Thunder and lightning.*

1 *Sold.* The earth shakes;
We totter up and down; we cannot stand, sir;
Methinks the mountains tremble too.

2 *Sold.* The flashes,
How thick and hot they come! We shall be burnt all!

Delp. Fall on, soldiers!
You that sell innocent blood, fall on full bravely!

1 *Sold.* We cannot stir.

Delp. You have your liberty;
So have you, lady: One of you come do it.
[*A hand with a bolt appears above.*
Do ye stand amazed? Look o'er thy head, Maximinian,
Look, to thy terror, what over-hangs thee;
Nay, it will nail thee dead: Look how it threatens thee!
"The bolt for vengeance on ungrateful wretches;
The bolt of innocent blood:" Read those hot characters,
And spell the will of Heaven. Nay, lovely lady,
You must take part too, as spur to Ambition.
Are you humble? Now speak; my part is ended.
Does all your glory shake?

Maxi. Hear us, great uncle, [*They kneel.*
Good and great sir, be pitiful unto us!

Below your feet we lay our lives; be merciful!
Begin you, Heaven will follow.
Aur. Oh, it shakes still!
Maxi. And dreadfully it threatens. We acknowledge
Our base and foul intentions: Stand between us!
For faults confess'd, they say, are half forgiven:
We are sorry for our sins. Take from us, sir,
That glorious weight that made us swell, that poison'd us;
That mass of majesty I labour'd under,
(Too heavy and too mighty for my manage)
That my poor innocent days may turn again,
And my mind, pure, may purge me of these curses.
By your old love, the blood that runs between us—
[*The hand taken in.*
Aur. By that love once you bare to me! by that, sir,
That blessed maid enjoys——
Dio. Rise up, dear cousin,
And be your words your judges! I forgive you.
Great as you are, enjoy that greatness ever,
Whilst I mine own content make mine own empire.
Once more I give you all; learn to deserve it,
And live to love your good more than your greatness.—
Now shew your loves to entertain this emperor,
My honest neighbours! Geta, see all handsome.—
Your grace must pardon us; our house is little;
But such an ample welcome as a poor man
And his true love can make you and your empress—
Madam, we have no dainties.
Aur. 'Tis enough, sir;
We shall enjoy the riches of your goodness.
Sold. Long live the good and gracious Dioclesian!
Dio. I thank you, soldiers; I forgive your rashness.

And, royal sir, long may they love and honour you!
[*Drums beat a march afar off.*
What drums are those?
Delp. Meet 'em, my honest son;
They are thy friends, Charinus and the old soldiers,
That come to rescue thee from thy hot cousin.
But all is well; and turn all into welcomes!
Two emperors you must entertain now.
Dio. Oh, dear mother,
I have will enough, but I want room and glory.
Delp. That shall be my care. Sound your pipes now merrily,
And all your handsome sports: Sing 'em full welcomes!
Dio. And let 'em know, our true love breeds more stories,
And perfect joys, than kings do, and their glories.
[*Exeunt.*

THE

SEA-VOYAGE.

BY

JOHN FLETCHER.

THE

SEA-VOYAGE.

THIS comedy, which was first printed in the collection of 1647, was the work of Fletcher solely. It was licensed for the stage, June 22, 1622, little more than a month after the Prophetess, and acted at the Globe. Tom Durfey, according to his usual practice, took this play, and made a very indifferent alteration of it, which was acted at the Theatre-Royal, and printed in 1686, under the title of The Commonwealth of Women.

Fletcher certainly took the hint and some part of the plot of this comedy from Shakspeare's Tempest, as Dryden observes in the preface to his and Davenant's alteration of the latter play:—"Our excellent Fletcher had so great a value for it, that he thought fit to make use of the same design, not much varied, a second time. Those who have seen his Sea-Voyage may easily discern that it was a copy of Shakspeare's Tempest: the storm, the desart island, and the woman who had never seen a man, are all sufficient testimonies of it." And in the prologue he says,

The storm which vanished on a neighbouring shore,
Was taught by Shakspeare's Tempest first to roar.
That innocence and beauty which did smile
In Fletcher, grew on this Enchanted Isle:
But Shakspeare's magic could not copied be,
Within that circle none durst walk but he.

Fletcher certainly showed great judgment in not attempting to introduce supernatural agency, for in the very few plays where he has ventured into that region, which none but Shakspeare has ever succeeded in delineating, he has failed most grossly. Though he undoubtedly imitated that great poet in the circumstances pointed out by Dryden, yet the general tenor of his play is so different from the Tempest as to preclude all comparison. The idea of the female commonwealth, and their rash vow not to have intercourse with men, he took from the classical story of Hysipyla and her female warriors on the isle of Lemnos, or perhaps from Ariosto's copy of that tale in his Orlando Furioso. Upon the

whole it may be observed, that the Sea-Voyage, without presuming to assert an equal rank with the matchless fairy-drama of the Tempest, is a very pleasing play; a sketch evidently not polished by very acute revision, but yet the sketch of a master. There is sufficient unity of design, nor can the popular charge of the carelessness of Fletcher's two last acts be brought with justice against this production. In Aminta and Clarinda he has displayed his usual skill in delineating, in the natural and easy manner almost peculiar to him, the female character. He has not succeeded equally in the delineation of the more savage Rosellia; and the remainder of his amazons are sufficiently disgusting to make us deplore the taste of times when such characters were necessary to please those parts of the audience who could not relish the pureness of Aminta and Clarinda. The male characters are not drawn with great precision, but they contribute to the general effect which the poet probably intended to produce. The lively and blunt Tibalt, and the true seaman-like Master, together with the despicable trio of Lamure, Franville, and Morillat, produce very humorous situations, which greatly diversify the drama, and heighten the effect of the beautiful dialogues between Albert and Aminta. The origin and gradual progress of the affections of the latter for the pirate who had ravished her from her home, and whom she at first naturally detested, occasioned by his abstinence from taking advantage of her situation, his entire submission to her will, and the generous ardour he evinces in the accomplishment of her wishes, are painted with Fletcher's characteristic delicacy.

It still remains to notice the unusual shortness of the comedy, the great irregularity of the versification, and the great number of hemistichs, which seem to suggest the probability of the copy given to the press having been one cut down for representation.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Albert, *a French pirate, in love with Aminta.*
Tibalt du Pont, *a merry gentleman, friend to Albert.*
Master *of the ship, an honest merry man.*
Lamure, *an usuring merchant.*
Franville, *a vain-glorious gallant.*
Morillat, *a shallow-brained gentleman.*
Boatswain, *an honest man.*
Sebastian, *a noble gentleman of Portugal, husband to Rosellia.*
Nicusa, *nephew to Sebastian; both cast upon a desart island.*
Raymond, *brother to Aminta.*
Surgeon.
Sailors.

Aminta, *mistress to Albert, a noble French virgin.*
Rosellia, *governess of the Amazonian Portugals.*
Clarinda, *daughter to Rosellia, in love with Albert.*
Hippolita, Crocale, Juletta, } *three ladies, members of the female commonwealth.*

SCENE,—First at Sea, then in a Desart Island, and the Isle of the Amazons.

The principal Actors were,

Joseph Tailor,
William Eglestone,
Nich. Tooke,
John Lowin,
John Underwood.

THE

SEA-VOYAGE.[1]

ACT I. SCENE I.

On board a Ship at Sea. A Tempest, Thunder and Lightning.

Enter Master and two Sailors.

Master. Lay her aloof, the sea grows dangerous:
How it spits against the clouds! how it capers,
And how the fiery element frights it back!
There be devils dancing in the air I think.

[1] This play, as it stands in all the former copies, has not received so much injury in its sense as measure, and so we have not so much cause to complain of the former as of the latter; yet cause there is, as the reader will see in the following notes. Mr Shirley, who published the old folio edition, seems to have had little care of making our poets appear to advantage, when he sent

I saw a dolphin hang i' th' horns o' th' moon,
Shot from a wave. Hey day, hey day, how she
kicks and yerks!
Down with the main-mast! lay her at hull!
Furl up all her linens, and let her ride it out!

1 *Sailor.* She'll never brook it, Master;
She's so deep laden that she'll bulge.

Master. Hang her!
Can she not buffet with a storm a little?
How it tosses her! she reels like a drunkard.

2 *Sailor.* We have discover'd the land, sir; pray
let's make in!
She is so drunk else, she may chance
To cast up all her lading.

1 *Sailor.* Stand in, stand in!
We are all lost else, lost and perish'd.

Master. Steer her a-starboard there!

this play into the world in so unpoetical a dress; I own the restoring of the measure cost me abundantly more application and pains than the correcting the text; but yet the reader must not expect that musical, exact flow of numbers which our modern gentlemen of Parnassus are so careful about, here, any more than in Shakspeare: However, I think, I may remark once for all, both upon our authors and him, that whenever any subject requires the sublime, the pathetic, or descriptive, there the numbers are equal to both the sentiment and diction, and the happy mixture is capable of transporting any soul who has the least taste for the beauties of poetry.—*Sympson.*

In "restoring the measure" (as Mr Sympson calls it) he has tacitly interpolated and omitted in a manner unprecedented in any editors but those of these works in 1750. The variations, both avowed and secret, we may safely pronounce to be almost all for the worse, and unworthy mention; those which are otherwise shall be properly noticed.—Ed. 1778.

The last editors have, however, not gone far enough in restoring the old division of lines, which is generally more natural, though not so exact as that of the modern editions. Nor have they come up to their resolution of restoring the text, as they retain Sympson's unnecessary and silently-introduced variations in many instances.

2 Sailor. Bear in with all the sail we can! See, Master,
See what a clap of thunder there is!
What a face of Heaven! how dreadfully it looks!
Master. Thou rascal, thou fearful rogue, thou hast been praying!
I see it in thy face; thou hast been mumbling,
When we are split, you slave! Is this a time
To discourage our friends with your cold orisons?
Call up the Boatswain. How it storms! holla!

Enter Boatswain.

Boats. What shall we do, Master? Cast over all her lading?
She will not swim an hour else.

Enter ALBERT, FRANVILLE, LAMURE, TIBALT DU PONT, *and* MORILLAT.

Master. The storm is loud;
We cannot hear one another. What's the coast?
Boats. We know not yet; shall we make in?
Alb. What comfort, sailors?
I never saw, since I have known the sea,
(Which has been these twenty years) so rude a tempest.
In what state are we?
Master. Dangerous enough, captain:
We have sprung five leaks, and no little ones;—
Still rage!—besides, her ribs are open,
Her rudder almost spent: Prepare yourselves,
And have good courages! Death comes but once;
And let him come in all his frights!
Alb. Is't not possible
To make in to the land? 'Tis here before us.

Mor. Here hard by, sir.
Master. Death's nearer, gentlemen.
Yet, do not cry; let's die like men!
Tib. Shall's hoise the boat out,
And go all at one cast? The more the merrier!

Enter AMINTA.

Master. You are too hasty, monsieur; do you long
To be i' th' fish-market before your time?—
Hold her up there!
Amin. Oh, miserable fortune!
Nothing but horror sounding in mine ears,
No minute to promise to my frighted soul!
Tib. Peace, woman!
We ha' storms enough already; no more howling!
Amin. Gentle master!
Master. Clap this woman under hatches.
Alb. Pr'ythee speak mildly to her.
Amin. Can no help——
Master. None, that I know.
Amin. No promise from your goodness——
Master. Am I a god? For Heaven's sake, stow this woman!
Tib. Go, take your gilt prayer-book, and to your business!
Wink and die![2] There an old haddock stays for you.
Amin. Must I die here in all the frights, the terrors,
The thousand several shapes Death triumphs in?
No friend to counsel me?

[2] *Wink and die!*] By this, as Mr Tyrwhitt, in a note on Anthony and Cleopatra observes, it is meant to be insinuated that she is afraid to die with her eyes open.

Alb. Have peace, sweet mistress!
Amin. No kindred's tears upon me? Oh, my country!
No gentle hand to close mine eyes?
Alb. Be comforted;
Heaven has the same power still, and the same mercy.
Amin. Oh, that wave will devour me!
Master. Carry her down, captain,
Or, by these hands, I'll give no more direction,
Let the ship sink or swim! We ha' ne'er better luck
When we ha' such stowage as these trinkets with us,
These sweet sin-breeders: How can Heaven smile on us,
When such a burden of iniquity
Lies tumbling, like a potion, in our ship's belly? [*Exit.*
Tib. Away with her; and, if she have a prayer
That's fit for such an hour, let her say't quickly,
And seriously! [*Exit.*
Alb. Come; I see it clear, lady;
Come in, and take some comfort! I'll stay with you.
Amin. Where should I stay? to what end should I hope?
Am I not circled round with misery?
Confusions in their full heights dwell about me!
Oh, Monsieur Albert, how am I bound to curse you,
(If curses could redeem me) how to hate you!
You forced me from my quiet, from my friends,
Even from their arms that were as dear to me
As day-light is, or comfort to the wretched;
You forced my friends, [some] from their peaceful rest,[3]

[3] *You forced my friends from their peaceful rest.*] The word in brackets was silently interpolated by Sympson, and silently continued by the last editors. It is certainly an improvement to the sense as well as the measure. A few lines further on both these

Some your relentless sword gave their last groans;
('Would I had there been number'd!) and to Fortune's
Never-satisfied afflictions you turn'd my brother,
And those few friends I had left, like desperate creatures,
To their own fears and the world's stubborn pities.
Oh, merciless!

Alb. Sweet mistress!

Amin. And whether they are wandered to avoid you,
Or whether dead, and no kind earth to cover 'em—
Was this a lover's part? But Heaven has found you,
And in his loudest voice, his voice of thunder,
And in the mutiny of his deep wonders,
He tells you now, you weep too late.

Alb. Let these tears
Tell how I honour you! You know, dear lady,
Since you were mine, how truly I have loved you,
How sanctimoniously observed your honour:
Not one lascivious word, not one touch, lady,
No, not a hope that might not render me
The unpolluted servant of your chastity.
For you I put to sea, to seek your brother,[4]

editors read silently, and most unnecessarily, *wand'ring* instead of *wandered.* But such needless variations deserve no mention, and in future the old text, whenever it affords sense, shall be restored without notice.

[4] *For you I put to sea, to seek your brother.*] This, if it has any meaning, must signify that his sole end of putting to sea was to find out her brother, and yet, act iii. scene i. *Franville* says positively that they were bound

For happy places, and most fertile islands,

but that afterwards

She *turn'd the captain's mind, &c.*

This inconsistency might possibly be owing to some over and above complaisant player, who was willing to enhance the value

(Your captain, yet your slave) that his redemption,
If he be living where the sun has circuit,
May expiate your rigour, and my rashness.

Amin. The storm grows greater; what shall we do?

Alb. Let's in,
And ask Heaven's mercy! My strong mind yet presages,
Through all these dangers, we shall see a day yet
Shall crown your pious hopes, and my fair wishes.
[*Exit with* AMINTA.

Enter Master, TIBALT, LAMURE, MORILLAT, FRANVILLE, *Boatswain, and Sailors, flinging over chests.*

Master. It must all overboard.

Boats. It clears to seaward, master.

Master. Fling o'er the lading there, and let us lighten her,
(All the meat and the cakes;[5] we are all gone else!)
That we may find her leaks, and hold her up!
Yet save some little biscuit for the lady,
Till we come to the land![6]

of Albert's service, and make him compliment his mistress, not only at the expence of our poets, but even of truth itself.—*Sympson.*

This assertion here is too positive, and too much pursued, and the circumstance too unimportant to be ascribed to the interpolation of a player. If there is an inconsistency, it is more probably owing to the inadvertency of the authors.—Ed. 1778.

There does not appear to me to be any inconsistency in the passage. The object of this present voyage was to seek her brother, though Albert's original destination was different.—*Mason.*

[5] *All the meat and the cakes.*] Mason proposes to read *casks*; I should be inclined to prefer *cates*, but have not disturbed the text, as the Master may speak, according to his previous manner, ironically.

[6] *Fling o'er the lading, &c.*] The giving this and the following

Lam. Must my goods over too?
Why, honest Master, here lies all my money,
The money I ha' rack'd by usury,
To buy new lands and lordships in new countries,
'Cause I was banish'd from mine own: I ha' been
This twenty years a-raising it.
Tib. Out with it!
The devils are got together by the ears, who shall have it;
And here they quarrel in the clouds.
Lam. I am undone, sir!
Tib. And be undone; 'tis better than we perish.
Lam. Oh, save one chest of plate!
Tib. Away with it lustily, sailors!
It was some pawn that he has got unjustly;
Down with it low enough, and let crabs breed in't!
Master. Over with the trunks too.

Enter ALBERT.

Alb. Take mine, and spare not.
Master. We must over with all.
Fran. Will you throw away my lordship that I sold,
Put it into clothes and necessaries, to go to sea with?
Tib. Over with it! I love to see a lordship sink:
Sir, you left no wood upon't, to buoy it up;
You might ha' saved it else.
Fran. I am undone
For ever.
Alb. Why, we are all undone:
Would you be only happy?
Lam. Sir, you may lose too.
Tib. Thou liest! I ha' nothing but my skin,

four lines to the *Master* (which was before a continuation of the *Boatswain's* speech) is recommended by Sympson.—Ed. 1778.

And my clothes; my sword here, and myself;
Two crowns in my pocket, two pair of cards,[7]
And three false dice: I can swim like a fish, rascal;
Nothing to hinder me.

Boats. In with her of all hands!

Master. Come, gentlemen; come, captain; ye must help all.
My life now for the land! 'Tis high and rocky,
And full of perils.

Alb. However, let's attempt it!

Master. Then cheer lustily, my hearts! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Shore of a Desart Island.

Enter SEBASTIAN *and* NICUSA.

Seb. Yes, 'tis a ship; I see it now; a tall ship![8]
She has wrought lustily for her deliverance.
Heaven's mercy, what a wretched day has here been!

Nicusa. To still and quiet minds that knew no misery,

[7] *Two* pair *of cards.*] i. e. *Two* PACKS *of cards*, as they are now called. They were formerly called, as here, PAIRS *of cards.* Thus in "The honourable Historie of the Frier Bacon and Frier Bongay, by Robert Greene, 1630," "Have you not good tippling houses there? may not a man have a lusty fire there, a pot of good ale, *a* PAIRE *of cardes*, a swinging piece of chalke, and a brown toast that will clap a white waistcoat on a cup of good drinke?"—*Reed.*

[8] *A tall ship!*] That is, old language for a stout ship.

It may seem wretched; but with us 'tis ordinary:
Heaven has no storm in store, nor earth no terror,
That can seem new to us.

Seb. 'Tis true, Nicusa:
If Fortune were determined to be wanton,
And would wipe out the stories of men's miseries,
Yet we two living, we could cross her purpose;
For 'tis impossible she should cure us,
We are so excellent in our afflictions:
It would be more than glory to her blindness,
And style her power beyond her pride, to quit us.

Nicusa. Do they live still?

Seb. Yes, and make to harbour.

Nicusa. Most miserable men! I grieve their fortunes.

Seb. How happy had they been, had the sea cover'd 'em!
They leap from one calamity to another;
Had they been drown'd, they had ended all their sorrows.
What shouts of joy they make! [*Shout within.*

Nicusa. Alas, poor wretches!
Had they but once experience of this island,
They would turn their tunes to wailings.

Seb. Nay, to curses,
That ever they set foot on such calamities:
Here is nothing but rocks and barrenness,
Hunger and cold, to eat; here's no vineyards
To chear the heart of man, no crystal rivers,
After his labour, to refresh his body,
If he be feeble; nothing to restore him,
But heavenly hopes: Nature, that made those remedies,
Dares not come here, nor look on our distresses,
For fear she turn wild, like the place, and barren.

Nicusa. Oh, uncle, yet a little memory of what we were!

'Twill be a little comfort in our calamities:
When we were seated in our blessed homes,
How happy in our kindreds, in our families,
In all our fortunes——

Seb. Curse on those French pirates
That displanted us! That flung us from that happiness
We found there, constrained us to sea,
To save our lives, honours, and our riches,
With all we had, our kinsmen and our jewels,
In hope to find some place free from such robbers!
Where a mighty storm severed our barks, that where
My wife, my daughter, and my noble ladies
That went with her, virgins and loving souls,
To 'scape those pirates——

Nicusa. They are living yet; such goodness cannot perish.

Seb. But never to me, cousin, never to me again.
What bears their flag-staves?

Nicusa. The arms of France sure.
Nay, do not start! we cannot be more miserable;
Death is a cordial now, come when it will.

Seb. They get to shore apace; they'll fly as fast
When once they find the place. What's that which swims there?

Nicusa. A strong young man, sir, with a handsome woman
Hanging about his neck.

Seb. That shews some honour:
May thy brave charity, whate'er thou art,
Be spoken in a place that may renown thee,
And not die here!

Nicusa. The boat, it seems, turn'd over,
So forced [them] to their shifts; yet all are landed.
They are pirates, on my life.

Seb. They will not rob us;

For none will take our misery for riches.
Come, cousin, let's descend, and try their pities!
If we get off, a little hope walks with us;
If not, we shall but load this wretched island
With the same shadows still, that must grow shorter.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Another Part of the same, with Rocks in the Back-ground.

Enter ALBERT, *supporting* AMINTA, TIBALT, MORILLAT, LAMURE, *Master*, FRANVILLE, *Surgeon, and Sailors.*

Tib. Wet come ashore,[9] my mates! we are safe arrived yet.
Master. Thanks to Heaven's goodness, no man lost:
The ship rides fair too, and her leaks in good plight.
Alb. The weather's turn'd more courteous.—How does my dear?
Alas, how weak she is, and wet!
Amin. I am glad yet, I 'scaped with life:
Which certain, noble captain, next to Heaven's goodness,
I must thank you for; and, which is more,

[9] Wet come *ashore—arrived yet.*
Mast. *Thanks—*] *Wet come,* alluding to *welcome,* is exceeding right and proper here in Tibalt's mouth, whose droll character is well supported throughout the play.—*Sympson.*

Acknowledge your dear tenderness, your firm love,
To your unworthy mistress; and recant too
(Indeed I must) those harsh opinions,
Those cruel, unkind thoughts, I heap'd upon you:
Further than that, I must forget your injuries,
So far I am tied and fetter'd to your service;
Believe me, I will learn to love.

Alb. I thank you, madam;
And it shall be my practice to serve.—
What cheer, companions?

Tib. No great cheer, sir; a piece of soused biscuit,
And half an hard egg; for the sea has taken order,
Being young and strong, we shall not surfeit, captain.
For mine own part, I'll dance till I am dry:
Come, surgeon, out with your glyster-pipe,
And strike a galliard.[1]

Alb. What a brave day again!
And what fair weather, after so foul a storm!

Lam. Ay, an't pleased the master, he might ha' seen
This weather, and ha' saved our goods.

Alb. Never think on 'em! we have our lives and healths.

Lam. I must think on 'em, and think 'twas most maliciously
Done to undo me.

Fran. And me too; I lost all:
I ha'n't another shirt to put upon me,
Nor clothes, but these poor rags: I had fifteen
Fair suits, the worst was cut upon taffaty.

Tib. I am glad you ha' lost: Give me thy hand!

[1] *A galliard.*] This was a popular dance of a very sprightly description. See the Orchestra of Sir John Davies.

Is thy skin whole? Art thou not purl'd[2] with scabs?
No antient monuments of madam Venus?
Thou hast a suit then will pose the cunning'st tailor,
That will never turn fashion, nor forsake thee,
Till thy executors, the worms, uncase thee;
They take off glorious suits, Franville! thou art happy
Thou art deliver'd of 'em; here are no brokers,
No alchymists to turn 'em into metal;
Nor leather'd captains,
With ladies to adore 'em! Wilt thou see
A dog-fish rise in one of thy brave doublets,
And tumble like a tub to make thee merry?
Or an old haddock rise with thy hatch'd sword[3]
Thou paid'st a hundred crowns for?
A mermaid in a mantle of your worship's?
Or a dolphin in your double ruff?

Fran. Ye are merry;
But if I take it thus, if I be foisted[4]
And jeer'd out of my goods——

Lam. Nor I, I vow thee!
Nor master nor mate—I see your cunning.

Alb. Oh, be not angry, gentlemen!

Mor. Yes, sir, we have reason:
And some friends I can make.

[2] *Purl'd.*] A *purl* means a rough kind of edging, which women sew on ruffles and handkerchiefs.—*Mason.*

Cotgrave explain *lanetille,* "gold or silver *purle;* also a small *purle* of needleworke; or a small edging (bone) lace; also a freckle, or *the freckledness of a face.*" To the latter meaning Tibalt certainly alludes.

[3] *Thy* hatch'd *sword*
Thou paid'st a hundred crowns for.] It has been already observed, that a *hatched* sword was one ornamented with gold or other valuables. We have here the price of one of a splendid description.

[4] *Foisted.*] Cheated.

Master. What I did, gentlemen,
Was for the general safety: If ye aim
At me, I am not so tame——
Tib. Pray take my counsel;
Gallants, fight not till the surgeon be well!
He's damnable sea-sick, and may spoil all;
Besides, he has lost his fiddlestick, and the best
Box of boar's-grease. Why do you make such faces,
And hand your swords?
Alb. Who would ye fight with, gentlemen?
Who has done ye wrong? for shame, be better temper'd!
No sooner come to give thanks for our safeties,
But we must raise new civil broils amongst us,
Inflame those angry powers, to shower new vengeance on us?
What can we expect for these unmanly murmurs,
These strong temptations of their holy pities,
But plagues in another kind, a fuller, so dreadful
That the singing storms are slumbers to it?
Tib. Be men,
And rule your minds! if you will needs fight, gentlemen,
And think to raise new riches by your valours,
Have at ye! I have little else to do now;
I have said my prayers. You say you have lost,
And make your loss your quarrel,
And grumble at my captain here, and the master,
Two worthy persons, indeed too worthy for such rascals,
Thou Galloon gallant, and Mammon you
That build on golden mountains! thou money-maggot!
Come, all draw your swords! Ye say ye are miserable.
Alb. Nay, hold, good Tibalt!
Tib. Captain, let me correct 'em!—

I'll make ye ten times worse!—I will not leave 'em—
For look ye, fighting's as nourishing to me as eating;
I was born quarrelling.

Master. Pray, sir!

Tib. I will not leave 'em skins to cover 'em.—
Do ye grumble when ye are well, ye rogues?

Master. Noble Du Pont!

Tib. Ye have clothes now, and ye prate.

Amin. Pray, gentlemen, for my sake, be at peace!
Let it become me to make all friends![5]

Fran. You have stopt our angers, lady.

Alb. This shews noble.

Tib. 'Tis well; 'tis very well! There's half a biscuit;
Break it amongst ye all, and thank my bounty.
This is clothes and plate too; come, no more quarrelling!

Enter SEBASTIAN *and* NICUSA.

Amin. But ha! what things are these? Are they human creatures?

Tib. I have heard of sea-calves.

Alb. They are no shadows sure; they have legs and arms.

Tib. They hang but lightly on though.

Amin. How they look!
Are they men's faces?

Tib. They have horse-tails growing to 'em,
Goodly long manes.

Amin. Alas, what sunk eyes they have!
How they are crept in, as if they had been frighted!

[5] *Let it become me to make all friends.*] In the first folio this line is given to Lamure. Possibly a speech of his immediately following was omitted at the press.

Sure they are wretched men.
Tib. Where are their ward-robes?
Look ye, Franville, here are a couple of courtiers!
Amin. They kneel: Alas, poor souls!
Alb. What are ye? speak!
Are ye alive? or wand'ring shadows,
That find no peace on earth, till ye reveal
Some hidden secret?
Seb. We are men as you are,
Only our miseries make us seem monsters.
If ever pity dwelt in noble hearts——
Alb. We understand 'em too! Pray mark 'em, gentlemen!
Seb. Or that Heaven's pleased with human charity;
If ever ye have heard the name of friendship,
Or suffer'd in yourselves the least afflictions;
Have gentle fathers that have bred ye tenderly,
And mothers that have wept for your misfortunes;
Have mercy on our miseries!
Alb. Stand up, wretches.
Speak boldly, and have release!
Nicusa. If ye be Christians,
And by that blessed name bound to relieve us,
Convey us from this island!
Alb. Speak! what are ye?
Seb. As you are, gentle born; to tell ye more,
Were but to number up our own calamities,
And turn your eyes wild with perpetual weepings.
These many years in this most wretched island
We two have lived, the scorn and game of Fortune:
Bless yourselves from it, noble gentlemen!
The greatest plagues that human nature suffers
Are seated here, wildness and wants innumerable!
Alb. How came ye hither?
Nicusa. In a ship, as you do,

And (as you might have been, had not Heaven preserved ye
For some more noble use) wreckt desperately;
Our men and all consumed, but we two,
That still live, and spin out
The thin and ragged threads of our misfortunes.
Alb. Is there no meat above?
Seb. Nor meat nor quiet:
No summer here, to promise any thing;
Nor autumn, to make full the reapers' hands:
The earth, obdurate to the tears of Heaven,
Lets nothing shoot but poison'd weeds;
No rivers, nor no pleasant groves, no beasts:
All that were made for man's use fly this desart;
No airy fowl dares make his flight over it,
It is so ominous.
Serpents, and ugly things, the shames of Nature,
Roots of malignant tastes, foul standing waters·
Sometimes we find a fulsome sea-root,
And that's a delicate; a rat sometimes,
And that we hunt like princes in their pleasure;
And when we take a toad, we make a banquet.
Amin. For Heaven's sake, let's aboard!
Alb. Do ye know no further?
Nicusa. Yes;
We have sometimes seen the shadow of a place
Inhabited, and heard the noise of hunters,
And have attempted to find it: So far as a river,
Deep, slow, and dangerous, fenced with high rocks,
We have gone; but, not able to atchieve that hazard,
Return'd to our old miseries.
If this sad story may deserve your pities——
Alb. Ye shall aboard with us; we will relieve your miseries.
Seb. Nor will we be unthankful for this benefit;

No, gentlemen, we'll pay for our deliverance:
Look, ye that plough the seas for wealth and pleasures,
That out-run day and night with your ambitions,
Look on those heaps! they seem hard ragged quarries;
Remove, and view 'em fully!
Master. Oh, Heaven, they are gold and jewels!
Seb. Be not too hasty! Here lies another heap.
Mor. And here another,
All perfect gold!
Alb. Stand further off! You must not
Be your own carvers.
Lam. We have shares, and deep ones.
Fran. Yes, sir, we will maintain't: Ho, fellow-sailors!
Lam. Stand all to your freedoms! I'll have all this.
Fran. And I this.
Tib. You shall be hang'd first.
Lam. My losses shall be made good.
Fran. So shall mine, or with my sword I'll do it.—
All that will share with us, assist us!
Tib. Captain, let's set in!
Alb. This money will undo us, undo us all.
Seb. This gold was the overthrow of my happiness:
I had command too, when I landed here,
And led young, high, and noble spirits under me:
This cursed gold enticing 'em, they set upon their captain,
On me that own'd this wealth, and this poor gentleman;
Gave us no few wounds, forced us from our own,
And then their civil swords, who should be owners,

And who lords over all, turn'd against their own lives;
First, in their rage consumed the ship,
(That poor part of the ship that 'scaped the first wreck)
Next, their lives by heaps: Oh, be you wise and careful!

Lam. We'll ha' more: Sirrah, come shew it!

Fran. Or ten times worse afflictions than thou speak'st of——

Alb. Nay, an ye will be dogs——
[*Draws and beats 'em.*

Tib. Let me come, captain!
This golden age must have an iron ending.
Have at the bunch! [*He beats 'em off and exit.*

Amint. Oh, Albert! oh, gentlemen! oh, friends!
[*Exit.*

Seb. Come, noble nephew! if we stay here we die:
Here rides their ship yet; all are gone to the spoil;
Let's make a quick use!

Nicusa. Away, dear uncle!

Seb. This gold was our overthrow.

Nicusa. It may now be our happiness. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Tibalt *pursuing and beating the rest.*

Tib. You shall have gold! yes, I will cram it in t'ye!
You shall be your own carvers? yes, I'll carve ye.

Mor. I am sore: I pray hear reason!

Tib. I'll hear none:
Covetous base minds have no reason.
I am hurt myself; but, whilst I have a leg left,
I will so haunt your gilded souls—How do ye, captain?

You bleed apace; curse on the causers on't!
You do not faint?

Alb. No, no; I am not so happy.

Tib. Do ye howl? nay, ye deserve it:
Base greedy rogues! Come, shall we make an end of 'em?

Alb. They are our countrymen; for Heaven's sake, spare 'em!
Alas, they are hurt enough, and they relent now.

Amin. [*Above.*] Oh, captain, captain!

Alb. Whose voice is that?

Tib. The lady's.

Amin. Look, captain, look! you are undone: poor captain!
We are all undone, all, all! we are all miserable!
Mad wilful men, ye are undone: Your ship, your ship!

Alb. What of her?

Amin. She is under sail, and floating;
See, where she flies! See, to your shames, you wretches,
These poor starved things that shew'd you gold!

[LAMURE *and* FRANVILLE *go up to see the ship.*

1 *Sailor.* They have cut the cables,
And got her out; the tide too has befriended 'em.

Master. Where are the sailors that kept her?

Boats. Here, here in the mutiny, to take up money,
And left no creature; left the boat ashore too:
This gold, this damn'd enticing gold!

2 *Sailor.* How the wind drives her,
As if it vied to force her from our furies!

Lam. Come back, good old men!

Fran. Good honest men, come back!

Tib. The wind's against ye; speak louder!

Lam. Ye shall have all your gold again. They see us.

Tib. Hold up your hands, and kneel, and howl, ye blockheads!
They'll have compassion on ye?
Yes, yes, 'tis very likely; ye have deserved it.
Do ye look like dogs now? Are your mighty courages
Abated?
Alb. I bleed apace, Tibalt.
Tib. Retire, sir;
And make the best use of our miseries!
They but begin now.

Enter AMINTA.

Amin. Are ye alive still?
Alb. Yes, sweet.
Tib. Help him off, lady,
And wrap him warm in your arms; here is something
That's comfortable; off with him handsomely!
I'll come to ye straight, but vex these rascals a little.
[*Exeunt* ALBERT *and* AMINTA.
Fran. Oh, I am hungry, and hurt, and I am weary
Tib. Here is a pestle of a portigue, sir![6]
'Tis excellent meat with sour sauce:
And here's two chains; suppose 'em sausages!
Then there wants mustard; but the fearful surgeon
Will supply ye presently.[7]

[6] *Here is a* pestle of a portigue, *sir.*] A *portique*, or *portague*, was a Portugueze coin worth four pounds ten shillings. Cotgrave explains *jambe de pourceau*, "A *pestle* of porke, or gammon." This is evidently to what Tibalt alludes, but why he applies the word to the golden coin called a portique, which he takes up from the heap, I am unable to explain.

[7] *But th'* fearful *surgeon will supply ye presently.*
Lam. *Oh, for that surgeon, I shall die else.*] *Fearful*, in the present passage, is an epithet, which carries neither sense nor

Lam. Oh, for that surgeon! I shall die else.
Tib. 'Faith, there he lies in the same pickle too.
Sur. My salves and all my instruments are lost;
And I am hurt and starved: Good sir, seek for
Some herbs!
Tib. Here's herb-graceless; will that serve?
Gentlemen, will ye go to supper?
All. Where is the meat?
Tib. Where is the meat? What a veal-voice is there!
Fran. 'Would we had it, sir, or any thing else!
Tib. I would now cut your throat, you dog, but that
I wo' not do you such a courtesy,
To take you from the benefit of starving.
Oh, what a comfort will your worship have
Some three days hence! Ye things beneath pity!
Famine[8] shall be your harbinger:
You must not look for down-beds here, nor hangings;
Though I could wish ye strong ones;
Yet there be many lightsome cool star-chambers,[9]
Open to every sweet air, I'll assure ye,

humour. If we would make Tibalt congruous with himself, methinks it should be done by reading in both lines thus;

But th' careful *surgeon, &c.*

To which Lamure should answer,

Oh, for that careful *surgeon, I shall die else.—Sympson.*

There is much more humour in the present reading, though not of a very delicate nature. The mustard that Tibalt alludes to is frequently supposed to be produced by fear. Sympson is sometimes too innocent for his authors.—*Mason.*

8 *Famine.*] This necessary word was restored in the second folio.

9 —— *many lightsome cool* star-chambers.] Perhaps a distant allusion to the tyrannical Star-chamber, the terror of all obnoxious to the court in the reigns of James I. and Charles I.

Ready provided for ye, and so I'll leave ye:
Your first course is served; expect the second!
[*Exit.*

Fran. A vengeance on these jewels!
Lam. Oh, this cursed gold! [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Another Part of the same.

Enter Albert *and* Aminta.

Alb. Alas, dear soul, you faint!
Amin. You speak the language
Which I should use to you. Heaven knows my weakness
Is not for what I suffer in myself,
But to imagine what you endure,
And to what fate your cruel stars reserve you.
Alb. Do not add to my afflictions by
Your tender pities! Sure we have changed sexes:
You bear calamity with a fortitude
Would become a man; I like a weak girl suffer.
Amin. Oh, but your wounds,
How fearfully they gape! and every one
To me is a sepulchre. If I loved truly,
(Wise men affirm, that true love can do wonders)

These bathed in my warm tears would soon be cured,
And leave no orifice behind. Pray give me leave
To play the surgeon, and bind 'em up!
The raw air rankles 'em.
Alb. Sweet, we want means.
Amin. Love can supply all wants.
Alb. What have ye done, sweet?—
Oh, sacrilege to beauty! there's no hair
Of these pure locks,[1] by which the greatest king
Would not be gladly bound, and love his fetters.
Amin. Oh, Albert, I offer
This sacrifice of service to the altar
Of your staid temperance, and still adore it:
When with a violent hand you made me yours,
I cursed the doer; but, now I consider
How long I was in your power, and with what honour
You entertain'd me, (it being seldom seen,
That youth and heat of blood could e'er prescribe
Laws to itself) your goodness is the Lethe
In which I drown your injuries, and now live
Truly to serve ye. How do you, sir? Receive you
The least ease from my service? If you do,
I'm largely recompenced.
Alb. You good angels
That are engaged, when man's ability fails,
To reward goodness, look upon this lady!
Though hunger gripes my croaking entrails,
Yet, when I kiss these rubies, methinks

[1] *Oh, sacrilege to beauty! &c.*] This is seemingly from Tasso, book 19, stanza 112, where Erminia binds up Tancred's wounds with her hair:

"For with her amber locks cut off, each wound
She tied: Oh, happy man, so cured, so bound."—*Sympson.*

The thought is not confined to Fletcher and Tasso, but occurs in many poets of the Italian school.

I'm at a banquet, a refreshing banquet.
Speak, my bless'd one; art not hungry?
Amin. Indeed I could eat, to bear you company.
Alb. Blush, unkind Nature,
If thou hast power or being! To hear
Thyself, and by such innocence, accused,
Must print a thousand kinds of shames upon
Thy various face: Canst thou supply a drunkard,
And with a prodigal hand reach choice of wines,
Till he cast up thy blessings; or a glutton,
That robs the elements to sooth his palate,
And only eats to beget appetite,
Not to be satisfied; and suffer here
A virgin, which the saints would make their guest,
To pine for hunger? [*Horns within.*] Ha! if my sense
Deceive me not, these notes take being from
The breath of men. Confirm me, my Aminta!
Again! This way the gentle wind conveys it to us.
Hear you nothing?
Amin. Yes; it seems free hunters' music.
[*Horns again.*
Alb. Still 'tis louder; and I remember the Portugals
Inform'd us, they had often heard such sounds,
But ne'er could touch the shore from whence it came.
Follow me, my Aminta! My good genius,
Shew me the way! Still, still we are directed;
When we gain the top of this near rising hill,
We shall know further.
[*Exit, and enter above on the hill.*
Alb. Courteous Zephyrus,
On his dewy wings, carries perfumes to cheer us.
The air clears too;
And now we may discern another island,
And questionless, the seat of fortunate men:
Oh, that we could arrive there!

Amin. No, Albert;
It is not to be hoped: This envious torrent
Is cruelly interposed; we have no vessel
That may transport us, nor hath Nature given
Us wings to fly.
Alb. Better try all hazards,
Than perish here remediless; I feel
New vigour in me, and a spirit that dares
More than a man to serve my fair Aminta:
These arms shall be my oars, with which I'll swim,
And my zeal to save thy innocent self, like wings,
Shall bear me up above the brackish waves.
Amin. Will ye then leave me? 'Till now I ne'er was wretched.[2]
Alb. My best Aminta, I swear by goodness,
'Tis nor hope, nor fear, of myself, that invites me
To this extreme; 'tis to supply thy wants:
And, believe me,
Though pleasure met me in most ravishing forms,
And happiness courted me to entertain her,
I would nor eat nor sleep, till I return'd
And crown'd thee with my fortunes.
Amin. Oh, but your absence——
Alb. Suppose it but a dream, and, as you may,
Endeavour to take rest! And when that sleep
Deceives your hunger with imagined food,
Think you have sent me for discovery
Of some most fortunate continent, yet unknown,

[2] Aminta. *Will ye then leave me?*
Alb. *Till now I ne'er was wretched.*] This is the most material corruption in the sense that I have met with in this play. The pretty softness and tender fears of *Aminta* are given to *Albert*. I read,

Aminta. *Will ye leave me then? till now I ne'er was wretched.*
Alb. *My best Aminta, I swear by goodness, 'tis*
Not hope, &c.—Seward.

Which you are to be queen of!—
And now, ye powers that e'er heard lovers' prayers,
Or cherish'd pure affection, look on him
That is your votary; and make it known,
Against all stops, you can defend your own!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Island of the Amazons. The Sea-Shore.

Enter Hippolita, Crocale, *and* Juletta, *armed with bows and quivers.*

Hip. How did we lose Clarinda?
Croc. When we believed the stag was spent,
And would take soil, the sight of the Black Lake,
Which we supposed he chose for his last refuge,
Frighted him more than we that did pursue him
Jul. That's usual; for death itself is not so terrible
To any beast of chase.
Hip. Since we lived here,
We ne'er could force one to it.
Croc. 'Tis so dreadful,
Birds that with their pinions cleave the air
Dare not fly o'er it. When the stag turn'd head,
And we even tired with labour,
Clarinda, as if she were made of air
And fire, and had no part of earth in her,
Eagerly pursued him:
Nor need we fear her safety; this place yields

Not fawns nor satyrs, or more lustful men;
Here we live secure,
And have among ourselves a commonwealth,
Which in ourselves begun, with us must end.
Jul. Ay, there's the misery!
Croc. But being alone,
Allow me freedom but to speak my thoughts!
The strictness of our governess, that forbids us,
On pain of death, the sight and use of men,
Is more than tyranny: For herself, she's past
Those youthful heats, and feels not the want
Of that which young maids long for: And her daughter
The fair Clarinda, though in few years improved
In height and large proportion, came here so young,
That, scarce remembering that she had a father,
She never dreams of man; and should she see one,
In my opinion, a' would appear
A strange beast to her.
Jul. 'Tis not so with us
Hip. For my part, I confess it, I was not made for
This single life; nor do I love hunting so,
But that I had rather be the chace myself.
Croc By Venus (out upon me! I should have sworn
By Diana,) I am of thy mind too, wench:
And though I have ta'en an oath, not alone
To detest, but never to think of man,
Every hour something tells me I am forsworn;
For, I confess, imagination helps me
Sometimes, and that's all's left for us to feed on;
We might starve else, for if I have any pleasure
In this life, but when I sleep, I am a Pagan.
Then, from the courtier to the country clown,
I have strange visions——
Jul. Visions, Crocale?
Croc Yes, and fine visions too,

It may seem wretched; but with us 'tis ordinary:
Heaven has no storm in store, nor earth no terror,
That can seem new to us.

Seb. 'Tis true, Nicusa:
If Fortune were determined to be wanton,
And would wipe out the stories of men's miseries,
Yet we two living, we could cross her purpose;
For 'tis impossible she should cure us,
We are so excellent in our afflictions:
It would be more than glory to her blindness,
And style her power beyond her pride, to quit us.

Nicusa. Do they live still?

Seb. Yes, and make to harbour.

Nicusa. Most miserable men! I grieve their fortunes.

Seb. How happy had they been, had the sea cover'd 'em!
They leap from one calamity to another;
Had they been drown'd, they had ended all their sorrows.
What shouts of joy they make! [*Shout within.*

Nicusa. Alas, poor wretches!
Had they but once experience of this island,
They would turn their tunes to wailings.

Seb. Nay, to curses,
That ever they set foot on such calamities:
Here is nothing but rocks and barrenness,
Hunger and cold, to eat; here's no vineyards
To chear the heart of man, no crystal rivers,
After his labour, to refresh his body,
If he be feeble; nothing to restore him,
But heavenly hopes: Nature, that made those remedies,
Dares not come here, nor look on our distresses,
For fear she turn wild, like the place, and barren.

Nicusa. Oh, uncle, yet a little memory of what we were!

'Twill be a little comfort in our calamities:
When we were seated in our blessed homes,
How happy in our kindreds, in our families,
In all our fortunes——

Seb. Curse on those French pirates
That displanted us! That flung us from that happiness
We found there, constrained us to sea,
To save our lives, honours, and our riches,
With all we had, our kinsmen and our jewels,
In hope to find some place free from such robbers!
Where a mighty storm severed our barks, that where
My wife, my daughter, and my noble ladies
That went with her, virgins and loving souls,
To 'scape those pirates——

Nicusa. They are living yet; such goodness cannot perish.

Seb. But never to me, cousin, never to me again.
What bears their flag-staves?

Nicusa. The arms of France sure.
Nay, do not start! we cannot be more miserable;
Death is a cordial now, come when it will.

Seb. They get to shore apace; they'll fly as fast
When once they find the place. What's that which swims there?

Nicusa. A strong young man, sir, with a handsome woman
Hanging about his neck.

Seb. That shews some honour:
May thy brave charity, whate'er thou art,
Be spoken in a place that may renown thee,
And not die here!

Nicusa. The boat, it seems, turn'd over,
So forced [them] to their shifts; yet all are landed.
They are pirates, on my life.

Seb. They will not rob us;

For none will take our misery for riches.
Come, cousin, let's descend, and try their pities!
If we get off, a little hope walks with us;
If not, we shall but load this wretched island
With the same shadows still, that must grow shorter.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Another Part of the same, with Rocks in the Back-ground.

Enter ALBERT, *supporting* AMINTA, TIBALT, MORILLAT, LAMURE, *Master*, FRANVILLE, *Surgeon, and Sailors.*

Tib. Wet come ashore,[9] my mates! we are safe arrived yet.
Master. Thanks to Heaven's goodness, no man lost:
The ship rides fair too, and her leaks in good plight.
Alb. The weather's turn'd more courteous.—How does my dear?
Alas, how weak she is, and wet!
Amin. I am glad yet, I 'scaped with life:
Which certain, noble captain, next to Heaven's goodness,
I must thank you for; and, which is more,

[9] Wet come *ashore—arrived yet.*
Mast. *Thanks—*] *Wet come,* alluding to *welcome,* is exceeding right and proper here in Tibalt's mouth, whose droll character is well supported throughout the play.—*Sympson.*

Acknowledge your dear tenderness, your firm love,
To your unworthy mistress; and recant too
(Indeed I must) those harsh opinions,
Those cruel, unkind thoughts, I heap'd upon you:
Further than that, I must forget your injuries,
So far I am tied and fetter'd to your service;
Believe me, I will learn to love.

Alb. I thank you, madam;
And it shall be my practice to serve.—
What cheer, companions?

Tib. No great cheer, sir; a piece of soused biscuit,
And half an hard egg; for the sea has taken order,
Being young and strong, we shall not surfeit, captain.
For mine own part, I'll dance till I am dry:
Come, surgeon, out with your glyster-pipe,
And strike a galliard.[1]

Alb. What a brave day again!
And what fair weather, after so foul a storm!

Lam. Ay, an't pleased the master, he might ha' seen
This weather, and ha' saved our goods.

Alb. Never think on 'em! we have our lives and healths.

Lam. I must think on 'em, and think 'twas most maliciously
Done to undo me.

Fran. And me too; I lost all:
I ha'n't another shirt to put upon me,
Nor clothes, but these poor rags: I had fifteen
Fair suits, the worst was cut upon taffaty.

Tib. I am glad you ha' lost: Give me thy hand!

[1] *A galliard.*] This was a popular dance of a very sprightly description. See the Orchestra of Sir John Davies.

Is thy skin whole? Art thou not purl'd[2] with scabs?
No antient monuments of madam Venus?
Thou hast a suit then will pose the cunning'st tailor,
That will never turn fashion, nor forsake thee,
Till thy executors, the worms, uncase thee;
They take off glorious suits, Franville! thou art
happy
Thou art deliver'd of 'em; here are no brokers,
No alchymists to turn 'em into metal;
Nor leather'd captains,
With ladies to adore 'em! Wilt thou see
A dog-fish rise in one of thy brave doublets,
And tumble like a tub to make thee merry?
Or an old haddock rise with thy hatch'd sword[3]
Thou paid'st a hundred crowns for?
A mermaid in a mantle of your worship's?
Or a dolphin in your double ruff?
Fran. Ye are merry;
But if I take it thus, if I be foisted[4]
And jeer'd out of my goods——
Lam. Nor I, I vow thee!
Nor master nor mate—I see your cunning.
Alb. Oh, be not angry, gentlemen!
Mor. Yes, sir, we have reason;
And some friends I can make.

[2] *Purl'd.*] A *purl* means a rough kind of edging, which women sew on ruffles and handkerchiefs.—*Mason.*

Cotgrave explain *lanetille,* "gold or silver *purle;* also a small *purle* of needleworke; or a small edging (bone) lace; also a freckle, or *the freckledness of a face.*" To the latter meaning Tibalt certainly alludes.

[3] *Thy* hatch'd *sword*
Thou paid'st a hundred crowns for.] It has been already observed, that a *hatched* sword was one ornamented with gold or other valuables. We have here the price of one of a splendid description.

[4] *Foisted.*] Cheated.

Master. What I did, gentlemen,
Was for the general safety: If ye aim
At me, I am not so tame——

Tib. Pray take my counsel;
Gallants, fight not till the surgeon be well!
He's damnable sea-sick, and may spoil all;
Besides, he has lost his fiddlestick, and the best
Box of boar's-grease. Why do you make such faces,
And hand your swords?

Alb. Who would ye fight with, gentlemen?
Who has done ye wrong? for shame, be better temper'd!
No sooner come to give thanks for our safeties,
But we must raise new civil broils amongst us,
Inflame those angry powers, to shower new vengeance on us?
What can we expect for these unmanly murmurs,
These strong temptations of their holy pities,
But plagues in another kind, a fuller, so dreadful
That the singing storms are slumbers to it?

Tib. Be men,
And rule your minds! if you will needs fight, gentlemen,
And think to raise new riches by your valours,
Have at ye! I have little else to do now;
I have said my prayers. You say you have lost,
And make your loss your quarrel,
And grumble at my captain here, and the master,
Two worthy persons, indeed too worthy for such rascals,
Thou Galloon gallant, and Mammon you
That build on golden mountains! thou money-maggot!
Come, all draw your swords! Ye say ye are miserable.

Alb. Nay, hold, good Tibalt!

Tib. Captain, let me correct 'em!—

I'll make ye ten times worse!—I will not leave 'em—
For look ye, fighting's as nourishing to me as eating;
I was born quarrelling.

Master. Pray, sir!

Tib. I will not leave 'em skins to cover 'em.—
Do ye grumble when ye are well, ye rogues?

Master. Noble Du Pont!

Tib. Ye have clothes now, and ye prate.

Amin. Pray, gentlemen, for my sake, be at peace!
Let it become me to make all friends![5]

Fran. You have stopt our angers, lady.

Alb. This shews noble.

Tib. 'Tis well; 'tis very well! There's half a biscuit;
Break it amongst ye all, and thank my bounty.
This is clothes and plate too; come, no more quarrelling!

Enter SEBASTIAN *and* NICUSA.

Amin. But ha! what things are these? Are they human creatures?

Tib. I have heard of sea-calves.

Alb. They are no shadows sure; they have legs and arms.

Tib. They hang but lightly on though.

Amin. How they look!
Are they men's faces?

Tib. They have horse-tails growing to 'em,
Goodly long manes.

Amin. Alas, what sunk eyes they have!
How they are crept in, as if they had been frighted!

[5] *Let it become me to make all friends.*] In the first folio this line is given to Lamure. Possibly a speech of his immediately following was omitted at the press.

Sure they are wretched men.
Tib. Where are their ward-robes?
Look ye, Franville, here are a couple of courtiers!
Amin. They kneel: Alas, poor souls!
Alb. What are ye? speak!
Are ye alive? or wand'ring shadows,
That find no peace on earth, till ye reveal
Some hidden secret?
Seb. We are men as you are,
Only our miseries make us seem monsters.
If ever pity dwelt in noble hearts——
Alb. We understand 'em too! Pray mark 'em, gentlemen!
Seb. Or that Heaven's pleased with human charity;
If ever ye have heard the name of friendship,
Or suffer'd in yourselves the least afflictions;
Have gentle fathers that have bred ye tenderly,
And mothers that have wept for your misfortunes;
Have mercy on our miseries!
Alb. Stand up, wretches.
Speak boldly, and have release!
Nicusa. If ye be Christians,
And by that blessed name bound to relieve us,
Convey us from this island!
Alb. Speak! what are ye?
Seb. As you are, gentle born; to tell ye more,
Were but to number up our own calamities,
And turn your eyes wild with perpetual weepings.
These many years in this most wretched island
We two have lived, the scorn and game of Fortune:
Bless yourselves from it, noble gentlemen!
The greatest plagues that human nature suffers
Are seated here, wildness and wants innumerable!
Alb. How came ye hither?
Nicusa. In a ship, as you do,

And (as you might have been, had not Heaven preserved ye
For some more noble use) wreckt desperately;
Our men and all consumed, but we two,
That still live, and spin out
The thin and ragged threads of our misfortunes.
Alb. Is there no meat above?
Seb. Nor meat nor quiet:
No summer here, to promise any thing;
Nor autumn, to make full the reapers' hands:
The earth, obdurate to the tears of Heaven,
Lets nothing shoot but poison'd weeds;
No rivers, nor no pleasant groves, no beasts:
All that were made for man's use fly this desart;
No airy fowl dares make his flight over it,
It is so ominous.
Serpents, and ugly things, the shames of Nature.
Roots of malignant tastes, foul standing waters·
Sometimes we find a fulsome sea-root,
And that's a delicate; a rat sometimes,
And that we hunt like princes in their pleasure;
And when we take a toad, we make a banquet.
Amin. For Heaven's sake, let's aboard!
Alb. Do ye know no further?
Nicusa. Yes;
We have sometimes seen the shadow of a place
Inhabited, and heard the noise of hunters,
And have attempted to find it: So far as a river,
Deep, slow, and dangerous, fenced with high rocks.
We have gone; but, not able to atchieve that hazard,
Return'd to our old miseries.
If this sad story may deserve your pities——
Alb. Ye shall aboard with us; we will relieve your miseries.
Seb. Nor will we be unthankful for this benefit;

No, gentlemen, we'll pay for our deliverance:
Look, ye that plough the seas for wealth and pleasures,
That out-run day and night with your ambitions,
Look on those heaps! they seem hard ragged quarries;
Remove, and view 'em fully!
Master. Oh, Heaven, they are gold and jewels!
Seb. Be not too hasty! Here lies another heap.
Mor. And here another,
All perfect gold!
Alb. Stand further off! You must not
Be your own carvers.
Lam. We have shares, and deep ones.
Fran. Yes, sir, we will maintain't: Ho, fellow-sailors!
Lam. Stand all to your freedoms! I'll have all this.
Fran. And I this.
Tib. You shall be hang'd first.
Lam. My losses shall be made good.
Fran. So shall mine, or with my sword I'll do it.—
All that will share with us, assist us!
Tib. Captain, let's set in!
Alb. This money will undo us, undo us all.
Seb. This gold was the overthrow of my happiness:
I had command too, when I landed here,
And led young, high, and noble spirits under me:
This cursed gold enticing 'em, they set upon their captain,
On me that own'd this wealth, and this poor gentleman;
Gave us no few wounds, forced us from our own,
And then their civil swords, who should be owners,

And who lords over all, turn'd against their own lives;
First, in their rage consumed the ship,
(That poor part of the ship that 'scaped the first wreck)
Next, their lives by heaps: Oh, be you wise and careful!

Lam. We'll ha' more: Sirrah, come shew it!

Fran. Or ten times worse afflictions than thou speak'st of——

Alb. Nay, an ye will be dogs—— [*Draws and beats 'em.*

Tib. Let me come, captain!
This golden age must have an iron ending.
Have at the bunch! [*He beats 'em off and exit.*

Amint. Oh, Albert! oh, gentlemen! oh, friends! [*Exit.*

Seb. Come, noble nephew! if we stay here we die:
Here rides their ship yet; all are gone to the spoil;
Let's make a quick use!

Nicusa. Away, dear uncle!

Seb. This gold was our overthrow.

Nicusa. It may now be our happiness. [*Exeunt.*

Enter TIBALT *pursuing and beating the rest.*

Tib. You shall have gold! yes, I will cram it in t'ye!
You shall be your own carvers? yes, I'll carve ye.

Mor. I am sore: I pray hear reason!

Tib. I'll hear none:
Covetous base minds have no reason.
I am hurt myself; but, whilst I have a leg left,
I will so haunt your gilded souls—How do ye, captain?

You bleed apace; curse on the causers on't!
You do not faint?

Alb. No, no; I am not so happy.

Tib. Do ye howl? nay, ye deserve it:
Base greedy rogues! Come, shall we make an end of 'em?

Alb. They are our countrymen; for Heaven's sake, spare 'em!
Alas, they are hurt enough, and they relent now.

Amin. [*Above.*] Oh, captain, captain!

Alb. Whose voice is that?

Tib. The lady's.

Amin. Look, captain, look! you are undone: poor captain!
We are all undone, all, all! we are all miserable!
Mad wilful men, ye are undone: Your ship, your ship!

Alb. What of her?

Amin. She is under sail, and floating;
See, where she flies! See, to your shames, you wretches,
These poor starved things that shew'd you gold!

[LAMURE *and* FRANVILLE *go up to see the ship.*

1 *Sailor.* They have cut the cables,
And got her out; the tide too has befriended 'em.

Master. Where are the sailors that kept her?

Boats. Here, here in the mutiny, to take up money,
And left no creature; left the boat ashore too:
This gold, this damn'd enticing gold!

2 *Sailor.* How the wind drives her,
As if it vied to force her from our furies!

Lam. Come back, good old men!

Fran. Good honest men, come back!

Tib. The wind's against ye; speak louder!

Lam. Ye shall have all your gold again. They see us.

Tib. Hold up your hands, and kneel, and howl, ye blockheads!
They'll have compassion on ye?
Yes, yes, 'tis very likely; ye have deserved it.
Do ye look like dogs now? Are your mighty courages
Abated?
Alb. I bleed apace, Tibalt.
Tib. Retire, sir;
And make the best use of our miseries!
They but begin now.

Enter AMINTA.

Amin. Are ye alive still?
Alb. Yes, sweet.
Tib. Help him off, lady,
And wrap him warm in your arms; here is something
That's comfortable; off with him handsomely!
I'll come to ye straight, but vex these rascals a little.
[*Exeunt* ALBERT *and* AMINTA.
Fran. Oh, I am hungry, and hurt, and I am weary.
Tib. Here is a pestle of a portigue, sir![6]
'Tis excellent meat with sour sauce:
And here's two chains; suppose 'em sausages!
Then there wants mustard; but the fearful surgeon
Will supply ye presently.[7]

[6] *Here is a* pestle of a portigue, *sir.*] A *portique*, or *portague*, was a Portugueze coin worth four pounds ten shillings. Cotgrave explains *jambe de pourceau*, "A *pestle* of porke, or gammon." This is evidently to what Tibalt alludes, but why he applies the word to the golden coin called a portique, which he takes up from the heap, I am unable to explain.

[7] *But th'* fearful *surgeon will supply ye presently.*
Lam. *Oh, for that surgeon, I shall die else.*] *Fearful*, in the present passage, is an epithet, which carries neither sense nor

Lam. Oh, for that surgeon! I shall die else.
Tib. 'Faith, there he lies in the same pickle too.
Sur. My salves and all my instruments are lost;
And I am hurt and starved: Good sir, seek for
Some herbs!
Tib. Here's herb-graceless; will that serve?
Gentlemen, will ye go to supper?
All. Where is the meat?
Tib. Where is the meat? What a veal-voice is there!
Fran. 'Would we had it, sir, or any thing else!
Tib. I would now cut your throat, you dog, but that
I wo' not do you such a courtesy,
To take you from the benefit of starving.
Oh, what a comfort will your worship have
Some three days hence! Ye things beneath pity!
Famine[8] shall be your harbinger:
You must not look for down-beds here, nor hangings;
Though I could wish ye strong ones;
Yet there be many lightsome cool star-chambers,[9]
Open to every sweet air, I'll assure ye,

humour. If we would make Tibalt congruous with himself, methinks it should be done by reading in both lines thus;

But th' careful *surgeon, &c.*

To which Lamure should answer,

Oh, for that careful *surgeon, I shall die else.—Sympson.*

There is much more humour in the present reading, though not of a very delicate nature. The mustard that Tibalt alludes to is frequently supposed to be produced by fear. Sympson is sometimes too innocent for his authors.—*Mason.*

[8] *Famine.*] This necessary word was restored in the second folio.

[9] —— *many lightsome cool* star-chambers.] Perhaps a distant allusion to the tyrannical Star-chamber, the terror of all obnoxious to the court in the reigns of James I. and Charles I.

Ready provided for ye, and so I'll leave ye:
Your first course is served; expect the second!
[*Exit.*

Fran. A vengeance on these jewels!
Lam. Oh, this cursed gold! [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Another Part of the same.

Enter Albert *and* Aminta.

Alb. Alas, dear soul, you faint!
Amin. You speak the language
Which I should use to you. Heaven knows my weakness
Is not for what I suffer in myself,
But to imagine what you endure,
And to what fate your cruel stars reserve you.
Alb. Do not add to my afflictions by
Your tender pities! Sure we have changed sexes:
You bear calamity with a fortitude
Would become a man; I like a weak girl suffer.
Amin. Oh, but your wounds,
How fearfully they gape! and every one
To me is a sepulchre. If I loved truly,
(Wise men affirm, that true love can do wonders)

These bathed in my warm tears would soon be cured,
And leave no orifice behind. Pray give me leave
To play the surgeon, and bind 'em up!
The raw air rankles 'em.
  Alb. Sweet, we want means.
  Amin. Love can supply all wants.
  Alb. What have ye done, sweet?—
Oh, sacrilege to beauty! there's no hair
Of these pure locks,[1] by which the greatest king
Would not be gladly bound, and love his fetters.
  Amin. Oh, Albert, I offer
This sacrifice of service to the altar
Of your staid temperance, and still adore it:
When with a violent hand you made me yours,
I cursed the doer; but, now I consider
How long I was in your power, and with what honour
You entertain'd me, (it being seldom seen,
That youth and heat of blood could e'er prescribe
Laws to itself) your goodness is the Lethe
In which I drown your injuries, and now live
Truly to serve ye. How do you, sir? Receive you
The least ease from my service? If you do,
I'm largely recompenced.
  Alb. You good angels
That are engaged, when man's ability fails,
To reward goodness, look upon this lady!
Though hunger gripes my croaking entrails,
Yet, when I kiss these rubies, methinks

[1] *Oh, sacrilege to beauty,* &c.] This is seemingly from Tasso, book 19, stanza 112, where Erminia binds up Tancred's wounds with her hair.

"For with her amber locks cut off, each wound
She tied: Oh, happy man, so cured, so bound."—*Sympson.*

The thought is not confined to Fletcher and Tasso, but occurs in many poets of the Italian school.

I'm at a banquet, a refreshing banquet.
Speak, my bless'd one; art not hungry?
Amin. Indeed I could eat, to bear you company.
Alb. Blush, unkind Nature,
If thou hast power or being! To hear
Thyself, and by such innocence, accused,
Must print a thousand kinds of shames upon
Thy various face: Canst thou supply a drunkard,
And with a prodigal hand reach choice of wines,
Till he cast up thy blessings; or a glutton,
That robs the elements to sooth his palate,
And only eats to beget appetite,
Not to be satisfied; and suffer here
A virgin, which the saints would make their guest,
To pine for hunger? [*Horns within.*] Ha! if my sense
Deceive me not, these notes take being from
The breath of men. Confirm me, my Aminta!
Again! This way the gentle wind conveys it to us.
Hear you nothing?
Amin. Yes; it seems free hunters' music.
[*Horns again.*
Alb. Still 'tis louder; and I remember the Portugals
Inform'd us, they had often heard such sounds,
But ne'er could touch the shore from whence it came.
Follow me, my Aminta! My good genius,
Shew me the way! Still, still we are directed;
When we gain the top of this near rising hill,
We shall know further.
[*Exit, and enter above on the hill.*
Alb. Courteous Zephyrus,
On his dewy wings, carries perfumes to cheer us;
The air clears too;
And now we may discern another island,
And questionless, the seat of fortunate men:
Oh, that we could arrive there!

Amin. No, Albert;
It is not to be hoped: This envious torrent
Is cruelly interposed; we have no vessel
That may transport us, nor hath Nature given
Us wings to fly.
Alb. Better try all hazards,
Than perish here remediless; I feel
New vigour in me, and a spirit that dares
More than a man to serve my fair Aminta:
These arms shall be my oars, with which I'll swim,
And my zeal to save thy innocent self, like wings,
Shall bear me up above the brackish waves.
Amin. Will ye then leave me? 'Till now I ne'er was wretched.[2]
Alb. My best Aminta, I swear by goodness,
'Tis nor hope, nor fear, of myself, that invites me
To this extreme; 'tis to supply thy wants:
And, believe me,
Though pleasure met me in most ravishing forms,
And happiness courted me to entertain her,
I would nor eat nor sleep, till I return'd
And crown'd thee with my fortunes.
Amin. Oh, but your absence——
Alb. Suppose it but a dream, and, as you may,
Endeavour to take rest! And when that sleep
Deceives your hunger with imagined food,
Think you have sent me for discovery
Of some most fortunate continent, yet unknown,

[2] Aminta. *Will ye then leave me?*
Alb. *Till now I ne'er was wretched.*] This is the most material corruption in the sense that I have met with in this play. The pretty softness and tender fears of *Aminta* are given to *Albert*. I read,

Aminta. *Will ye leave me then? till now I ne'er was wretched.*
Alb. *My best Aminta, I swear by goodness, 'tis*
Not hope, &c.—Seward.

Which you are to be queen of!—
And now, ye powers that e'er heard lovers' prayers,
Or cherish'd pure affection, look on him
That is your votary; and make it known,
Against all stops, you can defend your own!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Island of the Amazons. The Sea-Shore.

Enter Hippolita, Crocale, *and* Juletta, *armed with bows and quivers.*

Hip. How did we lose Clarinda?
Croc. When we believed the stag was spent,
And would take soil, the sight of the Black Lake,
Which we supposed he chose for his last refuge,
Frighted him more than we that did pursue him.
Jul. That's usual; for death itself is not so terrible
To any beast of chase.
Hip. Since we lived here,
We ne'er could force one to it.
Croc. 'Tis so dreadful,
Birds that with their pinions cleave the air
Dare not fly o'er it. When the stag turn'd head,
And we even tired with labour,
Clarinda, as if she were made of air
And fire, and had no part of earth in her,
Eagerly pursued him:
Nor need we fear her safety; this place yields

Not fawns nor satyrs, or more lustful men;
Here we live secure,
And have among ourselves a commonwealth,
Which in ourselves begun, with us must end.

Jul. Ay, there's the misery!

Croc. But being alone,
Allow me freedom but to speak my thoughts!
The strictness of our governess, that forbids us,
On pain of death, the sight and use of men,
Is more than tyranny: For herself, she's past
Those youthful heats, and feels not the want
Of that which young maids long for: And her daughter
The fair Clarinda, though in few years improved
In height and large proportion, came here so young,
That, scarce remembering that she had a father,
She never dreams of man; and should she see one,
In my opinion, a' would appear
A strange beast to her.

Jul. 'Tis not so with us.

Hip. For my part, I confess it, I was not made for
This single life; nor do I love hunting so,
But that I had rather be the chace myself.

Croc. By Venus (out upon me! I should have sworn
By Diana,) I am of thy mind too, wench:
And though I have ta'en an oath, not alone
To detest, but never to think of man,
Every hour something tells me I am forsworn;
For, I confess, imagination helps me
Sometimes, and that's all's left for us to feed on;
We might starve else; for if I have any pleasure
In this life, but when I sleep, I am a Pagan.
Then, from the courtier to the country clown,
I have strange visions——

Jul. Visions, Crocale?

Croc. Yes, and fine visions too,

And visions I hope in dreams are harmless,
And not forbid by our canons. The last night
('Troth, 'tis a foolish one, but I must tell it)
As I lay in my cabin, betwixt sleeping and waking —

Hip. Upon your back?

Croc. How should a young maid lie, fool,
When she would be intranced?

Hip. We are instructed;
Forward, I pr'ythee.

Croc. Methought a sweet young man,
In years some twenty, with a downy chin,
Promising a future beard, and yet no red one,[3]
Stole slily to my cabin all unbraced,
Took me in his arms, and kiss'd me twenty times;
Yet still I slept.

Jul. Fy! thy lips run over, Crocale.
But to the rest!

Croc. Lord, what a man is this,
Thought I, to do this to a maid! Yet then
For my life I could not wake. The youth,
A little daunted, with a trembling hand
Heaved up the clothes.

Hip. Yet still you slept?

Croc. I'faith, I did.
And when, methoughts, he was warm by my side,
Thinking to catch him, I stretch'd out both mine arms;
And when I felt him not, I shrieked out,
And waked for anger.

[3] *And yet no* red *one.*] Painters used frequently in the times of our authors to pourtray Judas with a *red* beard. In many of our old plays, a Judas beard, or a Judas-coloured beard, is mentioned; and to this circumstance, joined to Judas's being a deceiver, our author seems here to allude. See *Leland's Collectanea*, vol. v. p 295, where it is said, painters constantly represented Judas the traitor with a *red beard.*—*Reed.*

Hip. 'Twas a pretty dream!
Croc. Ay, if it had been a true one.

ALBERT *is cast upon the shore by a wave.*

Jul. But stay!
What's here cast on the shore?
Hip. It is a man:
Shall I shoot him?
Croc. No, no, 'tis a handsome beast;
'Would we had more o' the breed! Stand close, wenches,
And let's hear if he can speak!
Alb. Do I yet live?
Sure it is air I breathe! What place is this?
Sure something more than human keeps residence here,
For I have past the Stygian gulph,
And touch upon the blessed shore: 'Tis so;
This is the Elysian shade; these, happy spirits
That here enjoy all pleasures!
Hip. He makes towards us.
Jul. Stand, or I'll shoot!
Croc. Hold! he makes no resistance.
Alb. Be not offended, goddesses, that I fall
Thus prostrate at your feet! or, if not such,
But nymphs of Dian's train, that range these groves,
Which you forbid to men; vouchsafe to know
I am a man, a wicked sinful man:
And yet not sold
So far to impudence, as to presume
To press upon your privacies, or provoke
Your heavenly angers! 'tis not for myself
I beg thus poorly; for I'm already wounded,
Wounded to death, and faint; my last breath is for
A virgin, comes as near yourselves in all
Perfection, as what is mortal may

Resemble things divine. Oh, pity her,
And let your charity free her from that desart,
If heavenly charity can reach to hell;
For sure that place comes near it! and where'er
My ghost shall find abode, eternally
I shall pour blessings on ye! [*He falls into a trance.*
Hip. By my life,
I cannot hurt him!
Croc. Though I lose my head for't,
Nor I: I must pity him, and will.

Enter Clarinda.

Jul. But stay!
Clarinda!
Clar. What new game have you found here! Ha!
What beast is this lies wallowing in his gore?
Croc. Keep off!
Clar. Wherefore, I pray? I never turn'd
From a fell lioness robb'd of her whelps;
And shall I fear dead carrion?
Jul. Oh, but——
Clar. But, what is't?
Hip. It is infectious.
Clar. Has it not a name?
Croc. Yes;
But such a name, from which, as from the devil,
Your mother commands us fly.
Clar. Is it a man?
Croc. It is.
Clar What a brave shape it has in death!
How excellent would it appear, had it life!
Why should it be infectious? I have heard
My mother say, I had a father;
And was not he a man?
Croc. Questionless, madam.
Clar. Your fathers too were men?

Jul. Without doubt, lady.
Clar. And without such it is impossible
We could have been?
Hip. A sin against nature to deny it.
Clar. .Nor can you or I have any hope to be a mother,
Without the help of men?
Croc. Impossible!
Clar. Which of you then, most barbarous, that knew
You from a man had being, and owe to it
The name of parent, durst presume to kill
The likeness of that thing by which you are?
Whose arrows made these wounds? speak, or, by Dian,
Without distinction I'll let fly at ye all!
Jul. Not mine.
Hip. Nor mine.
Croc. 'Tis strange to see her moved thus.
Restrain your fury, madam! had we kill'd him,
We had but perform'd your mother's command.
Clar. But if she command unjust and cruel things,
We are not to obey it.
Croc. We are innocent:
Some storm did cast him shipwreck'd on the shore,
As you see wounded: Nor durst we be surgeons
To such your mother doth appoint for death.
Clar. Weak excuse! where's pity?
Where's soft compassion? Cruel and ungrateful,
Did Providence offer to your charity
But one poor subject to express it on,
And in't to shew our wants too; and could you
So carelessly neglect it?
Hip. For aught I know,
He's living yet; and you may tempt your mother
By giving him succour.
Clar. Ha! come near, I charge ye.

So! bend his body softly; rub his temples;
Nay, that shall be my office: How the red steals
Into his pale lips! Run and fetch the simples
With which my mother heal'd my arm, when last
I was wounded by the boar.
Croc. Do; but remember
Her to come after you, that she may behold
Her daughter's charity! [*Exit* HIPPOLITA.
Clar. Now he breathes!
The air passing through the Arabian groves
Yields not so sweet an odour: Pr'ythee taste it,
Taste it, good Crocale! yet I envy thee
So great a blessing. 'Tis not sin to touch
These rubies, is it?
Jul. Not, I think.
Clar. Or thus to live, camelion-like? I could
Resign my essence to live ever thus.

Enter HIPPOLITA.

Oh, welcome! Raise him up gently. Some soft hand
Bound up these wounds: A woman's hair? What fury,
For which my ignorance does not know a name,
Is crept into my bosom? But I forget
My pious work. Now if this juice hath power,
Let it appear! His eye-lids ope! Prodigious!
Two suns break from these orbs.
Alb. Ha! where am I? what new vision's this?
To what goddess do I owe this second life?
Sure thou art more than mortal!
And any sacrifice of thanks or duty
In poor and wretched man to pay, comes short
Of your immortal bounty: But to shew
I am not unthankful, thus in humility

I kiss the happy ground you have made sacred,
By bearing of your weight.
Clar. No goddess, friend,
But made of that same brittle mould as you are;
One, too, acquainted with calamities,
And from that apt to pity. Charity ever
Finds in the act reward, and needs no trumpet
In the receiver. Oh, forbear this duty!
I have a hand to meet with yours, and lips
To bid yours welcome.
Croc. I see that, by instinct,
Though a young maid hath never seen a man,
Touches have titillations, and inform her.

Enter ROSELLIA.

But here's our governess: Now I expect a storm.
Ros. Child of my flesh, and not of my fair unspotted mind,
Unhand this monster!
Clar. Monster, mother?
Ros. Yes;
And every word he speaks, a syren's note,
To drown the careless hearer. Have I not taught thee
The falsehood and the perjuries of men,
On whom, but for a woman to shew pity,
Is to be cruel to herself? The sovereignty
Proud and imperious men usurp upon us,
We confer on ourselves, and love those fetters
We fasten to our freedoms. Have we, Clarinda.
Since thy father's wreck, sought liberty,
To lose it uncompell'd? Did Fortune guide,
Or rather Destiny, our bark (to which
We could appoint no port) to this blest place,
Inhabited heretofore by warlike women,

That kept men in subjection? did we then
By their example, after we had lost
All we could love in man, here plant ourselves,
With execrable oaths never to look
On man, but as a monster? and wilt thou
Be the first precedent to infringe those vows
We made to Heaven?

Clar. Hear me, and hear me with justice!
And as you are delighted in the name
Of mother, hear a daughter that would be like you
Should all women use this obstinate abstinence
You would force upon us, in a few years
The whole world would be peopled only with beasts.

Hip. We must and will have men.

Croc. Ay, or we'll shake off all obedience.

Ros. Are ye mad? can no persuasion alter ye?
Suppose you had my suffrage to your suit,
Can this shipwreck'd wretch supply ye all?

Alb. Hear me, great lady!
I have fellows in my misery: Not far hence,
Divided only by this hellish river,
There live a company of wretched men,
Such as your charity may make your slaves:
Imagine all the miseries mankind
May suffer under, and they groan beneath 'em.

Clar. But are they like to you?

Jul. Speak they your language?

Croc. Are they able, lusty men?

Alb. They were, good ladies,
And in their May of youth, of gentle blood,
And such as may deserve ye: Now cold and hunger
Have lessen'd their perfection; but, restored
To what they were, I doubt not they'll appear
Worthy your favours.

Jul. This is a blessing
We durst not hope for.

Clar. Dear mother, be not obdurate!

Ros. Hear then my resolution, and labour not
To add to what I'll grant! for 'twill be fruitless.
You shall appear as good angels to these wretched men;
In a small boat we will pass over to 'em,
And bring 'em comfort: If you like their persons,
And they approve of yours, for we'll force nothing—
And since we want ceremonies,
Each one shall chuse a husband, and enjoy
His company a month; but that expired,
You shall no more come near 'em: If you prove fruitful,
The males ye shall return to them, the females
We will reserve ourselves. This is the utmost
Ye shall ever obtain.—As ye think fit,
Ye may dismiss this stranger, and prepare
To-morrow for the journey. [*Exit.*

Clar. Come, sir, will you walk?
We'll shew you our pleasant bowers, and something you
Shall find to cheer your heart.

Alb. Excellent lady,
Though 'twill appear a wonder one near starved
Should refuse rest and meat, I must not take
Your noble offer: I left in yonder desart
A virgin almost pined.

Clar. She's not your wife?

Alb. No, lady, but my sister.—'Tis now dangerous [*Aside.*
To speak truth.—To her I deeply vow'd
Not to taste food, or rest, if Fortune brought it me,
Till I bless'd her with my return: Now if
You please to afford me an easy passage to her,
And some meat for her recovery,
I shall live your slave, and thankfully she shall

Ever acknowledge her life at your service.
Clar. You plead so well I can deny you nothing:
I myself will see you furnished,
And with the next sun visit and relieve thee.
Alb. You are all goodness! [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

The Desart Island.

Enter severally, Lamure, Franville, *and* Morillat.

Lam. Oh! what a tempest have I in my stomach!
How my empty guts cry out! my wounds ache;
'Would they would bleed again, that I might get
Something to quench my thirst!
Fran. Oh, Lamure, the happiness my dogs had
When I kept house at home! they had a storehouse,
A storehouse of most blessed bones and crusts,
Happy crusts! Oh, how sharp hunger pinches me!
[*Exit.*
Mor. Oh, my importunate belly! I have nothing
To satisfy thee: I have sought as far

As my weak legs would carry me,
Yet can find nothing, neither meat nor water,
Nor any thing that's nourishing. My belly
Is grown together like an empty satchel.

Re-enter FRANVILLE *with a handful of mud.*

Lam. How now? what news?
Mor. Hast any meat yet?
Fran. Not a bit that I can see;
Here be goodly quarries, but they be cruel hard
To gnaw. I ha' got some mud, (we'll eat it with spoons)
Very good thick mud; but it stinks damnably:
There's old rotten trunks of trees too, but not a leaf
Nor blossom in all the island.
Lam. How it looks!
Mor. It stinks too.
Lam. It may be poison.
Fran. Let it be any thing,
So I can get it down! Why, man,
Poison's a princely dish!
Mor. Hast thou no biscuit?
No crumbs left in thy pocket? here's my doublet,
Give me but three small crumbs.
Fran. Not for three kingdoms,
If I were master of 'em. Oh, Lamure,
But one poor joint of mutton we ha' scorn'd, man!
Lam. Thou speak'st of Paradise.
Fran. Or but the snuffs of those healths we have lewdly
At midnight flang away!
Mor. Ah, but to lick the glasses!

Enter Surgeon.

Fran. Here comes the surgeon: What hast thou discover'd?
Smile, smile, and comfort us.
Sur. I am expiring;
Smile they that can! I can find nothing, gentlemen;
Here's nothing can be meat, without a miracle.
Oh, that I had my boxes and my lints now,
My stupes, my tents, and those sweet helps of nature,
What dainty dishes could I make of 'em!
Mor. Hast ne'er an old suppository?
Sur. Oh, would I had, sir!
Lam. Or but the paper where such a cordial,
Potion, or pills hath been entomb'd?
Fran. Or the blest bladder where a cooling-glister—
Mor. Hast thou no sear-cloths left? nor any old poultice?
Fran. We care not to what it hath been minister'd.
Sur. Sure I have none of these dainties, gentlemen.
Fran. Where's the great wen thou cutt'st from Hugh the sailor's shoulder?
That would serve now for a most princely banquet.
Sur. Ay, if we had it, gentlemen:
I flung it overboard, slave that I was!
Lam. A most unprovident villain!
Sur. If I had any thing that were but supple now!
I could make sallads of your shoes, gentlemen,
And rare ones! any thing unctuous.
Mor. Ay, and then we might fry the soals i' th' sun;
The soals would make a second dish.

Lam. Or souse 'em in the salt-water;
An inner soal well soused——

Enter AMINTA.

Fran. Here comes the woman;
It may be she has meat, and may relieve us:
Let us withdraw, and mark, and then be ready!
She'll hide her store else, and so cozen us.
[*They go apart.*

Amin. How weary and how hungry am I,
How feeble and how faint is all my body!
Mine eyes, like spent lamps glowing out,[4] grow heavy,
My sight forsaking me; and all my spirits,
As if they heard my passing-bell go for me,
Pull in their powers, and give me up to destiny.
Oh, for a little water! a little, little meat,
A little to relieve me, ere I perish!
I had whole floods of tears awhile that nourish'd me,
But they are all consumed for thee, dear Albert;
For thee they are spent, for thou art dead;
Merciless Fate hath swallow'd thee!—Oh! I
Grow heavy; sleep is a salve for misery:
Heaven look on me, and either take my life,
Or make me once more happy! [*She falls asleep.*

Lam. She's fast asleep already.
Why should she have this blessing, and we wake still,
Wake to our wants?

Mor. This thing hath been our overthrow,

[4] *Like spent lamps glowing out.*] Perhaps *going* out; for though *glowing out* may properly express the *blaze* which the candle often exerts before it is extinguished, yet this is not a circumstance proper to the context. The light of Aminta's eyes was fading gradually. But as the former is poetical, I would not propose a change of the text.—*Seward.*

And all these biting mischiefs that fall on us
Are come through her means.
Fran. True; we were bound, ye all know,
For happy places, and most fertile islands,
Where we had constant promises of all things:
She turn'd the captain's mind, and must have him go
In search, I know not of who, nor to what end;
Of such a fool her brother, and such a coxcomb
Her kinsman, and we must put in every where;
She has put us in now, i'faith!
Lam. Why should we
Consume thus, and starve, have nothing to relieve us,
And she live there, that bred all our miseries,
Unroasted or unsod?
Mor. I have read in stories——
Lam. Of such restoring meats we have examples,
Thousand examples, and allow'd for excellent;
Women that have eat their children, men
Their slaves, nay their brothers; but these are nothing;
Husbands devour'd their wives (they are their chattels;)
And of a schoolmaster that in a time of famine
Powder'd up all his scholars.[5]
Mor. She's young and tidy;
In my conscience, she'll eat delicately,
Just like young pork, a little lean. Your opinion, surgeon?
Sur. I think she may be made good meat; but look,
We shall want salt.
Fran. Tush, she needs no powdering.
Sur. I grant you;
But to suck out the humorous parts, by all means,

Powdered *up his scholars.*] That is, salted or pickled them.

Let's kill her in a chafe; she'll eat the sweeter.
Lam. Let's kill her any way, and kill her quickly:
That we might be at our meat!
Sur. How if the captain——
Mor. Talk not of him, he's dead, and the rest famish'd.
Wake her, surgeon, and cut her throat;
And then divide her, every man his share!
Fran. She wakes herself.
Amin. Holy and good things keep me!
What cruel dreams have I had! Who are these?
Oh, they are my friends!—For Heaven's sake, gentlemen,
Give me some food to save my life, if ye
Have aught to spare! a little to relieve me,
I may bless ye! For, weak and wretched, ready to perish,
Even now I die.
Mor. You'll save a labour then:
You bred these miseries, and you shall pay for't.
We have no meat, nor where to have we know not,
Nor how to pull ourselves from these afflictions;
We are starved too, famish'd, all our hopes deluded;
Yet, ere we die thus, we'll have one dainty meal.
Amin. Shall I be with ye, gentlemen?
Lam. Yes, marry shall ye; in our bellies, lady!
We love you well——
Amin. What said you, sir?
Lam. Marry, we'll eat your ladyship.
Fran. You that have buried us in this base island;
We'll bury you in a more noble monument.
Sur. Will you say your prayers, that I may perform, lady?
We are wond'rous sharp-set.—Come, gentlemen;
Who are for the hinder parts?
Mor. I.

Fran. I.
Lam. And I.
Sur. Be patient!
They will not fall to every man's share.
Amin. Oh, hear me,
Hear me, ye barbarous men!
Mor. Be short and pithy;
Our stomachs cannot stay a long discourse.
Sur. And be not fearful; for I'll kill you daintily.
Amin. Are ye not Christians?
Lam. Why, do not Christians eat,[6] woman?

Enter TIBALT, *Master, and Sailors.*

Amin. Eat one another? 'tis most impious.
Sur. Come, come!
Amin. Oh, help, help, help!
Tib. The lady's voice!—
Stand off, slaves! what do you intend, villains?
I have strength enough left me, if you abuse
This soul, to—
Master. They would have ravish'd her, upon my life:—
Speak! how was it, lady?
Amin. Forgive 'em! 'twas their hungers.
Tib. Ha! their hunger?
Master. They would have eaten her.
Tib. Oh, damned villains!—
Speak; is it true?
Sur. I confess an appetite.
Tib. An appetite? I'll fit ye for an appetite!
Are ye so sharp-set, that her flesh must serve you?
Murder's a main good service with your worships.
Since ye would be such devils, why did you not

[6] *Don't Christians* eat women?] Amended in 1750

Begin with one another handsomely,
And spare the woman to beget more food on?
Amin. Good sir——
Tib. You shall grow mummy, rascals;
I'll make ye fall to your brawns, and your buttocks,
And worry one another like keen bandogs.
Amin. Good sir, be merciful!
Tib. You shall know what it is to be damn'd cannibals.

Enter ALBERT, *with food.*

Amin. Oh, my best friend!
Alb. Alas, poor heart! Here,
Here is some meat and sovereign drink to ease you.
Sit down, gentle sweet!
Amin. I am bless'd to see you.
Tib. Stir not within forty foot of this food!
If you do, dogs——
All. Oh, captain, captain, captain!
Alb. Ye shall have meat, all of you.
Tib. Captain, hear me first: Hark! 'tis so inhuman,
I would not ha' the air corrupted with it. [*Whispers.*
Alb. Oh, barbarous men! Sit down, Du Pont! good master,
And honest sailors!
Tib. But stand you off, and wait
Upon our charity; (I'll wait on you else!)
And touch nothing but what is flung to ye,
As if you were dogs; if you do,
I'll cut your fingers, friends; I'll spoil your carving!
Amin. There, wretches, there!
Tib. Eat your meat handsomely now
And give Heaven thanks!
Alb. There is more bread.
Tib. See,

They snarl like dogs! Eat quietly, you rascals,
Eat quietly.
Alb. There's drink too.
Tib. Come, come,
I'll fill you each your cups; ye shall not surfeit.
Amin. And what have you discover'd?
Alb. Sweet, a paradise,
A paradise inhabited with angels,
Such as you are; their pities make 'em angels;
They gave me these viands, and supplied me with
These precious drinks.
Amin. Shall not we see 'em?
Alb. Yes, they will see you:
Out of their charities, having heard our story,
They will come, and comfort us, come presently;
We shall no more know wants nor miseries.
Amin. Are they all women?
Alb. All, and all in love with us.
Amin. How!
Alb. Do not mistake; in love with our misfortunes;
They will cherish and relieve our men.
Tib. Do you shrug now,
And pull up your noses? You smell comfort.—
See, they stretch out their legs like dottrels,[7]
Each like a new Saint Dennis![8]

[7] *Dottrels.*] A *dottrel* is a silly kind of bird, which imitates the actions of the fowler, till at last he is taken: If the fowler stretches out a leg, the bird will do so too. So, in the Devil is an Ass, by Ben Jonson, act iv. scene v.

"We have another leg strain'd for this *dottrel*.—*Reed.*

[8] *Each like a new* St Dennis.] The legend of *St Dennis* affirms, that, after that saint was beheaded at Paris, he walked from thence with his head in his hand to a town four miles from the place where he was executed.—*Reed.*

No doubt there is such a legend respecting St Dennis; but what has it to do with the text? The first of these two notes is sensible and illustrative, we can see no use whatever in the second.

Alb. Dear mistress,
When you would name me, and the women here,
Call me your brother; you I'll call my sister:
And pray observe this all.—Why do you change
colour, sweet?
Amin. Eating too much meat.
Alb. Sauced with jealousy:.
Fy, fy, dear saint! i'faith, you are to blame;
Are you not here? here fixed in my heart?
[*Horns sounded*
All. Hark, hark!

Enter ROSELLIA, CLARINDA, CROCALE, HIPPOLITA, *and* JULETTA.

Alb. They are come! Stand ready, and look nobly,
And with all humble reverence receive 'em!
Our lives depend upon their gentle pities,
And death waits on their anger.
Mor. Sure they are fairies.
Tib. Be they devils, devils of flesh and blood,
After so long a Lent, and tedious voyage,
To me they are angels.
Fran. Oh, for some eringoes![9]
Lam. Potatoes, or cantharides!
Tib. Peace, ye rogues,
That buy abilities of your 'pothecaries!
Had I but took the diet of green cheese
And onions for a month, I could do wonders.

[9] *Eringoes—Potatoes.*] So in the Elder Brother,—

"*A banquet? Well!* Potatoes and eringoes,
And as I take it, cantharides."

The last word sufficiently explains what virtues the two former plants were anciently supposed to possess. See again act v. sc. ii. of this play.

Ros. Are these the jewels you run mad for? What can
You see in one of these, to whom you would
Vouchsafe a gentle touch? Can nothing persuade you
To love yourselves, and place your happiness
In cold and chaste embraces of each other?

Jul. This is from the purpose.

Hip. We had your grant
To have them as they were.

Clar. It is a beauteous creature;
And to myself I do appear deform'd,
When I consider her: And yet she is
The stranger's sister; why then should I fear?
She cannot prove my rival.

Ros. When you repent
That you refused my counsel, may it add
To your afflictions, that you were forewarn'd,[1]
Yet leap'd into the gulph of your misfortunes!
But have your wishes.

Master. Now she makes to us.

Amin. I am instructed: But take heed, Albert,
You prove not false!

Alb. You are your own assurance,
And so acquainted with your own perfections,
That weak doubts cannot reach you; therefore fear not!

Ros. That you are poor and miserable men
My eyes inform me; that, without our succours,
Hope cannot flatter you to dream of safety,
The present plight you are in can resolve you;
That to be merciful is to draw near
The heavenly essence; whether you will be
Thankful I do not question; nor demand

[1] *That you were forewarn'd.*] Amended by Sympson

What country bred you, what [your] names, what manners:
To us it is sufficient we relieve
Such as have shapes of men; and I command you,
As we are not ambitious to know
Further of you, that on pain of death
You presume not to inquire what we are,
Or whence derived!
Alb. In all things we obey you;
And thankfully we ever shall confess
Ourselves your creatures!
Ros. You speak as becomes you.
First then, and willingly, deliver up
Those weapons we could force from you.
Alb. We lay 'em down most gladly at your feet.
Tib. I have had many a combat with a tall wench;
But never was disarm'd before.
Ros. And now, hear comfort:
Your wants shall be supplied; and though it be
A debt women may challenge, to be sued to,
Especially from such they may command,
We give up to you that power; and therefore
Freely each make his choice.
Fran. Then here I fix.
Mor. Nay, she is mine: I eyed her first.
Lam. This mine!
Tib. Stay,
Good rascals! you are too forward, Sir Gallant;
You are not giving order to a tailor
For the fashion of a new suit:
Nor are you in your warehouse, master merchant!
Stand back, and give your betters leave, your betters;
And grumble not! if you do, as I love meat,
I will so swinge the salt itch out of you—
Captain, master, and the rest of us,
That are brothers, and good fellows, we have been

Too late by the ears, and yet smart for our follies:
To end therefore all future emulation,
If you please to trust to my election,
You shall say I am not partial to myself;
I doubt not give content to all.

All. Agreed, agreed!

Tib. Then, but observe how learned and discreetly
I will proceed; and, as a skilful doctor
In all the quirks belonging to the game,
Read over your complexions! For you, captain,
Being first in place, and therefore first to be served,
I give my judgment thus: For your aspéct,
You are much inclined to melancholy, and that
Tells me the sullen Saturn had predominance
At your nativity; a malignant planet!
And if not qualified by a sweet conjunction
Of a soft and ruddy wench, born under Venus,
It may prove fatal; therefore to your arms
I give this rose-cheek'd virgin.

Clar. To my wish!
Till now I ne'er was happy.

Amin. Nor I accursed.

Tib. Master,
You are old, yet love the game, (that I perceive too)
And if not well spurr'd up, you may prove rusty;
Therefore, to help you, here's a Bradamanta,[2]
Or I am cozen'd in my calculation.

Croc. A poor old man allotted to my share!

Tib. Thou wouldst have two, nay, I think twenty:
But fear not, wench; though he be old he's tough:
Look on his making; he'll not fail, I warrant thee.

Ros. A merry fellow!
And were not man a creature I detest,
I could endure his company.

[2] *Bradamanta.*] Bradamante, as well known as one of the heroines of Ariosto.

Tib. Here's a fair herd
Of does before me; and now for a barren one!
For though I like the sport, I do not love
To father children. Like the Grand Signior,
Thus I walk in my seraglio,
And view 'em as I pass; then draw I forth
My handkerchief, and, having made my choice,
I thus bestow it.
Ros. On me?
Tib. On you: And now
My choice is made, to it, you hungry rascals!
Alb. Excellent!
Amin. As I love goodness,[3]
It makes me smile, i' th' height of all my fears.
Clar. What a strong contention you may behold
Between my mother's mirth and anger!
Tib. Nay, no coyness! be mistress of your word!
I must and will enjoy you.
Ros. Be advised, fool!
Alas, I am old! how canst thou hope content
From one that's fifty?
Tib. Never talk of it;
I have known good ones at threescore and upwards;
Besides, the weather's hot,
And men that have experience fear fevers;
A temperate diet is the only physic. Your julips,
Nor guiacums, prunellos, camphire-pills,
Nor goord water, come not near your old woman;
Youthful stomachs are still craving, though there be
Nothing left to stop their mouths with; and, believe me,

[3] Amin. *As I love, &c.*] This speech is most unwarrantably given by the last editors to Rosellia, who certainly had nothing to fear. Indeed it suits Aminta so well, that one can only wonder what could have induced them to make the variation.

I am no frequent giver of those bounties.—
Laugh on, laugh on, good gentlemen; do!
I shall make holiday and sleep, when you
Dig in the mines till your hearts ache.

Ros. A mad fellow!
Well, sir, I'll give you hearing, and, as I like
Your wooing and discourse—but I must tell you, sir,
That rich widows look for great sums in present,
Or assurances of ample jointures.

Tib. That to me is easy,
For instantly I'll do it. Hear me, comrades!

Alb. What say'st thou, Tibalt?

Tib. Why, that to woo a wench with empty hands
Is no good heraldry; therefore, let's to the gold,
And share it equally; 'twill speak for us
More than a thousand compliments or cringes,
Ditties stolen from Petrarch, or discourse
From Ovid: Besides, 'twill beget us respect;
And if ever Fortune friend us with a bark,
Largely supply us with all provision.

Alb. Well advised; defer it not.

Tib. Are ye all contented?

All. We are.

Tib. Let's away then!
Straight we'll return, and you shall see our riches.
[*Exeunt all but the women.*

Ros. Since I knew what wonder and amazement was,[4]
I ne'er was so transported.

Clar. Why weep you, gentle maid?

[4] Ros. *Since I knew what wonder and amazement was, &c.*] Seward gives this speech to *Clarinda*, to whom he thinks it must belong, "unless *Rosellia* had spoke it below, upon sight of her own treasure." But there is no occasion for alteration; Rosellia as Mason observes, "was not transported with delight, but surprise."

There is no danger here to such as you:
Banish fear! for with us I dare promise
You shall meet all courteous entertainment.
Croc. We esteem ourselves most happy in you.
Hip. And bless
Fortune that brought you hither.
Clar. Hark in your ear!
I love you as a friend already; ere long
You shall call me by a nearer name: I wish
Your brother well; I know you apprehend me.
Amin. Ay, to my grief I do! [*Aside.*
Alas, good ladies, there is nothing left me
But thanks, to pay you with.
Clar. That's more than yet
You stand engaged for.

Enter ALBERT, TIBALT, *and the rest with treasure.*

Ros. So soon return'd?
Alb. Here; see the idol of the lapidary!
Tib. These pearls for which the slavish negro dives
To the bottom of the sea!
Lam. To get which the industrious merchant touches
At either pole!
Fran. The never-failing purchase
Of lordships and of honours!
Mor. The world's mistress,
That can give every thing to the possessors!
Master. For which the sailors scorn tempestuous winds,
And spit defiance in the sea!
Tib. Speak, lady;
Look we not lovely now?
Ros. Yes, yes.—Oh, my stars!

Be now for ever blessed, that have brought
To my revenge these robbers!—Take your arrows,
And nail these monsters to the earth!

Alb. What mean you, lady?
In what have we offended?

Ros. Oh, my daughter!
And you companions with me in all fortunes,
Look on these caskets, and these jewels!
These were our own, when first we put to sea
With good Sebastian; and these the pirates
That not alone deprived him of this treasure,
But also took his life.

Croc. Part of my present
I well remember was mine own.

Hip. And these were mine.

Jul. Sure I have worn this jewel.

Ros. Wherefore do you stay then,
And not perform my command?

Alb. Oh, Heaven!
What cruel fate pursues us!

Tib. I am well enough served,
That must be offering jointures, jewels,
And precious stones, more than I brought with me

Ros. Why shoot you not?

Clar. Hear me, dear mother;
And when the greatest cruelty is justice,
Do not shew mercy! Death to these starv'd wretches
Is a reward, not punishment: Let 'em live
To undergo the full weight of your displeasure.
And that they may have sense to feel the torments
They have deserved, allow 'em some small pittance,
To linger out their tortures.

Ros. 'Tis well counsell'd!

All. And we will follow't.

Alb. Hear us speak.

Ros. Peace, dogs!—

Bind 'em fast! When fury hath given way to reason,
I will determine of their sufferings,
Which shall be horrid. Vengeance, though slow-paced,
At length o'ertakes the guilty; and the wrath
Of the incensed Powers will fall most sure
On wicked men, when they are most secure.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The same Island.

Enter RAYMOND, SEBASTIAN, NICUSA, *and Sailors.*

1 *Sailor.* Here's nothing, sir, but poverty and hunger;
No promise of inhabitance; neither track
Of beast, nor foot of man! We have search'd all
This rocky desart, yet cannot discover
Any assurance here is, or hath been such men.
2 *Sailor.* Not a relic of any thing they wore,
Nor mark left by 'em, either to find relief,
Or to warn others from the like misfortune!
Believe it, these fellows are both false, and to get
A little succour in their misery,
Have framed this cunning tale.

Raym. The ship, I know, is French, and own'd by pirates,
If not by Albert, my arch-enemy.
You told me too there was a woman with 'em,
A young and handsome woman.
Seb. There was so, sir.
Raym. And such and such young gallants.
Nicusa. We told you true, sir;
That they had no means to quit this island——
Raym. And that
Amidst their mutiny, to save your lives,
You got their ship?
Seb. All is most certain, sir.
Raym. Where are they then? where are these men,
Or woman? We are landed where your faiths
Did assure us we could not miss their sights.
For this news we took ye to our mercy,
Relieved ye, when the furious sea and Famine
Strove which should first devour ye; cloath'd
And cherish'd ye; used ye as those ye say ye are,
Fair gentlemen. Now keep your words, and shew us
This company your own free pities spoke of,
These men ye left in misery; the woman!
Men of those noble breedings ye pretend to
Should scorn to lie, or get their food with falsehood;
Come, direct us.
Seb. Alas, sir, they are gone;
But by what means, or providence, we know not
2 *Sailor.* Was not the captain
A fellow of a fiery, yet brave nature,
A middle stature, and of brown complexion?
Nicusa. He was, sir.
Raym. 'Twas Albert,
And my poor wretched sister!
1 *Sailor.* 'Twas he certain;
I ha' been at sea with him, many times at sea.

Raym. Come, shew us these men;
Shew us presently, and do not dally with us!
Seb. We left 'em here, (what should we say, sir?) here in this place.
2 Sailor. The earth cannot swallow 'em; they have
No wings; they cannot fly, sure.
Raym. You told us too
Of heaps of treasure, and of sums conceal'd,
That set their hearts a-fire; we see no such thing,
No such sign: What can ye say to purge ye?
What have ye done with these men?
Nicusa. We, sir?
Raym. You, sir;
For certain I believe ye saw such people.
Seb. By all that's good, by all that's pure and honest,
By all that's holy——
Raym. I dare not credit ye;
Ye have so abused my hope, that now I hate ye.
1 Sailor. Let's put 'em in their ragged clothes again,
Captain, for certain they are knaves; let's e'en
Deliver 'em to their old fruitful farm;
Here let 'em walk the island!
Seb. If ye do so,
We shall curse your mercies.
Nicusa. Rather put us to sea again.
Raym. Not so;
Yet this I'll do, because ye say ye are Christians,
Though I hardly credit it. Bring in the boat,
And all aboard again, but these two wretches!
Yet leave 'em four days' meat. If in that time
(For I will search all nooks of this strange island)
I can discover any track of these men,
Alive or dead, I'll bear ye off, and honour ye:
If not, ye have found your graves: So, farewell!
[*Exeunt.*

Nicusa. That goodness dwells above, and knows us innocent,
Comfort our lives, and at his pleasure quit us![5]

Seb. Come, cousin, come! Old Time will end our story;
But no time (if we end well) ends our glory!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Island of the Amazons. Before the Cabin of Clarinda.

Enter ROSELLIA, CLARINDA, CROCALE, HIPPOLITA, *and* JULETTA.

Ros. Use 'em with all the austerity that may be;
They are our slaves! Turn all those pities,
Those tender reluctations that should become your sex,
To stern anger; and when ye look upon 'em,
Look with those eyes that wept those bitter sorrows,
Those cruelties ye suffer'd by their rapines!
Some five days hence that blessed hour comes,
Most happy once to me, that knit this hand
To my dear husband's,
And both our hearts in mutual bands. That hour, ladies——

Clar. What of that hour?

Ros. Why, on that hour, daughter,
And in the height of all our celebrations,

5 —— *quit us.*] *i. e.* Requite us.

Our dear remembrances of that dear man,
And those that suffer'd with him, our fair kinsmen,
Their lives shall fall a sacrifice to Vengeance,
Their lives that ruin'd his; 'tis a full justice.
I will look glorious in their bloods;
And the most noble spirit of Sebastian,
That perish'd by the pride of these French pirates,
Shall smile in Heaven, and bless the hand that kill'd 'em.
Look strictly all unto your prisoners;
For he that makes a 'scape beyond my vengeance,
Or entertains a hope by your fair usage—
Take heed, I say! she that deceives my trust—
Again take heed! her life—and that's but light
Neither; her life, in all the tortures
My spirit can put on——

All. We shall be careful.

Ros. Do so. [*Exit.*

Clar. You are angry, mother, and you are old, too, [*Aside.*
Forgetting what men are; but we shall temper you.—
How fare your prisoners, ladies? in what forms
Do they appear in their afflictions?

Jul. Mine fare but poorly; for so I am commanded;
'Tis none of their fault.

Clar. Of what sort are they?

Jul. They say they are gentlemen, but they shew mungrels.

Clar. How do they suffer?

Jul. 'Faith, like boys;
They are fearful in all fortunes; when I smile,
They kneel and beg to have that face continued,
And, like poor slaves, adore the ground I go on:
When I frown, they hang their most dejected heads

Like fearful sheep-hounds: Shew 'em a crust of bread,
They'll saint me presently; and skip like apes
For a sup of wine. I'll whip 'em like hacknies,
Saddle 'em, ride 'em, do what I will with 'em.

Clar. Tush, these are poor things. Have they names like Christians?

Jul. Very fair names; Franville, Lamure, and Morillat;
And brag of great kindreds too. They offer very handsomely,
But that I am a fool, and dare not venture.
They are sound too, i' my conscience,
Or very near upon it.

Clar. Fy! away, fool!

Jul. They tell me, if they might be brought before you,
They would reveal things of strange consequence.

Clar. Their base poor fears!

Jul. Ay, that makes me hate 'em too;
For if they were but manly to their sufferance,
Sure I should strain a point or two.

Clar. An hour hence I will take a view of 'em,
And hear their business.—Are your men thus too?

Croc Mine? no, gentle madam; mine were not cast
In such base moulds: Afflictions, tortures,
Are names and natures of delight to my men;
All sorts of cruelties they meet like pleasures.
I have but two, the one they call Du Pont,
Tibalt Du Pont; the other the Ship-Master.

Clar. Have they not lives and fears?

Croc. Lives they have, madam;
But those lives never link'd to such companions
As fears or doubts.

Clar. Use 'em nobly;
And where you find fit subjects for your pities,

Let it become ye to be courteous.
My mother will not always be thus rigorous.
Hip. Mine are sailors, madam; but they sleep soundly,
And seldom trouble me, unless it be when
They dream sometimes of fights and tempests;
Then they roar and whistle for cans of wine,
And down they fling me; and in that rage,
(For they are violent fellows) they play such freaks!—
If they have meat, they thank me; if none,
They heartily desire to be hang'd quickly,
And this is all they care.
Clar. Look to 'em diligently,
And where your pities tell ye they may deserve,
Give comfort.
All. We will. [*Exeunt.*

Enter AMINTA.

Clar. Come hither; be not frighted!
Think not ye steal this liberty, for we give it.
Your tender innocence assures me, virgin,
You had no share in those wrongs these men did us;
I find you are not harden'd in such mischiefs.
Your brother was misled sure,
Foully misled.
Amin. How much I fear these pities!
Clar. Certain he was, so much I pity him;
And for your sake, whose eyes plead for him; nay,
For his own sake——
Amin. Ha!
Clar. For I see about him,
(Women have subtle eyes, and look narrowly)
Or I am much abused, many fair promises;
Nay, beyond those too, many shadow'd virtues.
Amin. I think he is good.

Clar. I assure myself he will be;
And out of that assurance take this comfort,
(For I perceive your fear hath much dejected you)
I love your brother——

Amin. Madam?

Clar. Nay, do not take it for a dreamt-of favour,
That comforts in the sleep, and awake vanishes:
Indeed I love him.

Amin. Do you indeed?

Clar. You doubt still, because you fear his safety!
Indeed he is the sweetest man I e'er saw;
I think the best. You may hear without blushes,
And give me thanks, if you please, for my courtesy.

Amin. Madam, I ever must:—Yet, witness, Heaven, [*Aside.*
They are hard pull'd from me.—Believe me, madam,
So many imperfections I could find—
(Forgive me, grace, for lying!)—and such wants—
('Tis to an honest use)—such poverties,
Both in his main proportion, and his mind too—
There are a hundred handsomer—(I lie lewdly)—
Your noble usage, madam, hath so bound me to you
That I must tell you——

Clar. Come, tell your worst.

Amin. He is no husband for you:
I think you mean in that fair way.

Clar. You have hit it.

Amin. I am sure [*Aside.*
You have hit my heart.—You will find him dangerous, madam,
As fickle as the flying air, proud, jealous,
Soon glutted in your sweets, and soon forgetful.
I could say more; and tell you I have a brother,
Another brother, that so far excels this,
Both in the ornaments of man, and making——

Clar. If you were not his sister, I should doubt you mainly,
Doubt you for his love, you deal so cunningly.
Do not abuse me; I have trusted you
With more than life, with my first love; be careful
Of me!

Amin. In what use, madam?

Clar. In this, lady:
Speak to him for me; you have power upon him;
Tell him I love him, tell him I dote on him;
It will become your tongue.

Amin. Become my grave! [*Aside.*
Oh, Fortune, oh, cursed Fortune!

Clar. Tell him his liberty,
And all those with him, all our wealth and jewels—
Good sister, for I'll call you so——

Amin. I shall, lady—
Even die, I hope. [*Aside.*

Clar. Here's meat and wine, (pray take it)
And there he lies: Give him what liberty you please,
But still conceal'd; what pleasure you shall please, sister!
He shall ne'er want again. Nay, see an you'll take it!
Why do you study thus?

Amin. To avoid mischiefs;
If they should happen——

Clar. Go, and be happy for me. [*Exit*

Amin. Oh, blind Fortune!
Yet happy thus far, I shall live to see him.
In what strange desolation lives he here now?
Sure this curtain will reveal.

Enter ALBERT *from the cabin.*

Alb. Who's that? ha!
Some gentle hand, I hope, to bring me comfort:

Or, if it be my death, 'tis sweetly shadow'd.

Amin. Have you forgot me, sir?

Alb. My Aminta!

Amin. She, sir,
That walks here up and down an empty shadow;
One, that for some few hours
But wanders here, carrying her own sad coffin,
Seeking some desert place to lodge her griefs in.

Alb. Sweet sorrow, welcome! welcome, noble grief!
How got you this fair liberty to see me?
For sorrows in your shape are strangers to me.

Amin. I come to counsel you.

Alb. You are still more welcome;
For good friends in afflictions give good counsels
Pray then proceed.

Amin. Pray eat first; you shew faint:
Here's wine to refresh you too.

Alb. I thank you, dear.

Amin. Drink again!

Alb. Here's to our loves!—How! turn and weep?
Pray pledge it! This happiness we have yet left,
Our hearts are free—Not pledge it? why?
Although beneath the axe, this health were holy.[6]
Why do you weep thus?

Amin. I come to woo you.

Alb. To woo me, sweet? I am woo'd and won already;
You know I am yours. This pretty way becomes you!
But you would deceive my sorrows; that's your intent.

Amin. I would I could! I should not weep, but smile.

[6] And though *beneath.*] The slight corruption of *And though* for *Although*, Mr Seward saw and corrected with me.—*Sympson.*

Do ye like your meat and wine?
Alb. Like it?
Amin. Do you like your liberty?
Alb. All these I well may like.
Amin. Then pray like her that sent 'em. Do you like wealth,
And most unequall'd beauty?
Alb. Peace! indeed
You'll make me angry.
Amin. 'Would I were dead that ask it!
Then you might freely like, and I forgive you.
Alb. What like? and who? Add not more misery
To a man that's fruitful in afflictions!
Who is't you would have me like? who sent these comforts?
Amin. I must tell.
Alb. Be bold!
Amin. But be you temperate!
If you be bold, I die. The young fair virgin—
(Sorrow hath made me old!) Oh, hearken,
And wisely hark—the governess's daughter,
That star that strikes this island full of wonder,
That blooming sweetness——
Alb. What of her?
Amin. She sent it;
And with it—it must be out!—She dotes on you,
And must enjoy you; else no joy must find you.
Alb. And have you the patience to deliver this?
Amin. A sister may say much, and modestly.
Alb. A sister?
Amin Yes, that name undid you,
Undid us both: Had you named wife, she had fear'd you,
And fear'd the sin she follow'd; she had shunn'd, yea,
Her virgin modesty had not touch'd at you:
But thinking you were free hath kindled a fire,

I fear will hardly be extinguished.

Alb. Indeed I play'd the fool.

Amin. Oh, my best sir, take heed,
Take heed of lies! Truth, though it trouble some minds,
Some wicked minds, that are both dark and dangerous,
Yet it preserves itself, comes off pure, innocent,
And, like the sun, though never so eclipsed,
Must break in glory. Oh, sir, lie no more!

Alb. You have read me a fair lecture,
And put a spell upon my tongue for feigning.
But how will you counsel now?

Amin. You must study to forget me.

Alb. How!

Amin. Be patient!
Be wise and patient, it concerns you highly.
Can you lay by our loves? But why should I doubt it?
You are a man, and men may shift affections;
'Tis held no sin. To come to the point;
You must lose me; many and mighty reasons——

Alb. Hear me, Aminta!
Have you a man that loves you too? that feeds you?
That sends you liberty? has this great governess
A noble son too, young, and apt to catch you?
Am I, because I am in bonds, and miserable,
My health decay'd, my youth and strength half blasted,
My fortune like my waning self, for this despised?
Am I for this forsaken? A new love chosen,
And my affections, like my fortunes, wanderers?
Take heed of lying, you that chid me for it,
And shew'd how deep a sin it was, and dangerous,
Take heed yourself! You swore you loved me dearly,
No few nor little oaths you swore, Aminta;

Those seal'd with no small faith, I then assured my-
self:
Oh, seek no new ways to cozen truth!
Amin. I do not: By love itself, I love thee,
And ever must, nor can all deaths dissolve it!
Alb. Why do you urge me thus then?
Amin. For your safety;
To preserve your life.
Alb. My life, I do confess, is hers; she gives it,
And let her take it back! I yield it.
My love's entirely thine, none shall touch at it;
None, my Aminta, none.
Amin. You have made me happy;
And now I know you are mine, Fortune, I scorn
thee!
Go to your rest, and I'll sit by you: Whilst
I have time I'll be your mate, and comfort you;
For only I am trusted. You shall want
Nothing, not a liberty that I can steal you.
Alb. May we not celebrate our loves, Aminta?
And where our wishes cannot meet——
Amin. You are wanton;
But with cold kisses I'll allay that fever,
(Look for no more) and that in private too!
Believe me, I shall blush else. But, let's consider;
We are both lost else.
Alb. Let's in, and prevent fate. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Before the Hut of Crocale.

Enter CROCALE, JULETTA, TIBALT, *and Master.*

Tib. You do well to air us, ladies; we shall be musty else.
What are your wise wills now?
Croc. You are very crank[7] still.
Tib. As crank as a holy friar fed with hail-stones.
But do ye bring us out to bait, like bulls?
Master. Or are you weary of the charge ye are at?
Turn us abroad again; let us jog, ladies;
We are gross, and coarse, unfit for your sweet pleasures.
Tib. Knock off our shoes and turn's to grass.
Croc. You are determined
Still to be stubborn then? it well becomes you.
Tib. An humour, lady, that contents a prisoner:
A sullen fit sometimes serves for a second course.
Jul. Ye may as well be kind,
And gain our favours; gain meat and drink, and lodging
To rest your bones.
Tib. My bones have borne me thus long,
And had their share of pains and recreations;
If they fail now, they are no fair companions.

[7] *Crank.*] Cotgrave renders *accoquillé*, "lustie, *cranke*, peart."

Croc. Are you thus harsh to all our sex?
Master. We cannot
Be merry without a fiddler: Pray strike up
Your tabors, ladies.
Croc. The fools despise us.
Jul. We know
Ye are very hungry now.
Tib. Yes; 'tis very wholesome, ladies;
For we that have gross bodies must be careful.
Have ye no piercing air to stir our stomachs?
We are beholden to ye for our ordinary.
Jul. Why, slaves, 'tis in our power to hang ye.
Master. Very likely:
'Tis in our powers then to be hang'd, and scorn ye.
Hanging's as sweet to us, as dreaming to you.
Croc. Come, be more courteous.
Jul. Do, and then ye shall
Be pleased, and have all necessaries.
Tib. Give me
Some ratsbane then.
Croc. And why ratsbane, monsieur?
Tib. We live like vermin here, and eat up your cheese,
Your mouldy cheese, that none but rats would bite at;
Therefore 'tis just that ratsbane should reward us.
We are unprofitable, and our ploughs are broken;
There is no hope of harvest this year, ladies.
Jul. Ye shall have all content.
Master. Ay, an we'll serve your uses.
I had rather serve hogs, there's more delight in't;
Your greedy appetites are never satisfied;
Just like hungry camels, sleeping or waking
You chew the cud still.
Croc. By this hand we'll starve ye.
Master. 'Tis a noble courtesy: I had as lief ye

Should famish me, as founder me; to be
Jaded to death, is only fit for a hackney.
Here be certain tarts of tar about me,
And parcels of potargo[8] in my jerkin;
As long as these last——

Jul. Which will not last ever.

Tib. Then we'll eat one another like good fellows.
A shoulder of his for a haunch of mine!

Jul. 'Tis excellent.

Tib. 'Twill be, as we'll dress it, ladies.

Croc. Why sure ye are not men?

Master. Ye had best come search us;
A seaman is seldom without a salt-eel.

Tib. I am bad enough,
And in my nature a notorious wencher;
And yet ye make me blush at your immodesty.
Tell me, good Master, didst ever see such things?

Master. I could like 'em, though they were lewdly given,
If they could say no; but, fy on 'em!
They gape like oysters.

Tib. Well, ye may hang, or starve us,
But your commanding impudence shall never
Fear us.[9] Had ye by blushing signs, soft cunnings,
Crept into us, and shew'd us your necessities;
We had met your purposes, supplied your wants.
We are no saints, ladies:
I love a good wench as I love my life,
And with my life I will maintain my love;
But such a sordid impudence I'll spit at.
Let's to our dens again! Come, noble Master!

[8] *Potargo.*] A West Indian pickle. The Master quibbles upon the spots of pitch on his jacket.

[9] *Fear us.*] i. e. *Make us fear.*—Ed. 1778.

You know our minds, ladies: This is the faith
In which we'll die. [*Exeunt* TIBALT *and Master.*
Croc. I do admire 'em.
Jul. They
Are noble fellows, and they shall not want
For this.
Croc. But see, Clarinda comes. Farewell!
I'll to my charge. [*Exit.*

Enter CLARINDA.

Clar. Bring out those prisoners now, and let me see 'em,
And hear their business.
Jul. I will, madam. [*Exit.*
Clar. I hope she hath prevail'd upon her brother.
She has a sweet tongue, and can describe the happiness
My love is ready to fling on him.
And sure he must be glad, and certain wonder,
And bless the hour that brought him to this island.
I long to hear the full joy that he labours with.

Enter JULETTA, MORILLAT, FRANVILLE, *and* LAMURE, *and kneel to* CLARINDA.

Mor. Bless thy divine beauty!
Fran. Mirror of sweetness!
Lam. Ever springing brightness!
Clar. Nay, stand up, gentlemen; and leave your flatteries.
Mor. She calls us gentlemen! Sure we shall have some meat now!
Clar. I am a mortal creature; worship Heaven,
And give these attributes to their divinities.
Methinks you look but thin.
Mor. Oh, we are starved,

Immortal beauty!
Lam. We are all poor starved knaves.
Fran. Neither liberty nor meat, lady.
Mor. We were handsome men, and gentlemen, and sweet men,
And were once gracious in the eyes of beauties;
But now we look like rogues, like poor starved rogues.
Clar. What would ye do, if ye were to die now?
Fran. Alas, we were prepared. If you will hang us,
Let's have a good meal or two to die with,
To put us in heart!
Mor. Or if you'll drown us,
Let us be drunk first, that we may die merrily,
And bless the founders!
Clar. Ye shall not die so hastily.
What dare ye do to deserve my favour?
Lam. Put us to any service.
Fran. Any bondage,
Let us but live!
Mor. We'll get a world of children;
For we know ye are heinously provided that way.
And you shall beat us when we offend you,
Beat us abundantly, and take our meat from us.
Clar. These are weak abject things, that shew ye poor ones.
What's the great service ye so oft have threaten'd,
If ye might see me, and win my favour?
Jul. That business of discovery?
Mor. Oh, I'll tell ye, lady.
Lam. And so will I,
Fran. And I. Pray let me speak first!
Mor. Good, no confusion!
We are before a lady that knows manners:
And, by the next meat I shall eat 'tis certain,
This little gentlewoman that was taken with us—

Clar. Your captain's sister? she you mean?
Mor. Ay, ay;
She is the business that we would open to you.
You are cozen'd in her.
Clar. How! what is't you would open?[1]
Fran. She is no sister.
Mor. Good sirs, how quick you are!
She is no sister, madam.
Fran. She is his——
Mor. Peace, I say!
Clar. What is she?
Mor. 'Faith, sweet lady,
She's, as a man would say, his——
Clar. What?
Lam. His mistress.
Mor. Or, as some new translators read, his——
Clar. Oh me!
Mor. And why he should delude you thus,
Unless he meant some villainy—These ten weeks
He has had her at sea, for his own proper appetite.
Lam. His cabin-mate, I'll assure you.
Clar. No sister, say ye?
Mor. No more than I am brother to your beauty.
I know not why he should juggle thus.
Clar. Do not lie to me!
Mor. If ye find me lie, lady, hang me empty!
Clar. How am I fool'd! Away with 'em, Juletta,
And feed 'em:—
But, hark ye, with such food as they have given me,
New misery!
Fran. Nor meat nor thanks for all this?
Clar. Make 'em more wretched.
Oh, I could burst! curse and kill now,

[1] *How! what is't you would open?*] This speech, so evidently *Clarinda's*, is in all the editions given to *Lamure*.—Ed. 1778.

Kill any thing I meet!—Juletta, follow me,
And call the rest along.

Jul. We follow, madam. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Before Clarinda's *Cabin.*

Enter ALBERT *and* AMINTA.

Amin. I must be gone now, else she may suspect me.
How shall I answer her?

Alb. Tell her directly.

Amin. That were too sudden, too improvident:
Fires of this nature must be put out cunningly;
They will waste all come near 'em else. Farewell,
Once more!

Alb. Farewell, and keep my love entire!
Nay, kiss me once again! Methinks we should not part.

Amin. Oh, be wise, sir!

Alb. Nay, one kiss more!

Amin. Indeed you are wanton;
We may be taken too.

Enter CLARINDA, JULETTA, CROCALE, *and* HIPPOLITA.

Clar. Out, thou base woman!
By Heaven, I'll shoot 'em both!

Croc. Nay, stay, brave lady, hold!
A sudden death cuts off a nobler vengeance.

Clar. Am I made bawd to your lascivious meetings?
Are ye grown so wise in sin? Shut up that villain:
And, sirrah, now expect my utmost anger.
Let him there starve!

Alb. I mock at your mischiefs! [*Exit.*

Clar. Tie that false witch unto that tree; there let
The savage beasts gnaw off her sweetness, and snakes
Embrace her beauties; tie her, and watch that none
Relieve her! [*She is tied to a tree.*

Hip. We could wish you better fortune, lady;
But dare not help you.

Amin. Be your own friends; I thank ye!
[*Exeunt all but* AMINTA.
Now, only my last audit, and my greatest!
Oh, Heaven! be kind unto me;
And, if it be thy will, preserve——

Enter RAYMOND.

Raym. Who's this?
Sure 'tis a woman. I have trod this place,
And found much footing; now I know 'tis peopled.
Ha! let me see! it is her face! Oh, Heaven!
Turn this way, maid!

Amin. Oh, Raymond, oh, brother!

Raym. Her tongue too! 'tis my sister. What rude hand—
Nay, kiss me first; oh, joy!

Amin. Fly, fly, dear brother!
You are lost else.

Enter JULETTA, CROCALE, *and* CLARINDA.

Jul. A man, a man, a new man!

Raym. What are these?

Croc. An enemy, an enemy!
Clar. Dispatch him;
Take him off; shoot him straight!
Raym. I dare not use my sword, ladies,
Against such comely foes.
Amin. Oh, brother, brother!
Clar. Away with 'em, and in dark prisons bind 'em!-
One word replied, ye die both.—Now, brave mother,
Follow thy noble anger, and I'll help thee!
[*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Another Part of the same Island.

Enter ROSELLIA, CLARINDA, CROCALE, JULETTA, *and* HIPPOLITA.

Ros. I am deaf to all your entreaties; she that moves me
For pity or compassion to these pirates,
Digs up her father's, or her brother's tomb,
And spurns about their ashes.—Could'st thou remember

What a father thou hadst once, 'twould steel thy heart
'Gainst foolish pity: By his memory,
And the remembrance of his dear embraces,
I am taught, that in a noble cause revenge is noble:
And they shall fall the sacrifices, to appease
His wand'ring ghost and my incensed fury.
Clar. The new-come prisoner too?
Ros. He too:—Yet, that we may learn
Whether they are the same, or near allied
To those that forced me to this cruel course,
Better their poor allowance, and permit 'em
To meet together, and confer,
Within the distance of your ear. Perhaps
They may discover something that may kill
Despair in me, and be a means to save 'em
From certain ruin.
Croc. That shall be my charge.
Ros. Yet, to prevent
All hope of rescue (for this new-come captain
Hath both a ship and men not far off from us,
Though ignorant to find the only port
That can yield entrance to our happy island)
Guard the place strongly; and, ere the next sun
Ends his diurnal progress, I will be
Happy in my revenge, or set 'em free. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Inside of Crocale's *Cabin.*

Enter Crocale, Juletta, *and* Hippolita. *A table furnished.*

Croc. So, serve it plentifully, and lose not time
To inquire the cause; there is a main design
That hangs upon this bounty. See the table
Furnish'd with wine too; that discovers secrets
Which tortures cannot open: Open the doors too
O' th' several prisons, and give all free entrance
Into this room! Undiscover'd I can here mark all
[*Exeunt* Juletta *and* Hippolita. Crocale *conceals herself on one side of the Stage.*

Enter Tibalt *and Master.*

Here's Captain Careless, and the tough Ship-Master;
The slaves are nosed like vultures: How wild they look!

Tib. Ha!
The mystery of this some good hobgoblin
Rise and reveal!

Master. I am amazed at it;
Nor can I sound the intent.

Tib. Is not this bread?
Substantial bread, not painted?

Master. But take heed!
You may be poison'd.

Tib. I am sure I am famish'd;

And famine,[3] as the wise man says, gripes the guts
As much as any mineral. This may be treacle [4]
Sent to preserve me after a long fast;
Or, be it viper's spittle, I'll run the hazard.

Master. We are past all fear; I'll take part with you.

Tib. Do:
And now, i'faith, how do you feel yourself?
[*They eat.*
I find great ease in't. What's here? wine, an't be
Thy will! strong lusty wine! [*Drinks.*] Well, fools may talk
Of mithridate, cordials, and elixirs;
But from my youth this was my only physic.
Here's a colour!
What lady's cheek, though cerused o'er, comes near it?
It sparkles too, hangs out diamonds: Oh, my sweet-heart,
How I will hug thee! again, and again!
They are poor drunkards, and not worth thy favours,
That number thy moist kisses in these crystals.

Master. But, monsieur,
Here are suckets,[5] and sweet dishes.

Tib. Tush! boy's meat!
I am past it: Here is strong food, fit for men,
Nectar, old lad!—Mistress of merry hearts,
Once more I am bold with you.

Master. Take heed, man!

[3] *Famine.*] This word is here again omitted in the first folio.

[4] *Treacle.*] A medicine now obsolete, compounded of above sixty ingredients; as well as *mithridate*, mentioned a few lines after, supposed to be a preservative against poison.

[5] *Suckets.*] A kind of confectionary, as has been before observed.

Too much will breed distemper.

Tib. Hast thou lived at sea
The most part of thy life, where to be sober,
While we have wine aboard, is capital treason,
And dost thou preach sobriety?

Master. Pr'ythee, forbear;
We may offend in it; we know not for whom
It was provided.

Tib. I am sure for me;
Therefore, *footra!* when I am full, let 'em hang me;
I care not!

Master. This has been his temper ever.—
See, provoking dishes; candied eringoes, and potatoes!

Tib. I'll not touch 'em; I will drink;
But not a bit on a march; I'll be an eunuch rather.

Enter ALBERT, AMINTA, *and* RAYMOND, *on one side;* LAMURE, MORILLAT, *and* FRANVILLE, *on the other.*

Master. Who are these?

Tib. Marry, who you will;
I keep my text here.

Alb. Raymond?

Raym. Albert?

Tib. Away! I'll be drunk alone;
Keep off, rogues, or I'll belch ye into air;
Not a drop here!

Amin. Dear brother, put not in your eyes such anger!
Those looks, poison'd with fury, shot at him,
Reflect on me. Oh, brother, look milder, or
The crystal of his temperance will turn
Them on yourself.

Alb. Sir, I have sought you long

To find your pardon; you have plough'd the ocean
To wreak your vengeance on me, for the rape
Of this fair virgin. Now our fortune guides us
To meet on such hard terms, that we need rather
A mutual pity of our present state,
Than to expostulate of breaches past,
Which cannot be made up. And though it be
Far from your power to force me to confess
That I have done you wrong, or, such submission
Failing to make my peace, to vent your anger,
You being yourself slaved, as I, to others;
Yet for your sister's sake, her blessed sake,
In part of recompence of what she has suffer'd
For my rash folly, the contagion
Of my black actions catching hold upon
Her purer innocence, I crave your mercy;
And wish, however several motives kept us
From being friends while we had hope to live,
Let death, which we expect, and cannot fly from,
End all contention!

Tib. Drink upon it;
'Tis a good motion! ratify it in wine,
And 'tis authentical!

Raym. When I consider
The ground of our long difference, and look on
Our not-to-be-avoided miseries,
It doth beget in me, I know not how,
A soft religious tenderness; which tells me,
Though we have many faults to answer for
Upon our own account, our father's crimes
Are in us punish'd. Oh, Albert, the course
They took to leave us rich was not honest;
Nor can that friendship last which Virtue joins not.
When first they forced the industrious Portugals
From their plantations in the Happy Islands——

Croc. This is that I watch for. [*Apart.*

Raym. And did omit no tyranny which men,

Inured to spoil and mischief, could inflict
On the grieved sufferers; when by lawless rapine
They reap'd the harvest which their labours sow'd;
And not content to force 'em from their dwelling,
But laid for 'em at sea, to ravish from 'em
The last remainder of their wealth; then, then,
After a long pursuit, each doubting other,
As guilty of the Portugals' escape,
They did begin to quarrel, like ill men:
(Forgive me, piety, that I call 'em so!)
No longer love or correspondence holds
Than it is cemented with prey or profit:
Then did they turn those swords they oft had bloodied
With innocent gore, upon their wretched selves,
And paid the forfeit of their cruelty
Shewn to Sebastian and his colony,
By being fatal enemies to each other.
Thence grew Aminta's rape, and my desire
To be revenged. And now observe the issue!
As they for spoil forgot compassion
To women, (who should ever be exempted
From the extremities of a lawful war)
We now, young able men, are fallen into
The hands of women; that, against the soft
Tenderness familiar to their sex,
Will shew no mercy.

Enter CROCALE.

Croc. None, unless you shew us
Our long-lost husbands.
We are those Portugals you talk'd of.
Raym. Stay!
I met upon the sea in a tall ship
Two Portugals, famish'd almost to deah.
Tib. Our ship, by this wine,

And those the rogues that stole her,
Left us to famish in the Barren Islands!
Raym. Some such tale they told me;
And something of a woman, which I find
To be my sister.
Croc. Where are these men?
Raym. I left 'em,
Supposing they had deluded me
With forged tales, in the island, where they said
They had lived many years, the wretched owners
Of a huge mass of treasure.
Alb. The same men,
And that the fatal muck we quarrell'd for.
Croc. They were Portugals, you say?
Raym. So they profess'd.
Croc. They may prove such men as may save your lives:
And so much I am taken with fair hope,
That I will hazard life to be resolved on't.
How came you hither?
Raym. My ship lies by the river's mouth,
That can convey ye to these wretched men
Which you desire to see.
Croc. Back to your prisons,
And pray for the success! If they be those
Which I desire to find, you are safe; if not,
Prepare to die to-morrow! for the world
Cannot redeem ye.
Alb. However, we are arm'd
For either fortune.
[*Exeunt all but* TIBALT *and* CROCALE.
Tib. What must become of me now,
That I am not dismiss'd?
Croc. Oh, sir, I purpose
To have your company.
Tib. Take heed, wicked woman!
I am apt to mischief now.

Croc. You cannot
Be so unkind, to her that gives you liberty.
Tib. No,
I shall be too kind, that's the devil on't!
I have had store of good wine; and, when I am drunk,
Joan is a lady to me, and I shall lay
About me, like a lord. I feel strange motions!
Avoid me, temptation!
Croc. Come, sir; I'll help you in. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The Desart Island.

Enter SEBASTIAN *and* NICUSA.

Nicusa. What may that be
That moves upon the lake?
Seb. Still it draws nearer;
And now I plainly can discern it:
It is the French ship.
Nicusa. In it a woman,
Who seems to invite us to her.
Seb. Still she calls
With signs of love to hasten to her:
So lovely hope doth still appear,
I feel nor age, nor weakness.
Nicusa. Though it bring death,
To us 'tis comfort, and deserves a meeting:
Or else Fortune, tired with what we have suffered,

And in it overcome, as it may be,
Now sets a period to our misery. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The Island of the Amazons. An Altar prepared. Horrid Music.

Enter severally RAYMOND, ALBERT, *and* AMINTA.

Raym. What dreadful sounds are these?
Amin. Infernal music,
Fit for a bloody feast.
Alb. It seems prepared
To kill our courages, ere they divorce
Our souls and bodies.
Raym. But they that fearless fall,
Deprive them of their triumph.

An Altar prepared. Enter ROSELLIA, CLARINDA, JULETTA, HIPPOLITA, *&c.*

Amin. See the furies,
In their full trim of cruelty!
Ros. 'Tis the last
Duty that I can pay to my dead lord.
Set out the altar! I myself will be
The priest, and boldly do those horrid rites
You shake to think on. Lead these captains nearer;
For they shall have the honour to fall first
To my Sebastian's ashes. And now, wretches,
As I am taught already, that you are,

And lately by your free confession,
French pirates, and the sons of those I hate
Even equal with the devil; hear, with horror,
What 'tis invites me to this cruel course,
And what you are to suffer! No Amazons we,
But women of Portugal, that must have from you
Sebastian and Nicusa: We are they
That groan'd beneath your fathers' wrongs! We are
Those wretched women
Their injuries pursued and overtook,
And from the sad remembrance of our losses
We are taught to be cruel. When we were forced
From that sweet air we breathed in, by their rapine,
And sought a place of being, as the seas
And winds conspired with their ill purposes,
To load us with afflictions, in a storm
That fell upon us, the two ships that brought us,
To seek new fortunes in an unknown world,
Were severed; the one bore all the able men,
Our treasure and our jewels; in the other
We women were embark'd, and fell upon,
After long tossing in the troubled main,
This pleasant island; but in few months
The men that did conduct us hither died:
We long before had given our husbands lost.
Rememb'ring what we had suffer'd by the French,
We took a solemn oath ne'er to admit
The curs'd society of men. Necessity
Taught us those arts, not usual to our sex;
And the fertile earth yielding abundance to us,
We did resolve, thus shaped like Amazons
To end our lives: But when you arrived here,
And brought as presents to us our own jewels,
Those which were borne in the other ship—
How can ye hope to 'scape our vengeance?
Amin. It boots not then to swear our innocence?
Alb. Or that we never forced it from the owners?

Raym. Or that there are a remnant of that wreck,
And not far off?
Ros. All you affirm, I know,
Is but to win time; therefore prepare your throats;
The world shall not redeem ye! And, that your cries
May find no entrance to our ears, to move
Pity in any, bid loud music sound
Their fatal knells! If ye have prayers, use 'em
Quickly, to any power will own ye.—

Enter CROCALE, SEBASTIAN, NICUSA, *and* TIBALT.

But ha! who are these? what spectacles of misfortune?
Why are their looks so full of joy and wonder?
Croc. Oh, lay by
These instruments of death, and welcome to
Your arms what you durst never hope to embrace!
This is Sebastian: this Nicusa, madam;
Preserved by miracle.—Look up, dear sir,
And know your own Rosellia! be not lost
In wonder and amazement; or if nature
Can, by instinct, instruct you what it is
To be bless'd with the name of father, freely
Enjoy it in this fair virgin!
Seb. Though my miseries,
And many years of wants I have endured,
May well deprive me of the memory
Of all joys past; yet, looking on this building,
This ruin'd building of a heavenly form
In my Rosellia, I must remember
I am Sebastian.
Ros. Oh, my joys!
Seb. And here,
I see a perfect model of thyself,
As thou wert when thy choice first made thee mine!

These cheeks and fronts, though wrinkled now with
time,
Which art cannot restore, had equal pureness
Of natural white and red, and as much ravishing:
Which, by fair order and succession,
I see descend on her; and may thy virtues
Wind into her form, and make her a perfect dower,
No part of thy sweet goodness wanting to her!
I will not now, Rosellia, ask thy fortunes,
Nor trouble thee with hearing mine;
Those shall hereafter serve to make glad hours
In their relation. All past wrongs forgot,
I am glad to see you, gentlemen; but most,
That it is in my power to save your lives;
You saved ours, when we were near starved at sea,
And I despair not—for, if she be mine,
Rosellia can deny Sebastian nothing.
Ros. She does give up
Herself, her power and joys, and all, to you,
To be discharged of 'em as too burdensome;
Welcome in any shape!
Seb. Sir, in your looks,[6] I read [*To* RAYMOND.

[6] *Sir, in your looks,
I read your suit of my Clarinda;*—] As there is no stage direction in the original, Seward was of course anxious to inform the reader upon whom Clarinda was to be bestowed; but he unfortunately fixed upon her own cousin, Nicusa. There cannot be a doubt that Raymond is designed to be the happy man, as the last editors suppose. And Mason properly observes, that Sebastian would not have addressed his nephew and companion in misfortune, in such a formal manner, and says, that "Aminta had prepared us for this event, by telling Clarinda in a former scene, that she had another brother

——— That far excels this, [Albert]
Both in the ornaments of man, and making."

Add to this, that Clarinda, in the first scene of this act, anxiously enquires whether "the new come prisoner too," that is, Raymond, is to be included in the mandate of death issued by her mother.

Your suit of my Clarinda; she is yours.
And, lady, if it be in me to confirm
Your hopes in this brave gentleman, presume
I am your servant.

Alb. We thank you, sir.

Amin. Oh, happy hour!

Alb. Oh, my dear Aminta,
Now all our fears are ended.

Tib. Here I fix; she is mettle,
Steel to the back, and will cut my leaden dagger,
If not used with discretion.

Croc. You are still no changeling.

Seb. Nay, all look cheerfully; for none shall be
Denied their lawful wishes. When a while
We have here refresh'd ourselves, we will return
To our several homes: And well that Voyage ends,
That makes of deadly enemies, faithful friends!

[*Exeunt.*

THE

NOBLE GENTLEMAN.

BY

JOHN FLETCHER.

THE

NOBLE GENTLEMAN.

This comedy, which was given to the press in the folio of 1647, was written long after the death of Beaumont, and indeed very shortly before the demise of Fletcher, as it was licensed after his death by the master of the revels, Feb. 3, 1625-6. It was acted at the Blackfriars. Gardiner ascribes it to Fletcher, but the prologue speaks of it as the production of more than one author. But as that was professedly written "some twenty years" after, and as the epilogue speaks of it as an "old monument of wit," little reliance can be placed upon the testimony of the revivers. Besides, the same prologue is prefixed to some of the quartos of Thierry and Theodoret; (See vol. XII.) and it cannot be decided whether it was written for that tragedy or the present drama. As the play was not acted till after the death of Fletcher, and as it appears in a very crude, unfinished state, it is possible that, being left imperfect by that poet, some of his friends finished it; perhaps Shirley, who is known to have completed several of Fletcher's posthumous pieces.

In the year 1688, that universal plagiarist, Tom Durfey, brought out his comedy of A Fool's Preferment, or the Three Dukes of Dunstable, which was acted at the Queen's Theatre, Dorset Gardens. It is little more than a transcript of The Noble Gentleman, with the exception of one scene, taken from a novel called the Humours of Basset. With respect to this alteration, Sir George Etherege, in a letter to the Duke of Buckingham, says, "By my last packet from England, among a heap of nauseous trash, I received the Three Dukes of Dunstable, which is really so monstrous and insipid, that I am sorry Lapland or Livonia had not the honour of producing it; but if I did penance in reading it, I rejoiced to hear that it was so solemnly interred to the tune of cat-calls."

It must be confessed, that The Noble Gentleman cannot claim a high rank amongst the productions of its author. The very title approaches to absurdity, for what pretensions has Marine to any nobleness of mind? It must, we think, be held to mean, the "*Gentleman* foolishly aping *nobility*;" but if it does, though the absurdity is got quit of, much obscurity remains. There are, no doubt, scenes of high humour in this piece, and the plot is sufficiently amusing, but the incidents are farcical, and beyond all bounds of probability; and poetical justice, which required the punishment of Marine's wanton wife, and of the two despicable courtiers who plot with her to make a fool of her good-natured husband, is entirely neglected. Perhaps the comedy was a peace-offering, intended to deprecate the wrath which the ladies might have been inspired with by Rule a Wife and Have a Wife, produced shortly before. Clerimont's character appears in a very favourable light at the commencement, and we are not at all prepared for the ultimate weakness which he exhibits. The subordinate plot of Shattillion and his mistress is evidently a copy of Fletcher's own Mad Lover, and infinitely inferior to the original, which itself cannot be classed amongst the most ingenious fictions of its author. In short, the comedy does not bear a scrupulous closet examination, though a slight perusal certainly affords amusement, and its exhibition on the stage might entertain an audience willing to be pleased.

PROLOGUE,

AT A REVIVAL.

WIT is become an antic, and puts on
As many shapes of variation,
To court the time's applause, as the times dare
Change several fashions: Nothing is thought rare
Which is not new, and follow'd; yet we know
That what was worn some twenty years ago
Comes into grace again: And we pursue
That custom, by presenting to your view
A play in fashion then, not doubting now
But 'twill appear the same, if you allow
Worth to their noble memory, whose name,
Beyond all power of death, lives in their fame.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Monsieur Mount-Marine,[1] *the Noble Gentleman, but none of the wisest.*
Jaques, *an old servant to Marine's family.*
Clerimont, *a gull, cousin to Marine.*
Gentleman, *servant to Marine's wife.*
Longueville, Beaufort, } *two courtiers that plot to abuse Marine.*
Shattillion, *a lord, mad for love.*
Doctor.
Page.
Gentlemen.
Anthony, *Clerimont's servant.*
Servants.

Lady, *wife to Marine, a witty wanton.*
Wife *to Clerimont, a simple country gentlewoman.*
Shattillion's *Mistress, a virtuous virgin.*
Maria, *servant to Marine's wife.*

SCENE,—Paris.

[1] Throughout the play in the old editions, Marine is designated Gentleman before, and Duke after his mock elevation; Clerimont is denominated *cousin*, and the Gentleman *servant*, that is, lover or suitor. This want of names, which also extends to the female characters, seems to afford additional support to the supposition hazarded in the introduction to this play, that it was left by Fletcher in an unfinished state.

THE

NOBLE GENTLEMAN

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Room in the House of Marine.

Enter MARINE *and* JAQUES.

Mar. What happiness waits on the life at court,
What dear content, greatness, delight, and ease!
What ever-springing hopes, what tides of honour,
That raise their fortunes to the height of wishes!
What can be more in man, what more in nature,
Than to be great and fear'd? A courtier,
A noble courtier! 'Tis a name that draws
Wonder and duty from all eyes and knees.

Jaques. And so your worship's land within the walls,[1]

[1] *And* so *your worship's land within the walls.*] The word *so* has the force of *also*: Jaques's meaning is, that the name of courtier not only draws wonder from all eyes, but draws his master's land also within the walls.—*Mason.*

Where you shall have it all enclosed, and sure.
Mar. Peace, knave! dull creature, bred of sweat and smoke,
These mysteries are far above thy faith:
But thou shalt see——
Jaques. And then I shall believe,
Your fair revenues, turn'd into fair suits;
I shall believe your tenants bruised and rent,
Under the weight of coaches; all your state
Drawn through the streets in triumph; suits for places
Plied with a mine of gold, and being got
Fed with a great stream. I shall believe all this.
Mar. You shall believe, and know me glorious—

Enter CLERIMONT.

Cousin, good day and health!
Cler. The same to you, sir;
And more, without my wishes, could you know
What calm content dwells in a private house[1]—
Yet look into yourself; retire! This place
Of promises, and protestations, fits
Minds only bent to ruin: You should know this;
You have their language perfect; you have tutors,
I do not doubt, sufficient: But beware!
Mar. You are merry, cousin.
Cler. Yet your patience;

[1] *And more, without my wishes, could you know*
What calm content dwells in a private house.] We do not quite understand these two lines: The meaning, though obscurely expressed, seems to be, "I wish you happiness; which you might have, and more, without my wishes, if you knew the comforts of a private life."—Ed. 1778.
It is by no means improbable that a line following these has been lost at the press.

You shall learn that too, but not like itself,
Where it is held a virtue. Tell me, sir,
Have you cast up your state, rated your land,
And find it able to endure the change
Of time and fashion? Is it always harvest?
Always vintage? Have you ships at sea,
To bring you gold and stone from rich Peru,
Monthly returning treasure? Doth the king
Open his large exchequer to your hands,
And bid you be a great man? Can your wife
Coin off her beauty? or the week allow
Suits to each day, and know no ebb in honour?
If these be possible, and can hold out,
Then be a courtier still, and still be wasting.

Mar. Cousin, pray give me leave!

Cler. I have done.

Mar. I could requite your gall, and in a strain
As bitter, and as full of rhubarb, preach
Against your country life; but 'tis below me,
And only subject to my pity! Know,
The eminent court, to them that can be wise,
And fasten on her blessings, is a sun
That draws men up from coarse and earthly being,
(I mean these men of merit that have power
And reason to make good her benefits)
Learns them a manly boldness, gives their tongues
Sweetness of language, makes them apt to please,
Files off all rudeness and uncivil 'haviour,
Shews them as neat in carriage[3] as in clothes.
Cousin, have you ever seen the court?

Cler. No, sir;
Nor am I yet in travail with that longing.

Mar. Oh, the state
And greatness of that place, where men are found
Only to give the first creation glory!

[3] *Carriage.*] Courtly behaviour.

Those are the models of the ancient world,
Left like the Roman statues to stir up
Our following hopes; the place itself puts on
The brow of majesty, and flings her lustre
Like the air newly lighten'd; form, and order,
Are only there themselves, unforced, and sound,
As they were first created to this place.

Cler. You nobly came, but will go from thence base!

Mar. 'Twas very pretty, and a good conceit;
You have a wit, good cousin: I do joy in't;
Keep it for court. But to myself again!
When I have view'd these pieces, turn'd these eyes,
And, with some taste of superstition,
Look'd on the wealth of Nature, the fair dames,
Beauties, that light the court, and make it shew
Like a fair Heaven in a frosty night,
And 'mongst these mine, not poorest—'Tis for tongues
Of blessed poets, such as Orpheus was,
To give their worth and praises! Oh, dear cousin,
You have a wife, and fair; bring her hither,
Let her not live to be the mistress of
A farmer's heir, and be confined ever
To a serge, far coarser than my horse-cloth!
Let her have velvets, tiffinies, jewels, pearls,
A coach, an usher, and her two lacquies;
And I will send my wife to give her rules,
And read the rudiments of court to her.

Cler. Sir, I had rather send her to Virginia,[4]
To help to propagate the English nation.

[4] *Virginia.*] The attempt to settle Virginia was at first very unsuccessful, and many reports were propagated, which made it difficult to procure any persons to venture thither: To these circumstances the author plainly alludes. Among the pamphlets published about this period was the following: "A true Declaration of the Estate of the Colonie in Virginia; with a Confutatiun

Enter a Servant.

Mar. Sirrah, how slept your mistress, and what visitants
Are to pay service?
Serv. Sir, as I came out,
Two counts were newly enter'd.
Mar. This is greatness;
But few such servants wait a country beauty.
Cler. They are the more to thank their modesty:
God keep my wife, and all my issue female,
From such uprisings![5]

Enter Doctor.

Mar. What, my learned doctor!
You will be welcome: Give her health and youth,
And I will give you gold.— [*Exit Doctor.*
Cousin, how savours this? Is it not sweet,
And very great? tastes it not of nobleness?
Cler. 'Faith, sir, my palate is too dull and lazy;
I cannot taste it; 'tis not for my relish:
But be so still! since your own misery
Must first reclaim you; to which I leave you, sir.
If you will yet be happy, leave the humour,
And base subjection to your wife; be wise,
And let her know with speed you are her husband!
I shall be glad to hear it. My horse is sent for.
[*Exit.*
Mar. Even such another country thing as this
Was I; such a piece of dirt, so heavy,
So provident to heap up ignorance,

of such scandalous Reports as have tended to the Disgrace of so worthy an Enterprise. Published by Advise and Direction of the Councell of Virginia." 4to. 1610.—*Reed.*

[5] *Uprisings.*] Clerimont quibbles on the old meaning of this word, *viz.* churching a woman.

And be an ass; such musty clothes wore I,
So old and thread-bare: I do yet remember
Divers young gallants, lighting at my gate
To see my honour'd wife, have offer'd pence,
And bid me walk their horses. Such a slave
Was I in show then; but my eyes are open'd.—

Enter Lady.

Many sweet morrows to my worthy wife!
Lady. 'Tis well, and aptly given; as much for you!
But to my present business, which is money.
Mar. Lady, I have none left.
Lady. I hope you dare not say so, nor imagine
So base and low a thought: "I have none left?"
Are these words fitting for a man of worth,
And one of your full credit? Do you know
The place you live in? me? and what I labour
For you, and your advancement?
Mar. Yes, my dearest.
Lady. And do you pop me off with this slight answer,
"In troth I have none left?" In troth, you must have!
Nay, stare not; 'tis most true: Send speedily
To all that love you, let your people fly
Like thunder through the city, and not return
Under five thousand crowns. Try all, take all;
Let not a wealthy merchant be untempted,
Or any one that hath the name of money;
Take up at any use;[6] give band,[7] or land,

[6] *Take up at any use.*] i. e. interest.

[7] *Band.*] i. e. *bond;* the antient mode of spelling the word:

"Since faith could get no credit at his hand,
I sent him word to come and sue my *band.*"

Churchyard's Challenge, p. 152.—Ed. 1788.

Or mighty statutes,[8] able by their strength
To tie up Samson were he now alive.
There must be money gotten; for, be persuaded,
If we fall now, or be but seen to shrink
Under our fair beginnings, 'tis our ruin,
And then good night to all but our disgrace!
Farewell, the hope of coming happiness,
And all the aims we levell'd at so long![9]
Are you not moved at this? No sense of want,
Towards yourself yet breeding?
Be old, and common, jaded to the eyes
Of grooms, and pages, chambermaids, and guarders;
And when you have done, put your poor house in order,
And hang yourself! for such must be the end
Of him that willingly forsakes his hopes,
And hath a joy to tumble to his ruin.
All that I say is certain; if you fail,
Do not impute me with it; I am clear.

Mar. Now Heaven forbid I should do wrong to you,
My dearest wife, and madam! Yet give leave
To your poor creature to unfold himself:
You know my debts are many more than means,
My bands not taken in, my friends at home
Drawn dry with these expences, my poor tenants
More full of want than we; then what new course

[8] *Or mighty* statutes, &c.] Hamlet, taking up a skull in the church-yard, says—"This fellow might be in's time a great buyer of land, with his *statutes*, his recognizances, his fines, &c." "By a statute," Mr Malone observed, "is here meant not an act of parliament, but a species of security for money affecting real property; whereby the lands of the debtor are conveyed to the creditor, till out of the rents and profits of them his debt may be satisfied."

[9] *We* levied *at so long.*] Mr Theobald saw with me that this oversight must take its birth no where but at the press; and yet it is upwards of an hundred years old.—*Sympson.*

Can I beget to raise those crowns by? Speak,
And I shall execute.

Lady. Pray tell me true;
Have you not land in the country?

Mar. Pardon me!
I had forgot it.

Lady. Sir, you must remember it;
There is no remedy: This land must be
In Paris ere to-morrow night.

Mar. It shall.
Let me consider: Some three hundred acres
Will serve the turn.

Lady. 'Twill furnish at all points.
Now you speak like yourself, and know, like him [1]
That means to be a man; suspect no less,
For the return will give you five for one:
You shall be great to-morrow; I have said it.
Farewell; and see this business be a-foot
With expedition! [*Exit.*

Mar. Health, all joy, and honour,
Wait on my lovely wife!—What, Jaques, Jaques!

Enter Jaques.

Jaques. Sir, did you call?

Mar. I did so. Hie thee, Jaques,
Down to the Bank, and there to some good merchant
(Conceive me well, good Jaques, and be private)
Offer three hundred acres of my land:
Say it is choice and fertile; ask upon it
Five thousand crowns: This is the business
I must employ thee in; be wise and speedy!

[1] *And* know *like him.*] We apprehend the true reading to be *now* instead of *know*.—Ed. 1778.
A comma placed after *know*, which Mr Mason recommends, renders any variation unnecessary.

Jaques. Sir, do not do this.
Mar. Knave, I must have money.
Jaques. If you have money thus, your knave must tell you,
You will not have a foot of land left: Be more wary,
And more friend to yourself! This honest land,
Your worship has discarded, has been true,
And done you loyal service.
Mar. Gentle Jaques,
You have a merry wit; employ it well
About the business you have now in hand.
When you come back, enquire me in the presence;[2]
If not i' th' Tennis-court, or at my house. [*Exit.*
Jaques. If this vein hold, I know where to enquire you.
Five thousand crowns? This, with good husbandry,
May hold a month out; then five thousand more,
And more land a-bleeding for't; as many more,
And more land laid aside! God, and St Dennis,
Keep honest-minded young men bachelors!
'Tis strange, my master should be yet so young
A puppy, that he cannot see his fall,
And got so near the sun. I'll to his cousin,
And once more tell him of it; if he fail,
Then to my mortgage, next unto my sale! [*Exit.*

[2] *Presence.*] The audience chamber at the palace.

SCENE II.

A Hall in the same.

Enter LONGUEVILLE, BEAUFORT, *and Gentleman.*

Gent. Gentlemen, hold on discourse a while;
I shall return with knowledge how and where
We shall have best access unto my mistress,
To tender your devotions. [*Exit.*
Long. Be it so.
Now to our first discourse!
Beau. I pr'ythee, peace!
Thou canst not be so bad, or make me know[3]
Such things are living! Do not give thyself

[3] *Or make me* know.] I once thought the line faulty, and had altered it thus,

——— *or make me* trow,

i. e. *believe;* but 'tis certainly right as it stands. Thus in Sir Philip Sidney's Arcadia, book i. page 10, of the edition of 1674,—*beseeching her (Parthenia) even with tears, to* know, *that his love was not so superficial as to go no farther than her skin.*—Sympson.

To this note the commentator adds a defence of the old reading of a passage in The Maid's Tragedy, which was unnecessarily altered by Theobald; and then occurs the following passage, which contains such very wholesome advice, that it is to be lamented that he and his still bolder coadjutor did not profit from the lesson:—"This shews plainly upon what weak foundations very often conjectural emendations stand, and how plausible soever the alteration may appear, still the text is to be handled very tenderly, and great care ought to be taken that the author be not injured, when we think we are doing him a kindness."

So common and so idle, so open vile,
So great a wronger of thy worth, so low!
I cannot, nor I must not credit thee.

Long. Now, by this light, I am a whoremaster;
An open and an excellent whoremaster;
And take a special glory that I am so!
I thank my stars I am a whoremaster;
And such a one as dare be known and seen,
And pointed at to be a noble wencher.

Beau. Do not let all ears hear this: Hark you, sir!
I am myself a whoremaster; I am,
Believe it, sir; (in private be it spoken)
I love a whore directly: Most men are
Wenchers, and have professed the science; few men
That look upon ye now, but whoremasters,
Or have a full desire to be so.

Long. This is noble!

Beau. It is without all question, being private,
And held as needful as intelligence;
But, being once discover'd, blown abroad,
And known to common senses, 'tis no more
Than geometrical rules in carpenters,
That only know some measure of an art,
But are not grounded. Be no more deceived!
I have a conscience to reclaim you, sir.—[3]
Mistake me not! I do not bid you leave
Your whore, or less to love her; Heaven forbid it,
I should be such a villain to my friend,

[3] *I have* a *conscience to reclaim you, sir.*] Sympson, already forgetting the caution which he himself had given to himself and others, makes here a very needless alteration, and reads,

"I have *no* conscience to reclaim you, sir."

Or so unnatural! 'twas ne'er harbour'd here!—
Learn to be secret first; then strike your deer!

Long. Your fair instructions, monsieur, I shall learn.

Beau. And you shall have them: I desire your ears.[4]

Long. They are your servants.

Beau. You must not love——

Long. How, sir!

Beau. I mean a lady; there is danger:
She hath an usher and a waiting-gentlewoman,
A page, a coachman; these are fee'd, and fee'd,
And yet for all that will be prating.

Long. So!

Beau. You understand me, sir; they will discover't,
And there's a loss of credit; table-talk
Will be the end of this, or worse than that:
Will this be worthy of a gentleman?

Long. Proceed, good sir!

Beau. Next, leave your city dame;
The best of that tribe are most merely coy,[5]
Or most extremely foolish; both which vices
Are no great stirrers-up, unless in husbands
That owe[6] this cattle; fearing her that's coy
To be but seeming, her that's fool too forward.

Long. This is the rarest fellow, and the soundest,
I mean in knowledge, that e'er wore a codpiece;[7]

[4] *I desire your* care.] Sympson reads *car* for *care*. The reply makes it necessary to read *ears*.—Ed. 1778.

[5] *Most* merely *coy*.] That is, most absolutely coy. The word in this sense occurs more than once in these plays.

[6] *Owe.*] A common word in old writers, equivalent to own, possess.

[7] *That e'er wore a* codpiece.] Whoever wishes to be acquainted

He has found out that will pass all Italy,
All France and England, (to their shames I speak,
And to the griefs of all their gentlemen)
The noble theory of luxury.

Beau. Your patience,
And I will lay before your eyes a course
That I myself found out; 'tis excellent,
Easy, and full of freedom.

Long. Oh, good sir,
You rack me, till I know it.

Beau. This it is:
When your desire is up, your blood well heated,
And apt for sweet encounter, chuse the night,
And with the night your wench; the streets have store;
There seize upon her, get her to your chamber,
Give her a cardecue,[8] 'tis royal payment;
When ye are dull, dismiss her; no man knows,
Nor she herself, who hath encounter'd her.

Long. Oh, but their faces!

Beau. Never talk of faces!
The night allows her equal with a duchess:
Imagination doth all; think her fair,
And great, clapt in velvet,[9] she is so.
Sir, I have tried those, and do find it certain,
It never fails me: 'Tis but twelve nights since
My last experience.

with this particular relative to dress, may consult Bulwer's Artificial Changeling, in which such matters are very amply discussed.
Mr Steevens's Note on Two Gentlemen of Verona.—Ed. 1778.

[8] *Give her a* cardecue.] A corruption of *quart d'escu*, which, says Cotgrave, is "a silver piece of coyne, worth 18d. sterling."

[9] *And great,* clapt *in velvet.*] Sympson and the last editors read *yclad* in velvet. The only reason for this variation is the metre, which is very irregular in this play.

Long. Oh, my miching[1] varlet, [*Apart.*
I'll fit you, as I live!—
'Tis excellent; I'll be your scholar, sir.

Enter Lady and Gentleman.[2]

Lady. You are fairly welcome both! 'Troth, gentlemen,
You have been strangers; I could chide you for't,
And task you with unkindness. What's the news?
The town was never empty of some novelty:
Servant, what's your intelligence?
Gent. 'Faith, nothing:
I have not heard of any worth relating.
Beau. Nor I, sweet lady.
Long. Then give me attention:
Monsieur Shattillion's mad.
Lady. Mad?
Long. Mad as May-butter;
And, which is more, mad for a wench.
Lady. 'Tis strange,
And full of pity.
Long. All that comes near him
He thinks are come of purpose to betray him;
Being full of strange conceit, the wench he loved
Stood very near the crown.
Lady. Alas, good monsieur!
A' was a proper man, and fair demean'd;
A person worthy of a better temper.

[1] *Miching.*] This is a term of very frequent occurrence in old plays, and of no very determined import. Here it is evidently used in a wanton sense. So in the Scornful Lady,

—— Sure she has some *meeching* rascal in her house.

[2] *Enter Lady and* Servant.] So the old folios: *servant* being taken in the usual sense of *suitor.*

Long. He is strong opinion'd, that the wench he loved
Remains close prisoner by the king's command,
Fearing her title: When the poor grieved gentlewoman
Follows him much lamenting, and much loving,
In hope to make him well, he knows her not,
Nor any else that comes to visit him.
Lady. Let's walk in, gentlemen, and there discourse
His further miseries! You shall stay dinner;
In truth, you must obey.
All. We are your servants! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Street.

Enter CLERIMONT.

Cler. There's no good to be done, no cure to be wrought
Upon my desperate kinsman: I'll to horse,
And leave him to the fool's whip, misery.
I shall recover twenty miles this night;
My horse stands ready; I'll away with speed.

Enter SHATILLION.

Shat. Sir, may I crave your name?
Cler. Yes, sir, you may:
My name is Clerimont.

Shat. 'Tis well. Your faction?
What party knit you with?
Cler. I know no parties,
Nor no factions, sir.
Shat. Then wear this cross of white:
And where you see the like, they are my friends;
Observe them well; the time is dangerous.
Cler. Sir, keep your cross; I'll wear none.—
Sure this fellow [*Aside.*
Is much beside himself, grown mad.
Shat. A word, sir!
You can pick nothing out of this; this cross
Is nothing but a cross, a very cross,
Plain, without spell, or witchcraft; search it!
You may suspect, and well, there's poison in't,
Powder, or wildfire; but 'tis nothing so.
Cler. I do believe you, sir; 'tis a plain cross.
Shat. Then do your worst, I care not! Tell the king,
Let him know all this, as I am sure he shall;
When you have spit your venom, then will I
Stand up a faithful and a loyal subject.
And so, God save his Grace! This is no treason.
Cler. He is March mad:[3] Farewell, monsieur!
[*Exit.*
Shat. Farewell!
I shall be here attending.—'Tis my life
They aim at; there's no way to save it. Well,
Let 'em spread all their nets, they shall not draw me

[3] *He is* March-mad.] So in the Mad Lover:

Keep him dark,
He will run *March-mad* else.

The phrase on the last page but one, *Mad as May-butter*, is a similar one, and I suppose refers to butter not coagulating well at some seasons of the year.

Into any open treason: I can see,
And can beware; I have my wits about me,
I thank Heaven for it!

Enter SHATILLION'S *Love*.

Love. There he goes,
That was the fairest hope the French court bred,
The worthiest and the sweetest-temper'd spirit,
The truest, and the valiantest, the best of judgment,
Till most unhappy I severed those virtues,
And turn'd his wit wild with a coy denial;
Which Heaven forgive me! And be pleased, oh, Heaven,
To give again his senses, that my love
May strike off all my follies!
Shat. Lady!
Love. I, sir?[4]
Shat. Your will with me, sweet lady?
Love. Sir, I come——
Shat. From the dread sovereign king; I know it, lady:
He is a gracious prince; long may he live!
Pertain you to his chamber?
Love. No, indeed, sir;
That place is not for women. Do you know me?
Shat. Yes, I do know you.
Love. What's my name? Pray you speak.
Shat. That's all one; I do know you and your business:
You are discover'd, lady! I am wary;
It stands upon my life. Pray excuse me!
The best man of this kingdom sent you hither,
To dive into me: Have I touch'd you? ha?

[4] *I, sir*.] The editors of 1778, choose to read, obviously wrong—Ay, sir.

Love. You are deceived, sir; I come from your Love,
That sends you fair commends, and many kisses.

Shat. Alas, poor soul, how does she? is she living?
Keeps she her bed still?

Love. Still, sir, she is living;
And well, and shall do so.

Shat. Are you in council?

Love. No, sir, nor any of my sex.

Shat. Why, so!
If you had been in council, you would know
Her time to be but slender; she must die.

Love. I do believe it, sir.

Shat. And suddenly;
She stands too near a fortune.

Love. Sir?

Shat. 'Tis so;
There is no jesting with a prince's title.
'Would we had both been born of common parents,
And lived a private and retired life
In homely cottage! we had then enjoy'd
Our loves, and our embraces: these are things
That cannot tend to treason.

Love. I am wretched!

Shat. Oh,
I pray as often for the king as any,
And with as true a heart, for his continuance;
And do moreover pray his heirs may live,
And their fair issues; then, as I am bound,
For all the states and commons: If these prayers
Be any ways ambitious, I submit,
And lay my head down; let 'em take it off!
You may inform against me, but withal
Remember my obedience to the crown,
And service to the state.

Love. Good sir, I love you.

Shat. Then love the gracious king, and say with me,
[Heaven save his Grace !]
Love. Heaven save his Grace ![5]
Shat. This is strange,
A woman should be sent to undermine me,
And buz love into me to try my spirit;
Offer me kisses, and enticing follies,
To make me open and betray myself:
It was a subtle and a dangerous plot,
And very soundly follow'd!—Farewell, lady!
Let me have equal hearing, and relate
I am an honest man. Heaven save the king! [*Exit.*
Love. I'll never leave him, till, by art or prayer,
I have restored his senses: If I make
Him perfect man again, he's mine; till when,[6]
I here abjure all loves of other men! [*Exit.*

[5] Shat. *Then love the gracious king, and say with me*——
Love. *Heaven save his Grace.*] But may we not reasonably ask, How could his Love know what he would say till he himself had said it? And if so, then we should surely read thus,

——— *then say with me,*
Heaven save his Grace.
Love. *Heaven save his Grace.*—Sympson.

[6] ——*He's mine still, when.*] Corrected in 1679.

SCENE IV.

Another Street.

Enter CLERIMONT *and* JAQUES.

Jaques. Nay, good sir, be persuaded! Go but back,
And tell him he's undone; say nothing else,
And you shall see how things will work upon't.
Cler. Not so, good Jaques! I am held an ass,
A country fool, good to converse with dirt,
And eat coarse bread, wear the worst wool, know nothing
But the highway to Paris: And wouldst thou have me bring
These stains and imperfections to the rising view
Of the right worshipful thy worthy master?
They must be bright, and shine, their clothes soft velvet
And the Tyrian purple,
[Smell] like the Arabian gums,[7] hung like the sun,

[7] *They must be bright, and shine, their clothes*
Soft velvet, and the Tyrian purple,
Like the Arabian gums, hung *like the sun,*
Their golden beams on all sides;
Such as these, &c.] Seward would read,

They must be bright and shine, their clothes soft velvet
And OF *the Tyrian purple;* THEY MUST SMELL
Like the Arabian gums, HURL *like the sun*
Their golden beams on all sides; such as these, &c.

Their golden beams on all sides; such as these
May come and know thy master, I am base,
And dare not speak unto him, he's above me.
Jaques. If ever you did love him, or his state,[8]
His name, his issue, or yourself, go back!
'Twill be an honest and a noble part,
Worthy a kinsman; save three hundred acres
From present execution;[9] they have had sentence,
And cannot be reprieved; be merciful!

And Sympson, who would go "a shorter way to work," proposes,

They must be bright and shine,
Their clothes soft velvet and the Tyrian purple,
Like the Arabian gem-hung, *like the sun*
Their golden beams on all sides;

For "the Arabians, says he, were remarkable for being adorned with jewels." We have no doubt but that the text is genuine, assisted by the present division.—Ed. 1778.

Mason proposes to make sense by reading,

And the Tyrian purple, *smell* like the Arabian gums, &c.

It is absolutely necessary to make some alteration, for the division of the lines in the last edition is somewhat stiff, and the meaning very obscure. The play is very incorrect in the first folio, and the arrangement of the lines uncouth; for which reason I suspect the loss of a whole hemistich, and should be inclined to adopt Seward's amendment, for Sympson's is totally inadmissible. As the single word, however, proposed by Mason, rectifies the sense sufficiently, I have admitted it into the text.

[8] *State.*] i. e. Estate.

[9] ——— save *three hundred acres*
From present execution; they have had sentence,
And cannot be reprieved, *be merciful.*] But how must they be *saved* if they cannot be *reprieved*? Would not one imagine then our authors wrote,

And cannot be reprieved else; *be merciful.*—Sympson.

I am strongly inclined to adopt Sympson's amendment; but as it is possible that the inaccuracy was the poet's, I have not ventured to admit it into the text.

Cler. Have I not urged already all the reasons
I had, to draw him from his will? his ruin?
But all in vain! no counsel will prevail:
He has fix'd himself; there's no removing, Jaques;
'Twill prove but breath and labour spent in vain.
I'll to my horse: Farewell!

Jaques. For God's sake, sir,
As ever you have hope of joy, turn back!
I'll be your slave for ever, do but go;
And I will lay such fair directions to you,
That, if he be not doting on his fall,
He shall recover sight, and see his danger.
And you shall tell him of his wife's abuses,
(I fear, too foul against him!) how she plots
With our young monsieurs, to milk dry her husband,
And lay it on their backs: The next her pride;
Then what his debts are, and how infinite
The curses of his tenants; this will work;
I'll pawn my life and head, he cries, "Away!
I'll to my house in the country."

Cler. Come, I'll go,
And once more try him: If he yield not, so;
The next that tries him shall be want and woe.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Room in the House of Marine.

Enter MARINE *solus.*

Mar. Jaques!
Jaques. [*Within.*] Sir?
Mar. Rise, Jaques! 'tis grown day.
The country life is best; where quietly,
Free from the clamour of the troubled court,
We may enjoy our own green shadow'd walks,
And keep a moderate diet without art.
Why did I leave my house, and bring my wife
To know the manner of this subtle place?
I would, when first the lust to fame and honour
Possess'd me, I had met with any evil
But that! Had I been tied to stay at home,
And earn the bread for the whole family
With my own hand, happy had I been!

Enter JAQUES.

Jaques. Sir, this is from your wonted course at home:
When did you there keep such inordinate hours?
Go to bed late, start thrice, and call on me?
'Would you were from this place! Our country sleeps,
Although they were but of that moderate length
That might maintain us in our daily work,

Yet were they sound and sweet.
Mar. Ay, Jaques; there
We dream'd not of our wives; we lay together,
And needed not. Now at length my cousin's words,
So truly meant, mix'd with thy timely prayers
So often urged, to keep me at my home,
Condemn me quite.
Jaques. 'Twas not your father's course:
He lived and died in Orleans, where he had
His vines as fruitful as experience
(Which is the art of husbandry) could make;
He had his presses for 'em, and his wines
Were held the best, and out-sold other men's;
His corn and cattle served the neighbour-towns
With plentiful provision, yet his thrift
Could miss one beast amongst the herd; he ruled
More where he lived, than ever you will here.
Mar. 'Tis true: Why should my wife then, 'gainst my good,
Persuade me to continue in this course?
Jaques. Why did you bring her hither? At the first,
Before you warmed her blood with new delights,
Our country sports could have contented her;
When you first married her, a puppet-play
Pleased her as well as now the tilting doth.
She thought herself brave in a bugle-chain,
Where orient pearl will scarce content her now.
Mar. Sure, Jaques, she sees something for my good
More than I do; she oft will talk to me
Of offices, and that she shortly hopes,
By her acquaintance with the friends she hath,
To get a place shall many times outweigh
Our great expences; and if this be so——
Jaques. Think better of her words; she doth deceive you,

And only for her vain and sensual ends
Persuade you thus. Let me be set to dwell
For ever naked in the barest soil,
So you will dwell from hence!

Mar. I see my folly:
Pack up my stuff! I will away this morn.
Haste, haste!

Jaques. Ay, now I see your father's honours
Tripling upon you, and the many prayers,
The country spent for him, (which almost now
Begun to turn to curses) turning back,
And falling like a timely shower upon you.

Mar. Go, call up my wife!

Jaques. But shall she not prevail,
And sway you, as she oft hath done before?

Mar. I will not hear her, but rail on her,
Till I be ten miles off.

Jaques. If you be forty,
'Twill not be worse, sir.

Mar. Call her up!

Jaques. I will, sir. [*Exit.*

Mar. Why, what an ass was I, that such a thing
As a wife is could rule me! Know not I
That woman was created for the man?
That her desires, nay, all her thoughts, should be
As his are? Is my sense restored at length?
Now she shall know, that which she should desire,
She hath a husband that can govern her,
If her desires lead against my will.[1]

Enter Lady.

Are you come?

Lady. What sad unwonted course

[1] *If her desires lead* me *against my will.*] The context declares the word ME to be an interpolation.—Ed. 1778.

Makes you raise me so soon, that went to bed
So late last night?
Mar. Oh, you shall go to bed
Sooner hereafter, and be raised again
At thrifty hours: In summer-time we'll walk
An hour after our supper, and to bed;
In winter you shall have a set at cards,
And set your maids to work.
Lady. What do you mean?
Mar. I will no more of your new tricks, your honours,
Your offices, and all your large preferments,
(Which still you beat into my ears) hang o'er me;
I'll leave behind for others the great sway
Which I shall bear at court; my living here,
With countenance of your honour'd friends,
I'll be content to lose: For you speak this
Only that you may still continue here
In wanton ease, and draw me to consume,
In clothes and other things idle for show,[2]
That which my father got with honest thrift.
Lady. Why, who hath been with you, sir, that you talk
Thus out of frame?
Mar. You make a fool of me!
You provide one to bid me forth to supper,
And make me promise; then must some one or other
Invite you forth: If you have borne yourself
Loosely to any gentleman in my sight,
At home, you ask me how I like the carriage;[3]
Whether it were not rarely for my good,

[2] *In clothes and other things idle for show.*] The editors of 1750 and 1778, silently, and without necessity, reverse the words in Roman character.

[3] ——— *the carriage.*] Behaviour, conduct.

And open'd not a way to my preferment?
Come, I perceive all; talk not! we'll away.
Lady. Why, sir, you'll stay till the next triumph-day[5]
Be past?
Mar. Ay, you have kept me here triumphing
This seven years; and I have ridden through the streets,
And bought embroider'd hose and foot-cloths[6] too,
To shew a subject's zeal! I rode before
In this most gorgeous habit, and saluted
All the acquaintance [that] I could espy
From any window: These were ways, you told me,
To raise me: I see all! Make you ready straight,
And in that gown which you first came to town in,
Your safe-guard,[7] cloak, and your hood suitable,
Thus on a double gelding shall you amble,

[5] *The triumph-day.*] A triumph was a general term for shows, such as grand processions, tiltings, masques, revels. The derivation of the word is thus given by an old author, quoted by Mr Steevens:—"Yet notwithstanding their triumphes, [those of the Romans] have so borne the bell above all the rest, that the word *triumphing*, which commeth thereof, hath been applied to all high, great, and statelie doings."—*The Duke of Anjou's Entertainment at Antwerp*, 1581.

[6] *Foot-cloths.*] Caparisons for horses. They were dressed with long and splendid covers, as may be seen in a great number of ancient wood cuts, particularly in the Triumphs of the Emperor Maximilian, published at Vienna, from blocks found chiefly in the castle of Auras in the Tyrol. They seem to have been particularly used by physicians in the seventeenth century. So in the Art of Thriving, by Powell, 1636, 12, 13, where Powell is giving facetious directions for a physician to get employment—"Your lascivious lady, and your man in the perriwig, will help to furnish with a *foot-cloth*; a citizen's wife with a weak stomacke will supply *the fringe to it.*"

[7] *For your* safeguard.] This is an outward petticoat, called so, according to Minsheu, because it preserves the other clothes from soiling. They are still used by country-women riding to market.

And my man Jaques shall be set before you.
Lady. But will you go?
Mar. I will.
Lady. And shall I too?
Mar. And you shall too.
Lady. But shall I, by this light?
Mar. Why, by this light, you shall!
Lady. Then by this light,
You have no care of your estate and mine.
Have we been seven years venturing in a ship,
And now upon return, with a fair wind,
And a calm sea, full fraught with our own wishes,
Laden with wealth and honour to the brim,
And shall we fly away, and not receive it?
Have we been tilling, sowing, labouring,
With pain and charge, a long and tedious winter,
And when we see the corn above the ground,
Youthful as is the morn, and the full ear,
That promises to stuff our spacious garners,
Shall we then let it rot, and never reap it?
Mar. Wife, talk no more! Your rhetoric comes too late;
I am inflexible: And how dare you
Adventure to direct my course of life?
Was not the husband made to rule the wife?
Lady. 'Tis true; but where the man doth miss his way,
It is the woman's part to set him right:
So, fathers have a power to guide their sons
In all their courses; yet you oft have seen
Poor little children, that have both their eyes,
Lead their blind fathers.
Mar. She has a plaguy wit!— [*Aside.*
I say, you are but a little piece of man.
Lady. But such a piece, as, being ta'en away,
Man cannot last: The fairest and tallest ship,
That ever sail'd, is by a little piece

Of the same wood steer'd right, and turn'd about.
Mar. 'Tis true she says; her answers stand with reason.
Lady. But, sir, your cousin put this in your head,
Who is an enemy to your preferment,
Because I should not take place of his wife:
Come, by this kiss, thou shalt not go, sweetheart.
Mar. Come, by this kiss, I will go, sweetheart.
On with your riding-stuff! I know your tricks;
And if preferment fall ere you be ready,
'Tis welcome; else, adieu, the city-life!
Lady. Well, sir, I will obey.
Mar. About it then.
Lady. To please your humour, I would dress myself
In the most loathsome habit you could name,
Or travel any whither o'er the world,
If you command me: It shall ne'er be said,
The frailty of a woman, whose weak mind
Is often set on loose delights, and shows,
Hath drawn her husband to consume his state,
In the vain hope of that which never fell.
Mar. About it then! Women are pleasant creatures,
When once a man begins to know himself.
Lady. But hark you, sir; because I will be sure
You shall have no excuse, no word to say
In your defence hereafter; (when you see
What honours were prepared for you and me,
Which you thus willingly have thrown away)
I tell you, I did look for present honour
This morning for you, which I know had come:
But if they do not come ere I am ready
(Which I will be the sooner, lest they should)
When I am once set in a country life,
Not all the power of earth shall alter me;
Not all your prayers or threats shall make me speak

The least word to my honourable friends,
To do you any grace!

Mar. I will not wish it.

Lady. And never more hope to be honourable!

Mar. My hopes are lower.

Lady. As I live, you shall not!
You shall be so far from the name of noble,
That you shall never see a lord again;
You shall not see a masque, or barriers,
Or tilting, or a solemn christening,
Or a great marriage, or new fire-works,
Or any bravery; but you shall live
At home, be-potted with your own loved dirt,
In scurvy clothes, as you were wont to do;
And, to content you, I will live so too.

Mar. 'Tis all I wish. Make haste; the day draws on:
It shall be my care to see your stuff pack'd up.
[*Exit.*

Lady. It shall be my care to gull you! You shall stay;
And, more than so, entreat me humbly too
You shall have honours presently.—Maria!

Enter MARIA.

Maria. Madam!

Lady. Bring hither pen, ink, and paper.

Maria. 'Tis here.

Lady. Your master will not stay,
Unless preferment come within an hour.

Maria. Let him command one of the city gates,
In time of mutiny; or, you may provide him
To be one of the council for invading
Some savage country, to plant Christian faith.

Lady. No, no; I have it for him. Call my page!
[*Writes. Exit* MARIA.

Now, my dear husband, there it is will fit you:
And when the world shall see what I have done,
Let it not move the spleen of any wife,
To make an ass of her beloved husband,
Without good ground: If they will but be drawn[8]
To any reason by you, do not gull them;
But if they grow conceited of themselves,
And be fine gentlemen, have no mercy,
Publish them to the world! 'twill do them good
When they shall see their follies understood.

Enter Page.

Go bear these letters to my servant,[9]
And bid him make haste. I will dress myself
In all the journey-clothes I used before,
Not to ride, but to make the laughter more. [*Exit.*

Enter MARINE *and* JAQUES, *with spurs, and apparel.*[1]

Mar. Is all pack'd up?
Jaques. All, all, sir; there is no tumbler
Runs through his hoop with more dexterity,
Than I about the business. 'Tis a day
That I have long long'd to see——
Mar. Come; where's my spurs?

[8] —— But *if they will be drawn*
To any reason by you, do not gull them;
But if they grow conceited of themselves, &c.] The transposition of *but* in the first line was proposed by Mason, and seems absolutely requisite to the context.

[9] *Servant.*] *i. e.* In the old sense, *lover, suitor.*—Ed. 1778.

[1] The following dialogue is curious, in as far as it affords us a description of the dress and accoutrements of a plain country gentleman of Fletcher's days.

Jaques. Here, sir.—And now 'tis come——

Mar. Ay, Jaques, now,
I thank my fates, I can command my wife.

Jaques. I am glad to see it, sir.

Mar. I do not love always
To be made a puppy, Jaques.

Jaques. But yet methinks your worship does not look
Right like a country gentleman.

Mar. I will;
Give me my t'other hat.

Jaques. Here.

Mar. So; my jerkin!

Jaques. Yes, sir.

Mar. On with it, Jaques; thou and I
Will live so finely in the country, Jaques,
And have such pleasant walks into the woods
A-mornings, and then bring home riding-rods,
And walking-staves——

Jaques. And I will bear them, sir;
And scourge-sticks for the children.

Mar. So thou shalt;
And thou shalt do all, oversee my work-folks,
And at the week's end pay them all their wages.

Jaques. I will, sir, so your worship give me money.

Mar. Thou shalt receive all too. Give me my drawers.

Jaques. They are ready, sir.

Mar. And I will make thy mistress,
My wife, look to her laundry, and her dairy,
That we may have our linen clean on Sundays.

Jaques. And holidays.

Mar. Ay; and, ere
We walk about the grounds, provide our breakfast,
Or she shall smoke; I'll have her a good huswife:
She shall not make a voyage to her sisters,
But she shall live at home,

And feed her pullen fat, and see her maids
In bed before her, and lock all the doors.

Jaques. Why, that will be a life for kings and queens!

Mar. Give me my scarf with the great button quickly.

Jaques. 'Tis done, sir.

Mar. Now my mittens!

Jaques. Here they are, sir.

Mar. 'Tis well; now my great dagger!

Jaques. There.

Mar. Why, so! thus it should be; now my riding-rod!

Jaques. There's nothing wanting, sir.

Mar. Another, man, to stick under my girdle.

Jaques. There it is.

Mar. All is well.

Jaques. Why now, methinks, your worship looks
Like to yourself, a man of means and credit:
So did your grave and famous ancestors
Ride up and down to fairs, and cheapen cattle,

Mar. Go, hasten your mistress, sirrah!

Jaques. It shall be done. [*Exit.*

Enter Gentleman and Page.

Gent. Who's that? who's that, boy?

Page. I think it be my master.

Gent. Who? he that walks in grey, whisking his riding-rod?

Page. Yes, sir, 'tis he.

Gent. 'Tis he indeed; he is prepared
For his new journey. When I wink upon you,
Run out and tell the gentleman 'tis time.—
Monsieur, good day!

Mar. Monsieur,
Your mistress is within, but yet not ready.

Gent. My business is with you, sir: 'Tis reported,
I know not whether by some enemy
Maliciously, that envies your great hopes,
And would be ready to sow discontents
Betwixt his majesty and you, or truly,
(Which on my faith I would be sorry for)
That you intend to leave the court in haste.

Mar. 'Faith, sir, within this half-hour.—Jaques!

Jaques. [*Within.*] Sir!

Mar. Is my wife ready?

Jaques. Presently.

Gent. But, sir,
I needs must tell you, as I am your friend,
You should have ta'en your journey privater,
For 'tis already blazed about the court.

Mar. Why, sir, I hope it is no treason, is it?

Gent. 'Tis true, sir; but 'tis grown the common talk;
There's no discourse else held;[2] and in the presence
All the nobility and gentry
Have nothing in their mouths but only this,
" Monsieur Marine, that noble gentleman,
Is now departing hence;" every man's face
Looks ghastly on his fellows; such a sadness
(Before this day) I ne'er beheld in court;
Mens' hearts begin to fail them when they hear it,
In expectation of the great event
That needs must follow it: Pray Heaven it be good!

Mar. Why, I had rather all their hearts should fail,
Than I stay here until my purse fail me.

Gent. But yet you are a subject; and beware,
(I charge you by the love I bear to you)

[2] *There's no* discovery *else held.*] Amended by Sympson.

How you do venture rashly on a course
To make your sovereign jealous of your deeds!
For princes' jealousies, where they love most,
Are easily found, but they be hardly lost.

Mar. Come, these are tricks; I smell 'em; I will go.

Gent. Have I not still profess'd myself your friend?

Mar. Yes, but you never shew'd it to me yet.

Gent. But now I will, because I see you wise;
And give you thus much light into a business
That came to me but now: Be resolute,
Stand stifly to it that you will depart,
And presently;—

Mar. Why, so I mean to do.

Gent. And, by this light, you may be what you will!
Will you be secret, sir?

Mar. Why? what's the matter?

Gent. The king does fear you.

Mar. How?

Gent. And is now in counsel.

Mar. About me?

Gent. About you; an you be wise,
You'll find he is in counsel about you.
His counsellors have told him all the truth.

Mar. What truth?

Gent. Why, that which he now knows too well.

Mar. What is't?

Gent. That you have followed him seven years
With a great train; and, though he have not graced you,
Yet you have dived into the hearts of thousands,
With liberality and noble carriage;
And if you should depart home unpreferr'd,
All discontented and seditious spirits
Would flock to you, and thrust you into action:

With whose help, and your tenants', who doth not know
(If you were so disposed) how great a part
Of this yet-fertile peaceful realm of France
You might make desolate? But when the king
Heard this——

Mar. What said he?

Gent. Nothing; but shook
As never Christian prince did shake before;
And, to be short, you may be what you will.
But be not ambitious, sir; sit down
With moderate honours, lest you make yourself
More fear'd.

Mar. I know, sir, what I have to do
In mine own business.

Enter Longueville.

Long. Where's monsieur Mount-Marine?

Gent. Why, there he stands; will ye aught with him?

Long. Yes.—Good day, monsieur Marine!

Mar. Good day to you!

Long. His majesty doth commend himself
Most kindly to you, sir, and hath, by me,
Sent you this favour: Kneel down; rise a knight!

Mar. I thank his majesty!

Long. And he doth further
Request you not to leave the court so soon;
For though your former merits have been slighted,
After this time there shall no office fall
Worthy your spirit, (as he doth confess
There's none so great) but you shall surely have it.

Gent. Do you hear? If you yield yet, you are an ass.

Mar. I'll shew my service to his majesty

In greater things than these; but for this small one
I must entreat his highness to excuse me.

Long. I'll bear your knightly words unto the king,
And bring his princely answer back again. [*Exit.*

Gent. Well said! Be resolute a while; I know
There is a tide of honours coming on;
I warrant you!

Enter BEAUFORT.

Beau. Where is this new-made knight?

Mar. Here, sir.

Beau. Let me enfold you in my arms,
Then call you lord! the king will have it so;
Who doth entreat your lordship to remember
His message sent to you by Longueville.

Gent. If you be dirty,[3] and dare not mount aloft,
You may yield now; I know what I would do.

Mar. Peace! I will fit him.—Tell his majesty
I am a subject, and I do confess
I serve a gracious prince, that thus hath heap'd
Honours on me without desert; but yet
As for the message, business urgeth me,
I must begone, and he must pardon me,
Were he ten thousand kings and emperors.

Beau. I'll tell him so.

Gent. Why, this was like yourself!

Beau. As he hath wrought him, 'tis the finest fellow [*Aside.*
That e'er was Christmas-lord! he carries it
So truly to the life, as though he were
One of the plot to gull himself. [*Exit.*

Gent. Why, so!

[3] *If ye be* dirty.] That is, low-minded, of grovelling ideas. Sympson would read—*dirt-tyed!*

You sent the wisest and the shrewdest answer
Unto the king, I swear, my honour'd friend,
That ever any subject sent his liege.
Mar. Nay, now I know I have him on the hip,
I'll follow it.

Enter LONGUEVILLE.

Long. My honourable lord!
Give me your noble hand, right courteous peer,
And from henceforth be a courtly earl;
The king so wills, and subjects must obey:
Only he doth desire you to consider
Of his request.
Gent. Why, faith, you are well, my lord;
Yield to him.
Mar. Yield? Why, 'twas my plot——
Gent. Nay,
'Twas your wife's plot.
Mar. To get preferment by it.
And thinks he now to pop me in the mouth
But with an earldom? I'll be one step higher.
Gent. It is the finest lord! I am afraid anon
He will stand upon't to share the kingdom with him. [*Aside.*

Enter BEAUFORT.

Beau. Where's this courtly earl?
His majesty commends his love unto you,
And will you but now grant to his request,
He bids you be a duke, and chuse of whence.
Gent. Why, if you yield not now, you are undone;
What can you wish to have more, but the kingdom?
Mar. So please his majesty, I would be duke
Of Burgundy, because I like the place.

Beau. I know the king is pleased.
Mar. Then will I stay,
And kiss his highness' hand.
Beau. His majesty
Will be a glad man when he hears it.
Long. But how shall we keep this from the world's ear, [*Aside to the Gentleman.*
That some one tell him not, he is no duke?
Gent. We'll think of that anon.—Why, gentlemen,
Is this a gracious habit for a duke?
Each gentle body set a finger to,
To pluck the clouds (of these his riding weeds)
From off the orient sun, off his best clothes;
I'll pluck one boot and spur off.
Long. I another.
Beau. I'll pluck his jerkin off.
Gent. Sit down, my lord.—
Both his spurs off at once, good Longueville!
And, Beaufort, take that scarf off; and that hat
Doth not become his largely-sprouting forehead.
Now set your gracious foot to this of mine;
One pluck will do it; so! Off with the other!
Long. Lo, thus your servant Longueville doth pluck
The trophy of your former gentry off.—
Off with his jerkin, Beaufort!
Gent. Didst thou never see
A nimble-footed tailor stand so in his stockings,
Whilst some friend help'd to pluck his jerkin off,
To dance a jig?

Enter JAQUES.

Long. Here's his man Jaques come,
Booted and ready still.
Jaques. My mistress stays.—

Why, how now, sir? What do your worship mean,
To pluck your grave and thrifty habit off?

Mar. My slippers, Jaques!

Long. Oh, thou mighty duke! pardon this man,
That thus hath trespassed in ignorance.

Mar. I pardon him.

Long. His grace's slippers, Jaques!

Jaques. Why, what's the matter?

Long. Footman,[4] he's a duke:
The king hath raised him above all his land.

Jaques. I'll to his cousin presently, and tell him so;
Oh, what a dunghill country rogue was I! [*Exit.*

Enter Lady in plain apparel.

Gent. See, see my mistress!

Long. Let's observe their greeting.

Lady. Unto your will, as every good wife ought,
I have turn'd all my thoughts, and now am ready.

Mar. Oh, wife, I am not worthy to kiss
The least of all thy toes, much less thy thumb,
Which yet I would be bold with! All thy counsel
Hath been to me angelical; but mine
To thee hath been most dirty, like my mind.
Dear duchess, I must stay.

Lady. What! are you mad,
To make me dress, and undress, turn and wind me,
Because you find me pliant? Said I not
The whole world should not alter me, if once
I were resolved? and now you call me duchess:
Why, what's the matter?

Mar. Lo, a knight doth kneel——

Lady. A knight?

Mar. A lord—

[4] *Footman.*] We should probably read, '*Foot, man, he's a duke!*

Lady. A fool!
Mar. I say doth kneel
An earl, a duke.
Long. In drawers.
Beau. Without shoes.
Lady. Sure you are lunatic.
Gent. No, honour'd duchess;
If you dare but believe your servant's truth,
I know he is a duke.
Long. God save his Grace!
Lady. I ask your Grace's pardon!
Mar. Then I rise:
And here, in token that all strife shall end
'Twixt thee and me, I let my drawers fall,
And to thy hands I do deliver them;
Which signifies, that in all acts and speeches,
From this time forth, my wife shall wear the breeches.
Gent. An honourable composition! [*Exeunt*.

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Street.

Enter CLERIMONT *and* JAQUES.

Cler. Shall I believe thee, Jaques?
Jaques. Sir, you may.
Cler. Didst thou not dream?

Jaques. I did not.
Cler. Nor imagine?
Jaques. Neither of both: I saw him great and mighty;
I saw the monsieurs bow, and heard them cry,
"Good health and fortune to my lord the duke!"
Cler. A duke? art sure, a duke?
Jaques. I am sure, a duke;
And so sure, as I know myself for Jaques.
Cler. Yet the sun may dazzle! Jaques, was it not
Some lean commander of an angry block-house,
To keep the Flemish eel-boats from invasion?
Or some bold baron able to dispend
His fifty pounds a-year, and meet the foe
Upon the king's command, in gilded canvas,
And do his deeds of worth? or was it not
Some place of gain, as clerk to the great band
Of marrowbones, that people call the Switzers?
Men made of beef and sarcenet?[5]

[5] *Men made of* beufe *and sarcenet.*] So the folios. The octavo of 1711 varies *beufe* to *beef;* and Sympson *to buff.*

Our ancient dramatic writers are so very careless in adapting the manners of their characters to the places in which their scenes are laid, that although France is the country in which all the events in this play are supposed to have happened, yet we apprehend the allusion here is to a matter proper only to England; and therefore we are not warranted to make any alteration in the text. The *Yeomen of the Guard* in England are generally called Beef-*eaters;* and to this circumstance, it is probable, the author here refers. To this we may add, that *Switzers* appears to have been the title given to such guards as attended about the royal person, at least in Denmark, unless Shakspeare has violated the same rules of propriety, and in the same manner we suppose our author to have offended. In Hamlet, act iv. sc. v. the King says,

"Where are my *Switzers?* Let them guard the door."—*Reed.*

Shakspeare was certainly guilty of an anachronism in giving the King, in Hamlet, a guard of Switzers. But Fletcher is not

Jaques. Is a duke,
His chamber hung with nobles like a presence.
Cler. I am something wavering in my faith:
'Would you would settle me, and swear it is so!
Is he a duke indeed?
Jaques. I swear he is.
Cler. I am satisfied. He is my kinsman, Jaques,
And I his poor unworthy cousin.
Jaques. True, sir.
Cler. I might have been a duke too; I had means,
A wife as fair as his, and as wise as his,
And could have brook'd the court as well as his,
And laid about her for her husband's honour:
Oh, Jaques, had I ever dreamt of this,
I had prevented him.[6]
Jaques. 'Faith, sir, it came
Above our expectation: We were wise
Only in seeking to undo this honour,
Which shew'd our dunghill breeding and our dirt.
Cler. But tell me, Jaques,
Why could we not perceive? what dull devil
Wrought us to cross this noble course, persuading
'Twould be his overthrow? For me, a courtier
Is he that knows all, Jaques, and does all:
'Tis as his noble grace hath often said,

liable to the same imputation; for Swiss guards, in the eighteenth century, attended on many sovereigns, on account of their fidelity. Companies of Swiss guards were maintained in the French court, (as is too well known from their being massacred at Paris,) and also at the courts of Madrid, Dresden, Turin, &c. With regard to the slight allusion to beef-eaters, Fletcher may be chargeable with transferring an English phrase to Paris; but what playwright of the seventeenth century is not liable to the same censure?

[6] *Oh, Jaques, had I ever dreamt of this,*
I had prevented *him.*] That is, I would have been beforehand with him.—*Mason.*

And very wisely, Jaques, we are fools,
And understand just nothing.
Jaques. Ay, as we were,
I confess it; but, rising with our great master,
We shall be call'd to knowledge with our places:
('Tis nothing to be wise, not thus much there)
[*Snaps his fingers.*
There is not the least of the billet-dealers,[7]
Nor any of the pastry, or the kitchen,
But have it in measure delicate.
Cler. Methinks this greatness of the duke's my cousin's
(I ask your mercy, Jaques! that near name
Is too familiar for me) should give promise
Of some great benefits to his attendants.
Jaques. I have a suit myself; and it is sure,
Or I mistake my ends much.
Cler. What is't, Jaques?
May I not crave the place?
Jaques. Yes, sir, you shall;
'Tis to be but his grace's secretary,
Which is my little all, and my ambition,
Till my known worth shall take me by the hand
And set me higher. How the fates may do
In this poor thread of life, is yet uncertain:
I was not born, I take it, for a trencher,
Nor to espouse my mistress' dairy-maid.
Cler. I am resolved my wife shall up to court;
(I'll furnish her) that is a speeding course,
And cannot chuse but breed a mighty fortune.
What a fine youth was I, to let him start,
And get the rise before me! I'll dispatch,
And put myself in monies.
Jaques. 'Mass, 'tis true!

[7] *Billet-dealers.*] We conceive, refers to *wood dispensed for fuel.*—Ed. 1778.

And, now you talk of money, sir, my business
For taking [up] those crowns must be dispatch'd:
This little plot[8] i' th' country lies most fit
To do his grace such serviceable uses.
I must about it.
Cler. Yet before you go,
Give me your hand, and bear my humble service
To the great duke your master, and his duchess,
And live yourself in favour! Say, my wife
Shall there attend them shortly; so, farewell!
Jaques. I'll see you mounted, sir.
Cler. It may not be!
Your place is far above it; spare yourself,
And know I am your servant. Fare you well!
Jaques. Sir, I shall rest to be commanded by you.— [*Exit* CLERIMONT.
This place of secretary will not content me;
I must be more and greater. Let me see!
To be a baron is no such great matter,
As people take it: For, say I were a count,
I am still an under person to this duke,
(Which methinks sounds but harshly;) but a duke!
Oh, I am strangely taken! 'tis a duke,
Or nothing; I'll advise upon't, and see
What may be done by wit and industry. [*Exit.*

[8] *Plot.*] i. e. *Plot* of ground.—Ed. 1778.

SCENE II.

Before Marine's *House.*

Enter Lady, Longueville, Beaufort, *and Gentleman.*

Lady. It must be carried closely, with a care
That no man speak unto him, or come near him,
Without our private knowledge, or be made
Aforehand to our practice. My good husband,
I shall entreat you now to stay a while,
And prove a noble coxcomb. Gentlemen,
Your counsel and advice about this carriage![9]
Gent. Alas, good man, I do begin to mourn
His dire massàcre: What a persecution
Is pouring down upon him! Sure he is sinful.
Long. Let him be kept in's chamber, under show
Of state and dignity, and no man suffer'd
To see his noble face, or have access,
But we that are conspirators!
Beau. Or else,
Down with him into th' country amongst his tenants!
There he may live far longer in his greatness,
And play the fool in pomp amongst his fellows.
Lady. No, he shall play the fool i' th' city, and stay;

[9] *About this* CARRIAGE.] That is, the *conducting* the plot on Marine.—Ed. 1778.

I will not lose the greatness of this jest,
(That shall be given to my wit) for the whole revenues.

Gent. Then thus; we'll have a guard about his person,
That no man come too near him, and ourselves
Always in company; have him into the city
To see his face swell; whilst, in divers corners,
Some of our own appointing shall be ready
To cry, "Heaven bless your grace, long live your grace!"

Lady. Servant, your counsel is excellent good,
And shall be follow'd; 'twill be rarely strange
To see him stated thus,[1] as though he went
A-shroving through the city, or intended
To set up some new stake:[2] I shall not hold
From open laughter, when I hear him cry,
"Come hither, my sweet duchess; let me kiss
Thy gracious lips!" for this will be his phrases.
I fear me nothing, but his legs will break
Under his mighty weight of such a greatness.

Beau. Now methinks, dearest lady, you are too cruel;
His very heart will freeze in knowing this.

Lady. No, no; the man was never of such deepness,
To make conceit his master: Sir, I'll assure you
He will out-live twenty such pageants.

[1] *To see him* stated *thus.*] That is, assuming state and dignity. So in the Mad Lover, (vol. IV. p. 202.)

What if he had a wench, a handsome whore brought,
And taught to *state* it?

[2] ——— *or intended*
To set up some new wake.] This reading runs no higher than the edition of 1679. That of 1647 gives it thus:
To set up some new stake, *i. e.* as I understand it, *May-pole.*—*Sympson.*

Were he but my cousin, or my brother,
And such a desperate killer of his fortune,
In this belief he should die, though it cost me
A thousand crowns a-day to hold it up;
Or, were I not known his wife, and so to have
An equal feeling of this ill he suffers,
He should be thus till all the boys i' the town
Made suit to wear his badges in their hats,
And walk before his grace with sticks and nosegays.
We married women hold——

Gent. 'Tis well; no more!
The duke is entering: Set your faces right,
And bow like country prologues. Here he comes.
—Make room afore! the duke is entering.

Enter Marine.

Long. The choicest fortunes wait upon our duke!

Gent. And give him all content and happiness!

Beau. Let his great name live to the end of time!

Mar. We thank you, and are pleased to give you notice
We shall at fitter times wait on your loves;
Till-when, be near us.

Long. 'Tis a valiant purge, [*Aside.*
And works extremely; 't has delivered him
Of all right worshipful and gentle humours,
And left his belly full of nobleness.

Mar. It pleased the king my master,
For sundry virtues not unknown to him,
And the all-seeing state, to lend his hand,
And raise me to this eminence; how this
May seem to other men, or stir the minds
Of such as are my fellow-peers, I know not;
I would desire their loves in just designs.

Lady. Now, by my faith, he does well, very well:
[*Apart to the Gentleman.*

Beshrew my heart, I have not seen a better,
Of a raw fellow, that before this day
Never rehearsed his state: 'Tis marvellous well!
Gent. Is he not duke indeed? see how he looks,
As if his spirit were a last or two
Above his veins, and stretch'd his noble hide!
Long. He's high braced, like a drum; pray God he break not!
Beau. Why, let him break; there's but a calf's-skin lost.
Long. May 't please your grace
To see the city? 'twill be to the minds
And much contentment of the doubtful people.
Mar. I am determined so: Till my return,
I leave my honour'd duchess to her chamber.
Be careful of your health! I pray you be so.
Gent. Your grace shall suffer us, your humble servants,
To give attendance, fit so great a person,
Upon your body?
Mar. I am pleased so.—
Long. [*Aside.*] Away, good Beaufort; raise a guard sufficient
To keep him from the reach of tongues; be quick!
And, do you hear? remember how the streets
Must be disposed for cries and salutations.—
Your grace determines not to see the king?
Mar. Not yet; I shall be ready ten days hence
To kiss his highness' hand, and give him thanks,
As it is fit I should, for his great bounty.
Set forward, gentlemen!
Groom. Room for the duke there!
[*Exeunt* MARINE, LONGUEVILLE, *&c.*
Lady. 'Tis fit he should have room to shew his mightiness,
He swells so with his poison!—'Tis better to
Reclaim you thus, than make a sheep's-head of you;

It had been but your due; but I have mercy, sir,
And mean to reclaim you by a directer course.
That woman is not worthy of a soul,
That has the sovereign power to rule her husband,
And gives her title up; so long provided
As there be fair play, and his state not wrong'd.

Enter Shattillion.

Shat. I would be glad to know whence this new duke springs,
The people buz abroad; or by what title
He received his dignity: 'Tis very strange
There should be such close juggling in the state!
But I am tied to silence; yet a day
May come, and soon, to perfect all these doubts.
Lady. It is the mad Shattillion: By my soul,
I suffer much for this poor gentleman!
I will speak to him; may be he yet knows me.—
Monsieur Shattillion!
Shat. Can you give me reason,
From whence this great duke sprang that walks abroad?
Lady. Even from the king himself.
Shat. As you are a woman,[3]
I think you may be cover'd: Yet your prayer
Would do no harm, good woman.
Lady. God preserve him!
Shat. I say *amen*, and so say all good subjects!

[3] —— *As you are a woman,*
I think you may be covered, *&c.*] Shattillion means to say, that, as she was a woman, she might pronounce the king's name without being uncovered: but rebukes her for not accompanying the king's name with a prayer for his welfare; which she does immediately by saying, "God preserve him."—*Mason.*

Enter SHATTILLION'S *Love.*

Love. Lady, as ever you have loved, or shall,
As you have hope of Heaven, lend your hand
And wit, to draw this poor distracted man
Under your roof, from the broad eyes of people,
And wonder of the streets.

Lady. With all my heart:
My feeling of his grief and loss is much.

Love. Sir, now you are come so near the prison, will you
Go in, and visit your fair Love? Poor soul!
She would be glad to see you.

Shat. This same duke
Is but apocryphal; there's no creation
That can stand, where titles are not right.

Love. 'Tis true, sir.

Shat. This is another draft upon my life!
Let me examine well the words I spake:
The words I spake were, that this novel duke is
Not o' th' true making; 'tis to me most certain.

Lady. You are as right, sir, as you went by line.

Shat. And, to the grief of many thousands more—

Lady. If there be any such, God comfort them!

Shat. Whose mouths may open when the time shall please,
I am betray'd! Commend me to the king,
And tell him I am sound, and crave but justice.
You shall not need to have your guard upon me,
Which I am sure are placed for my attachment.[4]
Lead on! I am obedient to my bonds.

Love. Good sir, be not displeased with us! We are

[4] —— *for my* attachment.] That is, in order to my being *attached,* or taken prisoner.

But servants to his highness' will, to make that good.

Shat. I do forgive you, even with my heart.
Shall I entreat a favour?

Lady. Any thing.

Shat. To see my Love, before that fatal stroke,
And publish to the world my Christian death,
And true obedience to the crown of France.

Love. I hope it shall not need, sir; for there's mercy,
As well as justice, in his royal heart. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Street.

Enter three Gentlemen, and Others.

1 *Gent.* Every man take his corner! Here am I,
You there, and you in that place; so! be perfect;
Have a great care your cries be loud, and faces
Full of dejected fear and humbleness.
He comes.

Enter JAQUES.

Jaques. Fy, how these streets are charged and swell'd
With these same rascally people! Give more room,
Or I shall have occasion to distribute
A martial alms amongst you: As I am a gentleman,
I have not seen such rude disorder! They

Follow him like a prize. There's no true gaper
Like to your citizen! he will be sure
The bears shall not pass by his door in peace,
But he and all his family will follow.—

Enter MARINE, LONGUEVILLE, *and* BEAUFORT.

Room there afore; sound! Give room, and keep your places,
And you may see enough; keep your places!

Long. These people are too far unmanner'd, thus
To stop your grace's way with multitudes.

Mar. Rebuke them not, good monsieur: 'Tis their loves,
Which I will answer, if it please my stars
To spare me life and health.

2 *Gent.* Bless your grace!

Mar. And you, with all my heart.

1 *Gent.* Now Heaven preserve your happy days!

Mar. I thank you too.

3 *Gent.* Now Heaven save your grace!

Mar. I thank you all.

Beau. On there before!

Mar. Stand, gentlemen!
Stay yet a while; for I am minded to impart
My love to these good people, and my friends,
Whose love and prayers for my greatness
Are equal in abundance. Note me well,
And with my words my heart; for as the tree——

Long. Your grace had best beware; 'twill be inform'd
Your greatness with the people.

Mar. I had more,
My honest and ingenuous people; but
The weight of business hath prevented me;
I am call'd from you: But this tree I spake of
Shall bring forth fruit, I hope, to your content.

And so, I share my bowels amongst you all.
All. A noble duke! a very noble duke!

Enter Fourth Gentleman.

Gent. Afore there, gentlemen!
4 *Gent.* You are fairly met,[5] good monsieur Mount-Marine!
Gent. Be advised! the time is alter'd.
4 *Gent.* Is he not the same man he was afore?
Mar. Still the same man to you, sir.
Long. You have received mighty grace; be thankful.
4 *Gent.* Let me not die in ignorance.
Long. You shall not:
Then know, the king, out of his love, hath pleased
To style him duke of Burgundy.
4 *Gent.* Oh, great duke, [*Kneels.*
Thus low I plead for pardon, and desire
To be enroll'd amongst your poorest slaves.
Mar. Sir, you have mercy, and withal my hand;
From henceforth let me call you one of mine.
Gent. Make room afore there, and dismiss the people!
Mar. Every man to his house in peace and quiet!
People. Now Heaven preserve the duke! Heaven bless the duke! [*Exeunt.*

[5] *You're faithfully met.*] Amended by Sympson.

SCENE IV.

A Room in Marine's *House.*

Enter Lady, with a letter in her hand.

Lady. This letter came this morning[6] from my cousin:
"To the great lady, high and mighty duchess
Of Burgundy, be these deliver'd."
Oh, for a stronger lace to keep my breath,
That I may laugh the nine days, till the wonder
Fall to an ebb! the high and mighty duchess?[7]
The high and mighty? God, what a style is this!
Methinks it goes like a Duchy lope-man:[8]
A ladder of a hundred rounds will fail
To reach the top on't. Well, my gentle cousin,
I know, by these contents, your itch of honour:
You must to th' court you say, and very shortly:
You shall be welcome; and if your wife have wit,

[6] *Morn.*] So the folios.

[7] —— *The high and mighty duchess?*
—— Duchy *lope-man,*
A ladder of an hundred, &c.] This is a severe sneer upon the states of Holland, &c. for arrogating the title of *high and mighty*, who, not long before, had not dared to assume a better than that of *the poor distressed.*—Sympson.

[8] Lope-*man.*] *Lope* is an obsolete word, which, we learn from *Coles's Dict.* meant *to leap.*—Ed. 1778.

I'll put her in a thriving course; if not,
Her own sin on her own head! not a blot
Shall stain my reputation, only this;
I must for health's sake sometimes make an ass
Of the tame moil[9] my husband; 'twill do him good,
And give him fresher brains, me fresher blood.
Now for the noble duke! I hear him coming.

Enter MARINE, LONGUEVILLE, BEAUFORT, *and Gentlemen.*

Your grace is well return'd.
Mar. As well as may be;
Never in younger health, never more able:
I mean to be your bed-fellow this night;
Let me have good encounter.
Beau. Bless me, Heaven,
What a hot meat this greatness is!
Long. It may be so;
For I'll be sworn he hath not got a snap
This two months on my knowledge, or her woman
Is damn'd for swearing it.
Mar. I thank you, gentlemen, for your attendance,
And also your great pains! Pray know my lodgings
Better and oftner; do so, gentlemen!
Now, by my honour, as I am a prince,
I speak sincerely, know my lodgings better,
And be not strangers! I shall see your service

[9] *Moil.*] i. e. A *mule.* Anciently it was always spelt thus. From many examples which might be produced, take the following:—"For one that is sand-blynd woulde take an asse for a *moyle*, or another praise a rime of Robyn Hode for as excellent a making as Troylus of Chaucer; yet shoulde they not straightwais be counted madde therefore."—*Erasmus' Praise of Folly, by Sir Thomas Chaloner*, 1556.—*Reed.*

And your deservings, when you least expect——

All. We humbly thank your grace for this great favour.

Mar. Jaques!

Jaques. Your Grace?

Mar. Be ready for the country,
And let my tenants know the king's great love;
Say I would see them, but the weight at court
Lies heavy on my shoulders; let them know
I do expect their duties in attendance
'Gainst the next feast; wait for my coming.
Go take up post-horse,' and be full of speed.
[*Exit* JAQUES.

Lady. I would desire your grace——

Mar. You shall desire,
And have your full desire: Sweet duchess, speak!

Lady. To have some conference with a gentleman
That seems not altogether void of reason:
He talks of titles, and things near the crown;
And knowing none so fit as your good grace

' *wait for my coming to*
Take up post-horses.] As his *Grace-in-imagination* was not going into the country, but only was sending his man with a message thither, one should think it no injury done to the poets, to suppose they wrote,

——————— Go
Take up post-horse, &c.—Sympson.

We think this may refer to *their attendance 'gainst the next feast.*—Ed. 1778.

It seems absolutely necessary to adopt Sympson's alteration, as Jaques actually proceeds to the post-house, to engage a horse. In the next act, he says to Shattillion,

——— I must ride hard to-night,
And it is dark already.

The modern editors injudiciously read—*post-horse*.

To give the difference in such points of state——
Mar. What is he?
If he be noble, or have any part
That's worthy our converse, we do accept him.
Lady. I can assure your grace his strain is noble;
But he is very subtle.
Mar. Let him be so!
Let him have all the brains, I shall demonstrate
How this most Christian crown of France can bear
No other show of title than the king's.
I will go in and meditate for half an hour,
And then be ready for him presently;
I will convert him quickly, or confound him.
Gent. Is mad Shattillion here?
Lady. Is here, and his lady.
I pr'ythee, servant, fetch him hither.
Gent. Why,
What do you mean to put him to?
Lady. To chat
With the mad lad my husband; 'twill be brave
To hear them speak, babble, stare, and prate!
Beau. But what shall be the end of all this, lady?

Enter SHATTILLION *and Love.*

Lady. Leave that to me. Now for the grand dispute!
For see, here comes Shattillion: As I live,
Methinks all France should bear part of his griefs.
Long. I'll fetch my lord the duke.
Shat. Where am I now?
Or whither will you lead me? to my death?
I crave my privilege!
I must not die, but by just course of law.
Gent. His majesty hath sent by me your pardon;
He meant not you should die, but would entreat you

To lay the full state of your title open,
Unto a grave and noble gentleman,

Enter MARINE *and* LONGUEVILLE.

The duke of Burgundy, who here doth come;
Who, either by his wisdom will confute you,
Or else inform and satisfy the king.

Beau. May't please your grace, this is the gentleman.

Mar. Is this he that chops logic with my liege?

Shat. Do ye mock me? You are great; the time will come
When you shall be as much contemn'd as I.
Where are the ancient compliments of France,
That upstarts brave the princes of the blood?

Mar. Your title, sir, in short!

Shat. He must, sir, be
A better statesman than yourself, that can
Trip me in any thing; I will not speak
Before these witnesses.

Mar. Depart the room;
For none shall stay, no, not my dearest duchess.

Lady. [*Aside.*] We'll stand behind the arras, and hear all.

[*Exeunt all but* MARINE *and* SHATTILLION.

Mar. In that chair take your place; I in this:
Discourse your title now.

Shat. Sir, you shall know,
My Love's true title,[a] mine by marriage;
Setting aside the first race of French kings,
Which will not here concern us, as Pharamond,

[a] This seems a flirt on the English king's title to France, in Henry the Fifth.—*Theobald.*
Not a flirt, certainly, but an innocent parody.

With Clodius, Meroveus, and Chilperick,
And to come down unto the second race,
Which we will likewise slip——

Mar. But take me with you!

Shat. I pray you give me leave! Of Martel Charles,
The father of king Pepin, who was sire
To Charles, the great and famous Charlemain;
And to come to the third race of French kings,
Which will not be greatly pertinent in this cause
Betwixt the king and me, of which you know
Hugh Capet was the first;
Next his son Robert, Henry then, and Philip,
With Lewis, and his son a Lewis too,
And of that name the seventh; but all this
Springs from a female, as it shall appear——

Mar. Now give me leave! I grant you this your title,
At the first sight, carries some show of truth;
But if ye weigh it well, ye shall find light.
Is not his majesty possess'd in peace,
And justice executed in his name?
And can you think the most Christian king
Would do this, if he saw not reason for it?

Shat. But had not the tenth Lewis a sole daughter?

Mar. I cannot tell.

Shat. But answer me directly.

Mar. It is a most seditious question.

Shat. Is this your justice?

Mar. I stand for my king.

Shat. Was ever heir-apparent thus abused!
I'll have your head for this!

Mar. Why, do your worst!

Shat. Will no one stir to apprehend this traitor?
A guard about my person! Will none come?
Must my own royal hands perform the deed?

Then thus I do arrest you. [*Seizes him.*

Mar. Treason! help!

Enter Lady, LONGUEVILLE, BEAUFORT, *and Gentleman.*

Lady. Help, help, my lord and husband!

Mar. Help the duke!

Long. Forbear his grace's person!

Shat. Forbear you
To touch him that your heir apparent weds!
But, by this hand, I will have all your heads. [*Exit.*

Gent. How doth your grace?

Mar. Why, well.

Gent. How do you find his title?

Mar. 'Tis a dangerous one,
As can come by a female.

Gent. Ay, 'tis true;
But the law Salique cuts him off from all.

Long. I do beseech your grace how stands his title?

Mar. Pho! nothing! the law Salique cuts him off from all.

Lady. My gracious husband, you must now prepare,
In all your grace's pomp to entertain
Your cousin, who is now a convertite,
And follows here; this night he will be here.

Mar. Be ready all in haste! I do intend
To shew before my cousin's wond'ring face,
The greatness of my pomp, and of my place.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Street.

Enter Clerimont, *his Wife, and* Anthony.

Cler. Sirrah, is all things carried to the tailor?
The measure and the fashion of the gown,
With the best trim?
Anth. Yes, sir, and 'twill be ready
Within this two days.
Cler. For myself I care not;
I have a suit or two of ancient velvet,
Which, with some small correcting and addition,
May steal into the presence.
Wife. 'Would my gown
Were ready! husband, I will lay my life
To make you something ere to-morrow night.
Cler. It must not be
Before we see the duke, and have advice,
How to behave ourselves. Let's in the while,
And keep ourselves from knowledge, till time shall
call us! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Room in Marine's *House.*

Enter LONGUEVILLE *and* BEAUFORT.

Long. I much admire the fierce masculine spirit
Of this dread Amazon.
Beau. This following night
I'll have a wench in solace.
Long. Sir, I hear you,
And will be with you, if I live; no more!

Enter MARIA.

Maria. My lady would entreat your presence, gentlemen.
Beau. We will obey your lady; she is worthy.
Long. You, light o' love,[3] a word or two.
Maria. Your will, sir?
Long. Hark in your ear!
Wilt thou be married? Speak, wilt thou marry?
Maria. Married? to whom, sir?
Long. To a proper fellow,
Landed, and able-bodied?
Maria. Why do you flout me, sir?
Long. I swear I do not;
I love thee for thy lady's sake: Be free!

[3] *You, light alone.*] Amended in 1750. See p. 19 of this volume.

Maria. If I could meet such matches as you speak of,
I were a very child to lose my time, sir.
Long. What sayest thou to monsieur Beaufort?
Maria. Sir,
I say he is a proper gentleman, and far
Above my means to look at.
Long. Dost thou like him?
Maria. Yes, sir, and ever did.
Long. He is thine own.
Maria. You are too great in promises.
Long. Be ruled,
And follow my advice, he shall be thine.
Maria. 'Would you would make it good, sir!
Long. Do but thus:
Get thee a cushion underneath thy clothes,
And leave the rest to me.
Maria. I'll be your scholar;
I cannot lose much by the venture, sure.
Long. Thou wilt lose a pretty maidenhead, my rogue,
Or I am much o' th' bow hand.[4] You'll remember,
If all this take effect, who did it for you,
And what I may deserve for such a kindness?
Maria. Yours, sir. [*Exeunt.*

[4] —— *o' th'* bow-hand.] Dr Johnson says the bow-hand is the hand which draws the bow, which is *the right*. But I believe he is mistaken, and that it is *the left*, in which the bow was held. This seems evidently implied in the phrase in the text, another instance of which he has quoted from Spenser's Ireland. A third occurs in the Sea-Voyage:

Uberto. Well, you must have this wench then?
Ricardo. I hope so,
I am much o' th' *bow-hand* else.

SCENE III.

A Street. Night.

Enter JAQUES *and* SHATTILLION *severally.*

Jaques. Save you, sir!
Shat. Save the king!
Jaques. I pray you, sir, which is the nearest way—
Shat. Save the king! This is the nearest way.
Jaques. Which is the nearest way to the post-house?
Shat. God save the king and his post-house![5]
Jaques. I pray, sir, direct me to the house.
Shat. Heaven save the king! You cannot catch me, sir.
Jaques. I do not understand you, sir.
Shat. You do not?
I say, you cannot catch me, sir.
Jaques. Not catch you, sir?
Shat. No, sir; nor can the king,
With all his stratagems, and his forced tricks,
(Although he put his nobles in disguise,
Never so oft, to sift into my words)
By course of law, lay hold upon my life.
Jaques. It is a business that my lord the duke

[5] *Post*-horse.] So the first folio reads. The text is from the second.

Is by the king employ'd in, and he thinks
I am acquainted with it. [*Aside.*

Shat. I shall not need
To rip the cause up, from the first, to you;
But if his majesty had suffer'd me
To marry her, though she be, after him,
The right heir-general to the crown of France,
I would not have convey'd her into Spain,
As it was thought, nor would I e'er have join'd
With the reformed churches, to make them
Stand for my cause.

Jaques. I do not think you would.

Shat. I thank you, sir. And since I see you are
A favourer of virtues kept in bondage,
Tell directly to my sovereign king,
(For so I will acknowledge him for ever)
How you have found my staid affections
Settled for peace, and for the present state.

Jaques. Why, sir——

Shat. And, good sir, tell him further this;
That notwithstanding all suggestions brought
To him against me, and all his suspicions
(Which are innumerable) of my treasons,
If he will warrant me but public trial,
I'll freely yield myself into his hands:
Can he have more than this?

Jaques. No, by my troth.

Shat. I would his majesty would hear but reason
As well as you!

Jaques. But, sir, you do mistake me,
For I ne'er saw the king
In all my life but once: Therefore, good sir,
May it please you to shew me which is the post-house?

Shat. I cry you mercy, sir! then you're my friend?

Jaques. Yes, sir.

Shat. And such men are very rare with me!
The post-house is hard by. Farewell!
Jaquès. I thank you, sir! I must ride hard to-night,
And it is dark already.
Shat. I am cruel,
To send this man directly to his death,
That is my friend, and I might easily save him:
He shall not die.—Come back, my friend, come back!
Jaques. What is your will?
Shat. Do you not know?
Jaques. Not I.
Shat. And do you gather nothing by my face?
Jaques. No, sir.
Shat. Virtue is ever innocent.
Lay not the fault on me; I grieve for you,
And wish that all my tears might win your safety.
Jaques. Why, sir?
Shat. Alas, good friend, you are undone,
The more ill fortune mine, to be the means
Of your sad overthrow: You know not me?
Jaques. No, truly, sir.
Shat. 'Would you had never seen me!
I am a man pursued by the whole state,
And sure some one hath seen me talk with you.
Jaques. Yes, divers, sir.
Shat. Why then, your head is gone.
Jaques. I'll out of town.
Shat. 'Would it were soon enough!
Stay, if you love your life; or else you are taken.
Jaques. What shall I do?
Shat. I'll venture deeply for him,
Rather than cast away an innocent:—
Take courage, friend! I will preserve thy life.
With hazard of mine own.
Jaques. I thank you, sir.

Shat. This night thou shalt be lodged within my doors,
Which shall be all lock'd fast; and in the morn
I'll so provide, you shall have free access
To the sea-side, and so be shipt away,
Ere any know it.
Jaques. Good sir, suddenly!
I am afraid to die.
Shat. Then follow me. [*Exeunt into a house.*

Enter Shattillion's *Love.*

Love. This way he went, and there's the house: I hope
His better angel hath directed him
To leave the wand'ring streets. Poor gentleman!
'Would I were able with as free a heart
To set his soul right, as I am to grieve
The ruin of his fame, which God forgive me!—
[*Knocks at the door.* Shattilion *appears at a window.*
Sir, if you be within, I pray, sir, speak to me.
Shat. I am within, and will be: What are you?
Love. A friend.
Shat. No, sir; you must pardon me;
I am acquainted with none such.—Be speedy,
[*To* Jaques *within.*
Friend; there is no other remedy.
Love. A word, sir! I say, I am your friend.
Shat. You cannot 'scape by any other means;
Be not fearful.—God save the king! What's your business, sir?
Love. To speak with you.
Shat. Speak out then.
Love. Shall I not come up?
Shat. Thou shalt not.—Fly, if thou be'st thine own friend;

There lies the suit, and all the furniture
Belonging to the head: On with it, friend!
Love. Sir, do you hear?
Shat. I do: God bless the king!—
It was a habit I had laid aside
For my own person, if the state had forced me.
Love. Good sir, unlock your door!
Shat. Be full of speed!
I see some twenty musqueteers in ambush.—
Whate'er thou art, know I am here, and will be.
Seest thou this bloody sword that cries revenge?—
Shake not, my friend; through millions of these foes
I'll be thy guard, and set thee safe aboard.
Love. Dare you not trust me, sir?
Shat. My good sword before me,
And my allegiance to the king, I tell thee,
Captain, (for so I guess thee by thy arms,
And the loose flanks of halberdiers about thee)
Thou art too weak and foolish to attempt me.—
If you be ready, follow me; and, hark you,
Upon your life speak to no living wight,
Except myself!
Love. Monsieur Shattillion!
Shat. Thou shalt not call again! Thus with my sword,
And the strong faith I bear unto the king,
(Whom God preserve!) I will descend my chamber,
And cut thy throat; I swear, I'll cut thy throat.—
Steal after me, and live. [*Exit.*
Love. I will not stay
The fury of a man so far distracted. [*Exit.*

Enter SHATTILLION *with his Sword drawn.*

Shat. Where is the officer that dares not enter,
To entrap the life of my distressed friend?

Ay, have you hid yourself? you must be found!
What do you fear? is not authority
On your side? Nay, I know the king's command
Will be your warrant; why then fear you? Speak!
What strange designs are these! Shattillion,
Be resolute and bear thyself upright,
Though the whole world despise thee. Soft! methinks
I heard a rushing which was like the shake
Of a discover'd officer; I'll search
The whole street over but I'll find thee out.
[*Exit.*

Enter Jaques *in Woman's Apparel, from the House.*

Jaques. How my joints do shake! Where had I been
But for this worthy gentleman, that hath
Some touch of my infortunes? 'Would I were
Safe under hatches once, for Callicut!
Farewell, the pomp of court! I never more
Can hope to be a duke, or any thing;
I never more shall see the glorious face
Of my fair-spreading lord that loved me well.

Enter Shattillion.

Shat. Fly you so fast? I had a sight of you.
But would not follow you, I was too wise;
You shall not lead me with a cunning trick,
Where you may catch me. Poor Shattillion!
Hath the king's anger left thee ne'er a friend?
No, all men's loves move by the breath of kings.
Jaques. It is the gentleman that saved my life.—
Sir!
Shat. Bless Shattillion! Another plot?
Jaques. No, sir, 'tis I.

Shat. Why, who are you?
Jaques. Your friend whom you preserved.
Shat. Whom I preserved?
My friend? I have no woman friend but one,
Who is too close in prison to be here.
Come near; let me look on you.
Jaques. It is I.
Shat. You should not be a woman by your stature.
Jaques. I am none, sir.
Shat. I know it; then keep off.—
Strange men and times! How I am still preserved!
Here they have sent a yeoman of the guard
Disguised in woman's clothes, to work on me,
To make love to me, and to trap my words,
And so ensnare my life.—I know you, sir:
Stand back, upon your peril!—Can this be
In Christian commonweals? From this time forth
I'll cut off all the means to work on me:
I'll ne'er stir from my house, and keep my doors
Lock'd day and night, and cheapen meat and drink
At the next shops by signs out of my window,
And, having bought it, draw it up in my garters.
Jaques. Sir, will you help me?
Shat. Do not follow me!
I'll take a course to live, despite of men.
[*Exit into the house.*
Jaques. He dares not venture for me: Wretched Jaques!
Thou art undone for ever and for ever,
Never to rise again. What shall I do?

Enter Beaufort.

Where shall I hide me? Here is one to take me:
I r[illegible] stand close, and not speak for my life.
Beau. This is the time of night, and this the haunt,

In which I use to catch my waistcoateers:[6]
It is not very dark; no, I shall spy 'em.
I have walk'd out in such a pitchy night,
I could not see my fingers this far off,
And yet have brought home venison by the smell;
I hope they have not left their old walk. [*Sees* JAQUES.] Ah!
Have I espied you sitting? By this light,
To me there's no such fine sight in the world,
As a white apron betwixt twelve and one:
See how it glisters! Do you think to 'scape?
So! now I have you fast: Come, and do not strive;
It takes away the edge of appetite:
Come, I'll be liberal every way. Take heed
You make no noise, for waking of the watch!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

A Hall in Marine's *House, with a Throne in the Back-ground.*

Enter CLERIMONT *and Wife.*

Cler. Now the blessing of some happy guide,
To bring us to the duke! and we are ready.

[6] *Waistcoateers.*] Strumpets. The term has been already sufficiently explained.

Enter LONGUEVILLE *and Gentleman from the House.*

Come forward! See, the door is opened;
And two of his gentlemen! I'll speak to them;
And mark how I behave myself!—God save ye!
For less I cannot wish to men of sort,[7]
And of your seeming: Are you of the duke's?
Long. We are, sir, and your servants; your salutes
We give you back again with many thanks.
Cler. When did you hear such words before, wife? Peace!
Do you not dare to answer yet.—Is't fit
So mean a gentleman as myself should crave
The presence of the great duke, your master?
Gent. Sir, you may.
Long. Shall we desire your name, and business, sir?
And we will presently inform him of you.
Cler My name is Clerimont.
Gent. You're his grace's kinsman,
Or I am much mistaken.
Cler. You are right;
Some of his noble blood runs through these veins,
Though far unworthy of his grace's knowledge.
Long. Sir, we must all be yours: His grace's kinsman,
And we so much forgetful? 'Twas a rudeness,
And must attend your pardon: Thus I crave it:
First to this beauteous lady, whom I take [*Kisses her.*

[7] —— *Men of* sort.] *Sort* means here quality. The word occurs in the same sense in the Midsummer Night's Dream,

—— " none of noble *sort*

To be your wife, sir; next your mercy!
Cler. You have it, sir.—I do not like this kissing;
It lies so open to a world of wishes. [*Aside.*
Gent. This is the merry fellow; this is he
That must be noble too!
Long. And so he shall,
If all the art I have can make him noble:
I'll dub him with a knighthood, if his wife
Will be but forward, and join issue;
I like her above excellent.
Gent. Will't please you
To walk a turn or two, whilst to the duke
We make your coming known?
Cler. I shall attend, sir.
[*Exeunt Gentleman and* LONGUEVILLE.
Wife. These gentlemen are very proper men,
And kiss the best that e'er I tasted.—
For goodness sake, husband, let us never more
Come near the country, whatsoe'er betide us!
I am in malice with the memory
Of that same stinking dunghill.
Cler. Why, now you are my chicken and my dear;
Love where I love, hate where I hate! Now
You shall have twenty gowns, and twenty chains.
See! the door's opening.
Groom. Room afore there! the duke is ent'ring.

Enter MARINE, *and seats himself on the Throne, Lady,* LONGUEVILLE, *Gentleman, and* MARIA.

Cler. It is the duke, even he himself: Be merry!
This is the golden age the poet speaks on.
Wife. I pray it be not brazen'd by their faces;
And yet methinks they are the neatest pieces
For shape and cutting that e'er I beheld.

Cler. Most gracious duke, my poor spouse and myself [*They kneel.*
Do kiss your mighty foot; and next to that,
The great hand of your duchess; ever wishing
Your honours ever springing, and your years——

Mar. Cousin!

Cler. Your grace's vassal, far unworthy
The nearness of your blood.

Mar. Correct me not;
I know the word I speak, and know the person.
Though I be something higher than the place
Where common men have motion; and, descending
Down with my eye, their forms are lessen'd to me;
Yet from this pitch can I behold my own,
(From millions of those men that have no mark)
And in my fearful stoop can make them stand,
When others feel my souse,[9] and perish. Cousin,
Be comforted! you are very welcome! So
Is your fair wife! the charge of whom I give
To my own dearest and best beloved.
Tell me; have you resolved yourself for court,
And utterly renounced the slavish country,
With all the cares thereof?

Cler. I have, sir.

Mar. Have you
Dismiss'd your eating household, sold your hangings
Of Nebuchadnezzar, (for such they were,
As I remember) with the furnitures
Belonging to your beds and chambers?

Cler. Ay, sir.

[9] *When others feel my* soul, *and perish.*] So the first folio; but the two following editions read,

When others feel my feet, *and perish.*

Sympson alters *soul* to *souse*, which is undoubtedly right, as corresponding with the other terms of falconry used in this speech.

Mar. Have you most carefully ta'en off the lead
From your roof, weak with age, and so prevented
The ruin of your house, and clapt him in
A summer suit of thatch, to keep him cool?
Cler. All this I have performed.
Mar. [*Descends.*] Then lend me all your hands:
I will embrace my cousin,
Who is an understanding gentleman;
And with a zeal mighty as is my name,
Once more I bid you welcome to the court.
My state again![1]
[*Resumes his seat under the canopy.*
Lady. As I was telling you, your husband must be
No more commander; look to that! be several
At meat and lodging; let him have board wages,
And diet 'mongst his men i' th' town; for pleasure,
If he be given to it, let him have it;
Else as your own fancy shall direct you. Cousin,
You see this mighty man here; he was an ass
When he came first to town; indeed he was
Just such another coxcomb as your husband,
God bless the mark, and every good man's child!
This must not stir you, cousin.
Wife. Heaven forbid!—
Long. Sweet Maria, provide the cushion ready for it.
Maria. It shall be done.—
Mar. Receive all your advices from ourself;
Be once a-day with us: And so, farewell
For this time, my fair cousin!—Gentlemen,

[1] *My* state *again!*] That is, I will resume my state again. A state means the canopy under which the throne or a chair of dignity was placed. Marine had descended from it to salute his cousin, and now resumes it.—*Mason.*

The stage directions are now introduced for the first time, like most others in these plays.

Conduct him to his lodging.
Lady. Farewell,
And think upon my words!
Wife. I shall observe them.
[*Exeunt* MARINE *and Lady.*
Cler. Health, and the king's continual love, attend you!
Gent. Oh, for a private place to ease my lungs!
Heaven give me patience! such a pair of jades
Were never better ridden to this hour.
Pray Heaven they hold out to the journey's end!
Long. Twitch him aside, good monsieur, whilst I break
Upon the body of his strength, his wife:
I have a constant promise she's my own.
Gent. Ply her to windward!—Monsieur, you have taken
The most compendious way to raise yourself,
That could have been deliver'd by a counsel.
Cler. I have some certain aims, sir. But my wife—
Gent. Your wife! you must not let that trouble you.
Cler. 'Twill, sir, to see her in a stranger's arms.
Gent. What mean you?
Let her alone! be wise; stir not a foot;
For if you do, all your hopes are buried;
I swear you are a lost man if you stir.
Cler. I thank you, sir; I will be more advised.
Gent. But what great office do you level at?
Cler. Sir, they are kissing!
Gent. Let them kiss,
And much good may't do their hearts![2] they must kiss,

[2] *And much may do their good hearts.*] Corrected silently in 1750.

And kiss, and double kiss, and kiss again,
Or you may kiss the post for any rising:
Had your noble kinsman ever mounted
To these high spheres of honour, now he moves in,
But for the kisses of his wife?

Cler. I know not.

Gent. Then I do: Credit me, he had been lost,
A fellow of no mark, and no repute,
Had not his wife kiss'd soon, and very sweetly:
She was an excellent woman, and dispatch'd him
To his full being, in a moment, sir.

[*Exeunt* Longueville *and Wife.*

Cler. But yet, methinks he should not take her, sir,
Into a private room.

Gent. Now stand and flourish!
You're a made man for ever. I do envy you!
If you stand, your fortune's up;
You are the happiest man, but your great cousin,
This day in court. Well, I will marry, surely,
And not let every man out-run me thus.
'Tis time to be mine own friend; I'll not live[3]
In town here, and direct the readiest way
To other men, and be a slave myself!

Cler. Nay, good sir, be not moved; I am your servant,
And will not be ungrateful for this knowledge.

Gent. Will you be walking home?

Cler. I would desire
To have my wife along.

Gent. You are too raw:
Be gone, and take no notice where you left her;
Let her return at leisure! If she stay

[3] *I live.*] Corrected by Sympson, without noticing the variation.

A month, 'twill be the better: Understand me;
This gentleman can do it.

Cler. I will, sir:
And, Wife, remember me; a duke, a duke, Wife!
[*Exit.*

Gent. Aboard her, Longueville! she's thine own.
To me,
The fooling of this fool is venery. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

A Room in Beaufort's *House.*

Enter BEAUFORT, *and* JAQUES *in Female Apparel.*

Beau. Come, pr'ythee, come! have I not crowns? Behold,
And follow me! here! not a word! go in;
Grope by the walls, and you shall find a bed;
Lie down there; see, see! A turn or two, to give
My blood some heat, and I am presently
For action. Darkness, by thy leave, I come.
[*Exeunt into a house.*

Enter MARIA.

Maria. I am perfect in my lesson: Be my speed,
Thou god of marriage! This is the door, I'll knock.
[*Knocks.*

Beau. [*Within.*] Who's there? I cannot come yet.

Maria. Monsieur Beaufort!

Beau. Stay till I light a candle. Who are you?

Maria. Sir, a poor gentlewoman.

Enter Beaufort.

Beau. Oh, come in:
I'll find a time for you too.—Be not loud.

Maria. Sir, you have found that time already;
Shame on my soul therefore!

Beau. Why, what's the matter?

Maria. Do you not see, sir? is your light so dim?

Beau. Do you not wait on the lady Mount Marine?

Maria. I do, sir; but my love on you.

Beau. Poor soul!
How cam'st thou by this big belly?

Maria. By yourself.

Beau. By Heaven, I never touch'd your body.

Maria. Yes!
Unswear that oath again! I'll tell you all:
These two years I have loved you; but the means
How to enjoy you I did never know,
Till Twelfth-night last; when, hearing of your game
To take up wenches private in the night,
I apprehended straight this course to make
Myself as one of them, and wait your coming:
I did so, and enjoy'd you, and now this child
That now is quick within me—Hide my shame,
And marry me, or else I must be forced——

Long. [*Within.*] Monsieur Beaufort, monsieur Beaufort!

Beau. Who's that calls?

Long. Are you a-bed?

Beau. No, sir.—The hangings![4]

Enter LONGUEVILLE.

Long. Nay, monsieur, I'll forbid that; we'll have fair play.
Lend me your candle! Are you taken, Beaufort?
A lecher of your practice, and close carriage,
To be discover'd thus? I am ashamed
So great a master in his art should fail,
And stagger in his grounds.

Beau. You are wide;
This woman and myself are man and wife,
And have been so this half year.
Where are you now? Have I been discover'd?
You cannot break so easily on me, sir;
I am too wary to be open'd by you.

Long. But these are but illusions, to give colour
To your most mystic lechery! But, sir,
The belly hath betray'd you; all must out.

Beau. Good Longueville, believe me, on my faith,
I am her husband.

Long. On my faith, I cannot,
Unless I saw your hands fast, and your hearts.

Beau. Why, Longueville, when did I give that to your ears
That was not truth? By all the world, she's mine.
She is my wife! And, to confirm you better,
I give myself again: Here, take my hand,
And I yours! we are once more married:
Will this content you?

Long. Yes, I'm believing; and God give you joy!

Beau. My loving wife, I will not wrong thee:

[4] *The hangings!*] That is, draw the curtains.

Since I am thine, and only loved of thee,
From this hour, I vow myself a new man.
Be not jealous; for though I had a purpose
To have spent an hour or two in solace otherwise,
(And was provided for it) yet my love
Shall put a better temper to my blood.—
Come out, thou woman of unwholesome life!
Be sorry for thy sins, and learn to mend!

Enter Jaques.

Nay, never hide your face; you shall be seen.
Long. Jaques? why, Jaques! art thou that Jaques,
The very staff and right-hand of our duke?
Speak, thou bearded Venus.
Jaques. I am he,
By miracle preserved to be that Jaques.
Within this two hours, gentlemen, poor Jaques
Was but as corse in grave: A man of wisdom,
That, of my conscience, if he had his right
Should have a pretty state—But that's all one—
That noble gentleman did save this life;
I keep it for him; 'tis his own.
Long. Oh, Bacchus!
Is all the world drunk?—Come! we'll to the duke,
And give thanks for this delivery. [*Exeunt*.

ACT V. SCENE I.

A Hall in Marine's *House.*

Enter MARINE *and* JAQUES.

Mar. Not gone unto my tenants, to relate
My grace, and honour, and the mightiness
Of my new name, which would have struck a terror
Through their coarse doublets to their very hearts?
Jaques. Alas, great lord and master, I could scarce
With safety of my life return again
Unto your grace's house: And, but for one
That had some mercy, I had sure been hang'd.
Mar. My house?
Jaques. Yes, sir, this house; your house i' th' town.
Mar. Jaques, we are displeased; hath it no name?
Jaques. What name?
Mar. Dull rogue! what, hath the king bestow'd
So many honours, open'd all his springs,
And shower'd his graces down upon my head,
And has my house no name? no title yet?
Burgundy-house, you ass!
Jaques. Your grace's mercy!
And when I was come off, and had recover'd
Burgundy-house, I durst not yet be seen,
But lay all night, for fear of pursuivants,
In Burgundy privy-house.

Mar. Oh, sir, 'tis well;
Can you remember now? But, Jaques, know,
Since thy intended journey is so crost,
I will go down myself this morning.
Jaques. Sir?
Mar. Have I not said this morning?
Jaques. But consider,
That nothing is prepared yet for your journey;
Your grace's teams not here to draw your clothes,
And not a carrier yet in town to send by.
Mar. I say, once more, go about it.
You're a wise man! you would have me linger time,
Till I have worn these clothes out. Will you go?
[*Exit* Jaques.
Make you ready, wife!

Enter Lady.

Lady. I am so, mighty duke.
Mar. Nay, for the country.
Lady. How, for the country?
Mar. Yes; I am resolved
To see my tenants in this bravery,
Make them a sumptuous feast, with slight show
Of Dives and Lazarus, and a squib two,
And so return.
Lady. Why, sir, you are not mad?
Mar. How many dukes have you known mad?
I pray speak.
Lady. You are the first, sir, and I hope the last:
But you are stark horn-mad.
Mar. Forbear, good wife!
Lady. As I have faith, you are mad! Your horns
Have been too heavy for you, and have broke
Your skull in pieces, if you be in earnest.
Mar. Well, you shall know my skull and wits are
whole,

Ere I have done; and yet I am in earnest.
Lady. Why, do you think I'll go?
Mar. I know you shall.
Lady. I shall? By what authority shall I?
Mar. I am your husband.
Lady. True; I confess it:
And, by that name, the world hath given you
A power to sway me: But, sir, you shall know
There is a greater bond that ties me here,
Allegiance to the king: Has he not heap'd
Those honours on you to no other end,
But to stay you here? and shall I have a hand
In the offending such a gracious prince?
Besides, our own undoings lies upon't.
Were there no other cause, I do not see,
Why you should go, if I should say you should not.
Mar. Do you think so?
Lady. Yes, faith.
Mar. Now, good wife,
Make me understand that point.
Lady. Why, that you shall:
Did I not bring you hither?
Mar. Yes.
Lady. And were
Not all these honours wrought out of the fire
By me?
Mar. By you?
Lady. By me? how strange you make it!
When you came first, did you not walk the town
In a long cloak, half-compass? an old hat
Lined with velture, and on it, for a band,
A skein of crimson crewel?[5]

[5] —— *Did you not walk the town*
In a long cloak, half compass? *an old hat*
Lined with vellure? *and on it, for a band,*
A skein of crimson crewel.] A *cloak half-compass* was probably one which came only half round the body. Cotgrave explains

Mar. I confess it.
Lady. And took base courses?
Mar. Base?
Lady. Base, by this light!
Extreme base, and scurvy, monstrous base!
Mar. What were these courses, wife?
Lady. Why, you shall know:
Did you not, thus attired, trot up and down,
Plotting for vile and lousy offices,
And agreed with the serjeant of the bears,[6]
To buy his place? Deny this, if you can.
Mar. Why, it is true.
Lady. And was not that monstrous base?
Mar. Be advised, wife; a bear's a princely beast.
Lady. A bear?
Mar. Yes, wife; and one side venison.
Lady. You are more than one side fool; I'm sure of that.
Mar. But since you have vex'd me, wife, know you shall go;
Or you shall never have penny from me.
Lady. Nay, I have done: And though I know 'twill be
Your overthrow, I'll not forsake you now.
Mar. Be ready then. [*Exit.*
Lady. I will.

cappot, "a country cloak, or coarse and *scantie* cloak." The text seems to confirm Mr Malone's conjecture, that the *half-kirtles*, which Doll Tearsheet, in Henry IV. threatens to forswear, (Shakspeare, 1803, XII. 247, 248,) and which seem to have been an article of dress appropriate to strumpets, were not short bed-gowns, as Steevens supposes, but *short cloaks.*—*Vellure* seems to have been a coarse, shaggy shift. *Couverture velue,* Cotgrave translates, "an Irish rug, mantle, cadow."—*Crewel* is an old term for worsted.

[6] *Serjeant of the bears.*] This was probably an officer in the celebrated Paris-garden.

Enter BEAUFORT, LONGUEVILLE, *Gentleman, and* MARIA.

Long. [*Entering.*] What, are you married, Beaufort?

Beau. Ay, as fast
As words, and hearts, and hands, and priest can make us.

Lady. Oh, gentlemen, we are undone!

Long. For what?

Lady. This gentleman, the lord of Lorne,[7] my husband,
Will be gone down to shew his play-fellows
Where he is gay.

Beau. What, down into the country?

Lady. Yes, 'faith. Was ever fool but he so cross?
I would as fain be gracious to him,
As he could wish me; but he will not let me:
Speak faithfully, will he deserve my mercy?

Long. According to his merits, he should wear
A guarded coat, and a great wooden dagger.[8]

[7] *The lord of* Lorne.] A punning allusion to a title in the family of Argyle Perhaps it may have been occasioned by Archibald, seventh earl of Argyle, going to Rome, and becoming a convert there in 1619, whereby he lost the benefit of his possessions till his returning to England, and making his peace at court. In the new edition of Somers's Tracts, (vol II. p. 518,) a punning invective against him is preserved, which begins thus—

"Now Earl of Guile and Lord for-*Lorn* thou goes,
Leaving thy native prince to serve thy foes."

It is not unlikely that such a pun, being popular at the time, should be alluded to in a contemporary play.

[8] *A* guarded *coat, and a great* wooden dagger.] *Guarded* means faced, turned up. The wooden dagger was frequently an attribute of the domestic fool. See Mr Douce's highly curious dis-

Lady. If there be any woman, that doth know
The duties 'twixt a husband and his wife,
Will speak but one word for him, he shall 'scape:
Is not that reasonable? But there's none.
Be ready therefore to pursue the plot
We had against a pinch; for he must stay.
Long. Wait you here for him, whilst I go,
And make the king acquainted with your sport,
For fear he be incensed for your attempting
Places of so great honour. [*Exit.*
Lady. Go; be speedy!

Enter MARINE, CLERIMONT, *Wife*, JAQUES, ANTHONY, MARIA, *and Groom.*

Mar. Come; let me see how all things are disposed of.
Jaques. One cart will serve for all your furniture,
With room enough behind to case the footman,
A cap-case[9] for your linen and your plate,
With a strange lock that opens with Amen.[1]
For my young lord, because of easy portage,
A quiver of your grace's, lined with cunny,
Made to be hang'd about the nurse's neck,
Thus, with a scarf or towel——

sertation on the Fools and Clowns of Shakspeare, *apud* Illustrations, II. 321.

[9] *A cap-case.*] Sherwood explains this word, *Estuy de bonnet.*

[1] *With a strange lock that opens with* Amen.] This will be easily understood by a quotation of a few lines from Mr Carew's verses to Mr May, on his comedy called the Heir: speaking of the plot of the play, he expresses himself thus:

"The whole plot doth alike itself disclose
Through the five acts, as doth a lock that goes
With letters; for, till every one be known,
The lock's as fast as if you had found none."—*Sympson.*

Mar. Very good!
Jaques. Nay,
'Tis well; but had you stay'd another week,
I would have had you furnish'd in such pomp
As never duke of Burgundy was furnish'd:
You should have had a sumpter, though 't had cost me
The laying out myself,[2] where now you are fain
To hire a ripier's mare,[3] and buy new dossers;
But I have got them painted with your arms,
With a fair Darnex carpet of my own
Laid cross for the more state.
Mar. Jaques, I thank you:
You carpet shall be brush'd, and sent you home.
What, are you ready, wife?
Lady. An hour ago.
Mar. I cannot chuse but kiss thy royal lips,
Dear duchess mine, thou art so good a woman.
Beau. You would say so, if you knew all, goodman Duckling! [*Aside.*
Cler. This was the happiest fortune could befal me! [*Aside.*
Now, in his absence, will I follow close
Mine own preferment; and I hope, ere long,

[2] *The* laying on *myself.*] Sympson proposes a reading here, which we think greatly mends the text:

The buying one *myself.*—Ed. 1778.

I have adopted Mr Mason's proposed alteration, for *laying in*, which he says is the old text, but is not to be found in any edition. *Sumpter*, in the preceding line, is a pack-horse.

[3] *To hire a* ripper's *mare, and buy new* dossers, - - - - -
With a fair Darnex *carpet.*] As *rippers* is a word not of English, but French growth, I imagine we should write as the French do, thus: A *ripier's* mare, *i. e.* one that carries fish from the sea-side, &c. *Dossers*, or *dorsers*, are paniers. *Darnex* carpet, *i. e.* a carpet of Tournay.—*Sympson.*

Darnex is the corruption of *Doornick*, the Flemish name of Tournay.

To make my mean and humble name so strong
As my great cousin's; when the world shall know
I bear too hot a spirit to live low.
The next spring will I down, my wife and household;
I'll have my ushers, and my four lacquies,
Six spare caroches too: But mum, no more!
What I intend to do, I'll keep in store.

Mar. *Montez, montez!* Jaques, be our querry![4]

Groom. To horse there, gentlemen, and fall in couples!

Mar. Come, honour'd duchess!

Enter Longueville.

Long. Stand, thou proud man!

Mar. Thieves, Jaques! raise the people!

Long. No; raise no people! 'Tis the king's command
Which bids thee once more stand, thou haughty man!
Thou art a monster; for thou art ungrateful,
And, like a fellow of a rebel nature,
Hast flung from his embraces: And, for
His honours given thee, hast not return'd
So much as thanks; and, to oppose his will,
Resolved to leave the court, and set the realm
A-fire, in discontent and open action:
Therefore he bids thee stand, thou proud man,
Whilst, with the whisking of my sword about,
I take thy honours off: This first sad whisk
Takes off thy dukedom; thou art but an earl.

[4] Mountye, Mountye, *Jaques be our* querry.] The second folio reads—*Mountey, mountey. Querry* is a very usual word in old plays, and is an abbreviation of *equerry*, which the modern editors silently substitute.

Mar. You are mistaken, Longueville.
Long. Oh, 'would I were! This second whisk divides
Thy earldom from thee; thou art yet a baron.
Mar. No more whisks if you love me, Longueville!
Long. Two whisks are past, and two are yet behind,
Yet all must come: But not to linger time,
With these two whisks I end: Now Mount-Marine,
For thou art now no more, so says the king;
And I have done his highness' will with grief.
Mar. Degraded[5] from my honours?
Long. 'Tis too certain.
Mar. I am no traitor sure, that I know of.
Speak, Jaques, hast thou ever heard me utter word
Tending to treason, or to bring in the enemy?
Jaques. Alas, sir, I know nothing;
Why should your worship bring me in to hang me?
God's my judge, gentlemen, I never meddled,
But with the brushing of his clothes, or fetching
In water in a morning for his hands.
Cler. Are these the honours of this place?—Anthony,
Help me to take her gown off! Quickly,
Or I'll so swinge you for't——
Wife. Why, husband! Sir!
Cler. I will not lose a penny by this town.
Long. Why, what do you mean, sir? have her to her lodging,
And there undress her; I will wait upon her.
Cler. Indeed you shall not; your month's out, I take it.—

[5] *Disgraced.*] So the first folio. The text is from the second. Either of the readings will suit the context.

Get you out before me, wife.—
Cousin, farewell! I told you long ago,
That pride begins with pleasure, ends with woe.
[*Exit with his Wife.*

Beau. Go thy way, Sentences! 'twill be thy fortune
To live and die a cuckold, and churchwarden.

Lady. Oh, my poor husband! what a heavy fortune
Is fallen upon him!

Beau. Methinks 'tis strange,
That, Heaven forewarning great men of their falls
With such plain tokens, they should not avoid 'em:
For the last night, betwixt eleven and twelve,
Two great and hideous blazing stars were seen
To fight a long hour by the clock, the one
Dress'd like a duke, the other like a king;
Till at the last the crowned star o'ercame.

Gent. Why do you stand so dead, monsieur Marine?

Mar. So Cæsar fell, when in the capitol
They gave his body two-and-thirty wounds.[6]

[6] *So* Cæsar *fell, when in the* capitol,
They gave his body two-and-thirty *wounds.*] Here we have two blunders, the first with respect to the place where Cæsar fell, which was not in the *capitol*, but in *Curiá Pompeii*; the other as to the number of wounds he fell by: as to the first, it was a blunder peculiar to the playwrights of that time; Shakspeare begun it in Hamlet, act iii. scene v.—

"*Ham.* Now, my lord (*Polonius*) you play'd once in the university you say?
Pol. I did, my lord, and was accounted a good actor.
Ham. And what did you enact?
Pol. I did enact Julius Cæsar, I was kill'd i' th' *capitol.*"

Our authors, treading in their master's steps, took up the same mistake here; and after them Shakerly Marmion, in his Antiquary, inadvertently continued the same error, making Veterano say,

"And this was Julius Cæsar's hat when he was killed in the *capitol.*"

Be warned, all ye peers; and, by my fall,
Hereafter learn to let your wives rule all!
Gent. Monsieur Marine, pray let me speak with you:
Sir, I must wave you to conceal this party;[7]
It stands upon my utter overthrow.
Seem not discontented, nor do not stir a foot,
For, if you do, you and your hope—
I swear you are a lost man, if you stir!
And have an eye to Beaufort, he will tempt you.
Beau. Come, come; for shame go down;
Were I Marine, by Heaven I would go down;
And being there, I would rattle him such an answer
Should make him smoke.
Mar. Good monsieur Beaufort, peace!

As for the second fault, 'twas made no where but at the press, for the number (I suppose) in the original MS. was wrote in figures, thus, 23, which, by an easy shifting place, was altered to 32, and thus we have nine wounds more than Cæsar ever received.—*Sympson.*

[7] *Sir, I must* wave *you to conceal this party,*
It stands upon my utter overthrow.] To *wave one to conceal*, should mean here to *advise one to conceal*; but I don't remember any such sense of the word *wave*, and so would propose reading the lines thus:

Sir, I must counsel *you to* wave *this party,*
It stands upon my utter overthrow.

The good lady's gallants want to keep the poor gentleman in town, and for this end the Gentleman takes him aside, and says, I would advise you to lay aside this *party*, i. e. resolution, of going down, &c.—*Sympson.*

This is one of the plainest passages in these plays, and yet Mason is neither satisfied with the text, nor with Sympson's alteration, but wishes to read—

Sir, I must wave you to conceal this *parley!*

The old text is perfectly right. The Gentleman, before giving his pretended and friendly advice to Marine, requests him to conceal the party or side which he took by giving him such advice, and which, if known, would tend to his utter overthrow.

Leave these rebellious words;
Or, by the honours which I once enjoy'd,
And yet may swear by, I will tell the king
Of your proceedings! I am satisfied.

Lady. You talk'd of going down
When 'twas not fit; but now let's see your spirit!
A thousand and a thousand will expect it.

Mar. Why, wife, are you mad?

Lady. No, nor drunk; but I'd have you know your own strength.

Mar. You talk like a most foolish woman, wife;
I tell you I will stay! Yet I have
A crotchet troubles me.

Long. More crotchets yet?

Mar. Follow me, Jaques! I must have thy counsel.—
I will return again; stay you there, wife!

[*Exit, with* Jaques.

Long. I fear this loss of honour
Will give him some few stools.

Lady. No, no; he is resolved,
He will not stir a foot, I'll lay my life.

Beau. Ay, but he's discontented; how shall we
Resolve that, and make him stay with comfort?

Lady. 'Faith, Beaufort, we must even let Nature work;
For he's the sweetest-temper'd man for that
As one can wish; for let men but go about to fool him,
And he'll have his finger as deep in't as the best.
But see where he comes frowning:
Bless us all!

Enter Marine.

Mar. Off with your hats! for here doth come
The high and mighty duke of Burgundy.

Whatever you may think, I have thought, and thought,
And thought upon it; and I find it plain,
The king cannot take back what he has given,
Unless I forfeit it by course of law.
Not all the water in the river Seine,
Can wash the blood out of these princely veins.

Lady. God-a-mercy, husband, thou art the best
To work out a thing at a pinch in France!

Mar. I will ascend my state[8] again. [*Ascends the throne.*] Duchess,
Take your place; and let our champion enter.

Long. Has he his champion? that is excellent!

Mar. And let loud music sound before his entrance!
Sound trumpet! [*A Flourish.*

Enter JAQUES *in Armour, one carrying a Scutcheon before him, and a two-handed Sword.*

Lady. How well our champion doth demean himself,
As if he had been made for such an action!
Methinks his sturdy truncheon he doth wield,
Like Mars approaching to a bloody field.

Mar. I think there is no man so desperate
To dare encounter with our champion.
But trust me, Jaques, thou hast pleased us well!
Once more, our warlike music; then proceed!
[*A Flourish.*

Enter SHATTILLION.

Shat. What wond'rous age is this? what close proceedings?
I hear the clang of trumpets in this house;

[8] *State.*] i. e. throne. See above, p. 459.

To what intent do not our statesmen search?
Oh, no; they look not into simple truth,
For I am true, and they regard not me.
A man in armour too? God save the king!
The world will end; there's nought but treachery.

Jaques. I, Jaques, servant to the high and mighty Godfrey, duke of Burgundy, do come hither to prove by natural strength, and activity of my body, without the help of sorcery, enchantment, or negromancy,[9] that the said Godfrey, late of Mount-Marine, and now of Burgundy, hath perfect right thereto, notwithstanding the king's command to the contrary, and no other person whatsoever: And in token that I will be ready to make good the same, I throw down my gage, which is my honour. Pronounced the 37th of February *stilo novo.* God save the duke!

Shat. Of all the plots the king hath laid for me
This was the shrewdest; 'tis my life they seek,
And they shall have it: If I should refuse
To accept the challenge in the king's behalf,
They have some cause to take away my life;
And if I do accept it, who can tell
But I may fall by doubtful chance of war?
'Twas shrewd; but I must take the least of evils.—
I take thy gauntlet up, thou treacherous man,
[*Comes forward.*
That stands in armed coat against the king,
Whom God preserve! and with my single sword
Will justify whatever he commands.—
I'll watch him for catching of my words.

Mar. Jaques, go on! defend our princely title.

Shat. Why shrink'st thou back? Thou hast an evil cause.

[9] *Without the help of sorcery, enchantment, or negromancy.*] It is well known that this was part of the oath of all true chivalrous combatants, previous to a duel.

Come forward, man! I have a rock about me;
I fight for my true liege.

Mar. Go forward, Jaques!

Jaques. I do beseech your grace to pardon me;
I will not fight with him: With any else
I'll shew my resolution speedily.

Shat. Come, do thy worst; for the king shall see
All is not true that is reported of me.

Jaques. I may not fight with him, by law of arms.

Mar. What, shall my title fall? Wilt thou not fight?

Jaques. Never with him that once hath saved my life.

Shat. Dar'st thou not fight? Behold then, I do go,
Strong with the zeal I bear my sovereign,
And seize upon that haughty man himself.
Descend the steps (that thou hast thus usurp'd
Against the king and state) down to the ground!

[*Seizes* MARINE, *and throws him to the ground.*

And if thou utter but a syllable
To cross the king's intent, thou art but dead:
There lie upon the earth, and pine, and die!—
Did ever any man wade through such storms
To save his life, as poor Shattillion?

Long. I fear this challenge hath spoil'd all.

Lady. Ne'er fear it;
He'll work it out again.—Servant,
See where Shattillion's Love, poor lady, comes.

Enter LOVE.

Mar. Jaques!

Jaques. Lie still, sir, if you love your life,
I'll whistle when he's gone.

Love. Oh, gentlemen, I charge you by the love
Which you bear to women, take some pity
On this distressed man! help to restore

That precious jewel to him he hath lost.
Beau. Lady, whatever power doth lie in us,
By art, or prayer, or danger, we are yours.
Love. A strange conceit hath wrought this malady;
Conceits again must bring him to himself:
My strict denial to his will wrought this;
And if you could but draw his wilder thoughts
To know me, he would sure recover sense.
Long. That charge I'll undertake.
Mar. Look, Jaques, look!
For God's sake, let me rise! This greatness is
A jade, I cannot sit it.
Jaques. His sword is up,
And yet he watches you.
Mar. I'll down again!
Pray for thy master, Jaques.
Shat. Now the king
May see all the suggestions are not true,
He hath received against my loyalty:
When all men else refuse, I fight his battles,
And thrust my body into danger's mouth:
I am become his champion, and this sword
Has taught his enemies to know themselves:
Oh, that he would no more be jealous of me!
Long. Monsieur Shattillion, the king assures you[1]
That, for this valiant loyal act of yours,
He hath forgot all jealousies and fears,
And never more will tempt you into danger.
Shat. But how shall I believe this? what new token
Of reconcilement will he shew me?
Let him release my poor Love from her torment,
From her hard fare, and strict imprisonment.

[1] *The king* assigns *you.*] So the first folio reads, and perhaps rightly, the word being taken in the legal sense to appoint or set forth. The text is that of 1679.

Long. He hath done this, to win your after-love:
And see, your lady sent you from the king
By these two gentlemen; be thankful for her.

Shat. She lives, she lives! I know her by the power
Shoots from her eyes. [*Kneels.*

Love. Rise, dear Shattillion!

Shat. I know my duty: Next unto my king,
I am to kneel to you.

Love. I'll have you rise;
Fetch me a chair; sit down, Shattillion!

Shat. I am commanded! And, 'faith, tell me, mistress,
What usage have you had? Pray be plain!

Love. Oh, my most loved Shattillion, plain enough;
But now I am free, thanks to my God and king!

Long. His eyes grow very heavy. Not a word,
That his weak senses may come sweetly home!

Shat. The king is honourable.
[*He falls into a slumber.*

Mar. When do you whistle, Jaques?

Jaques. By and by.

Long. Come hither, monsieur, canst thou laugh a little?

Gent. Yes, sir.

Long. So thou shalt then.—Beaufort, how dost thou?

Beau. Why, well.

Long. I am glad on't, and how does thy wife?

Beau. Why, you may see her, sir; she stands behind you.

Long. By th' mass, she's there indeed; but where's her belly?

Beau. Belly?

Long. Her great belly, man: What hast thou sent thee?

Gent. A boy, I'll lay my life, it tumbled so.

Beau. Catch'd, by this light!

Long. I'll be a gossip, Beaufort.
Gent. And I.
Long. I have an odd apostle-spoon.[2]
Beau. 'Sfoot, catch'd?
Lady. Why, what's the matter, gentlemen?
Long. He's married to your woman.
[MARIA *kneels.*
Lady. And I not know it?
Gent. 'Twas a venial sin.
Beau. Gall, gall, gall!
Lady. Forgive her, monsieur Beaufort; 'twas her love.
Beau. You may rise, if you please; I must endure it.
Long. See how my great lord lies upon the ground,

[2] *Apostle-spoon.*] In Henry VIII. act. v. scene ii. the king desires Cranmer to be the godfather to his daughter, which being modestly declined by the archbishop, his majesty says,

"Come, come, my lord, you'd spare your *spoons*;"

On which Mr Steevens remarks, "It was the custom, long before the time of Shakspeare, for the sponsors at christenings to offer gilt spoons as a present to the child. These spoons were called *apostle*-spoons, because the figures of the apostles were carved on the tops of the handles. Such as were at once opulent and generous gave the whole twelve; those who were either more moderately rich or liberal escaped at the expence of the four Evangelists; or even sometimes contented themselves with presenting one spoon only, which exhibited the figure of any saint, in honour of whom the child received its name.

"Ben Jonson, in his Bartholomew Fair, mentions spoons of this kind:

"And all this for the hope of a couple of *apostle-spoons*, and a cup to eat caudle in."

So in Middleton's comedy of A Chaste Maid in Cheapside, 1620, "What has he given her? what is it, gossip? A fair high standing cup and two great *postle-spoons*, one of them gilt: Sure that was Judas with the red beard."

These *apostle-spoons* are also mentioned by Addison in the Drummer.—*Reed.*

See the term still further illustrated by Mr Malone, (Shakspeare, 1803, XV. 198.)

And dares not stir yet! [JAQUES *whistles.*

Mar. Jaques, Jaques! is the king's champion gone yet?

Jaques. No, but he's asleep.

Mar. Is he asleep, art sure?

Jaques. I am sure he is; I hear him snore.

Mar. Then by your favours, gentlemen, I rise;
And know I am a duke still.

Jaques. And I am his champion.

Lady. Hold thee there, and all France cannot mend thee!

Mar. I am a prince, as great within my thoughts
As when the whole state did adorn my person:
What trial can be made to try a prince?
I will oppose this noble corps of mine
To any danger that may end the doubt.

Lady. Great duke, and husband, there is but one way
To satisfy the world of our true right;
And it is dangerous.

Mar. What may it be?
Were it to bring the Great Turk bound in chains
Through France in triumph, or to couple up
The Sophy and great Prester-John[3] together,
I would attempt it! Duchess, tell the course.

Lady. There is a strong opinion through the world,
And no doubt grounded on experience,
That lions will not touch a lawful prince:[4]
If you be confident then of your right,
Amongst the lions bear your naked body;

[3] *Prester-John.*] A supposed Christian king in India. See Metrical Romances, Edin. 1810-8, III. p. 302.

[4] —— *Lions will not touch a lawful prince.*] This refers to a superstition frequently alluded to in old romances. See the Mad Lover, vol. IV. p. 231.

And if you come off clear, and never wince,
The world will say you are a perfect prince.

Mar. I thank you, duchess, for your kind advice;
But now we don't affect those ravenous beasts.

Long. A lion is a beast to try a king;
But for the trial of such a state like this
Pliny reports a mastiff dog will serve.

Mar. We will not deal with dogs at all, but men.

Gent. You shall not need to deal with them at all.
Hark you, sir! the king doth know you are a duke.

Mar. No! does he?

Gent. Yes, and is content you shall be; but with this caution,
That none know it but yourself; for, if you do,
He'll take't away by act of parliament.

Mar. Here is my hand; and whilst I live or breathe,
No living wight shall know I am a duke.

Gent. Mark me directly, sir; your wife may know it.

Mar. May not Jaques?

Gent. Yes, he may.

Mar. May not my country cousin?

Gent. By no means, sir, if you love your life and state.

Mar. Well then, know all, I am no duke.

Gent. No, I'll swear it.

Long. See! he wakes.

Shat. Where am I? or where have I been all this while?
Sleep hath not sat so sound upon mine eyes,
But I remember well that face:
Oh, thou too cruel, leave at length to scorn
Him that but looking on thy beauty dies;
Either receive me, or put out my eyes!

Love. Dearest Shattillion, see upon my knees ' [*Kneels.*

I offer up my love; forget my wrongs.

Shat. Art thou mine own?

Love. By Heaven, I am.

Shat. Then all the world is mine.

Love. I have stranger things to tell thee, my dearest love.

Shat. Tell nothing, but that thou art mine own:
I do not care to know where I have been,
Or how I have lived, or any thing,
But that thou art my own.

Beau. Well, wife; though 'twere a trick that made us wed,
We'll make ourselves merry soon in bed.

Mar. Know all, I am no duke.

Lady. What say you?

Mar. Jaques! [*Aside to him.*

Jaques Sir?

Mar. I am a duke.

Both. Are you?

Mar. Yes, 'faith, yes, 'faith;
But it must only run amongst ourselves.
And, Jaques, thou shalt be my secretary still.

Lady. Kind gentlemen, lead in Shattillion,
For he must needs be weak and sickly yet.
Now all my labours have a perfect end,
As I could wish: Let all young sprightly wives,
That have dull foolish coxcombs to their husbands,
Learn by me their duties, what to do,
Which is, to make 'em fools, and please 'em too!

[*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE,

AT A REVIVAL.

THE monuments of virtue, and deseit,
Appear more goodly, when the gloss of art
Is eaten off by time, than when at first
They were set up, not censured at the worst.
We have done our best, for your contents, to fit,
With new pains, this old monument of wit.

END OF VOLUME SEVENTH.

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